BRITANNIA and EVE

NOVEMBER
1933

1/-

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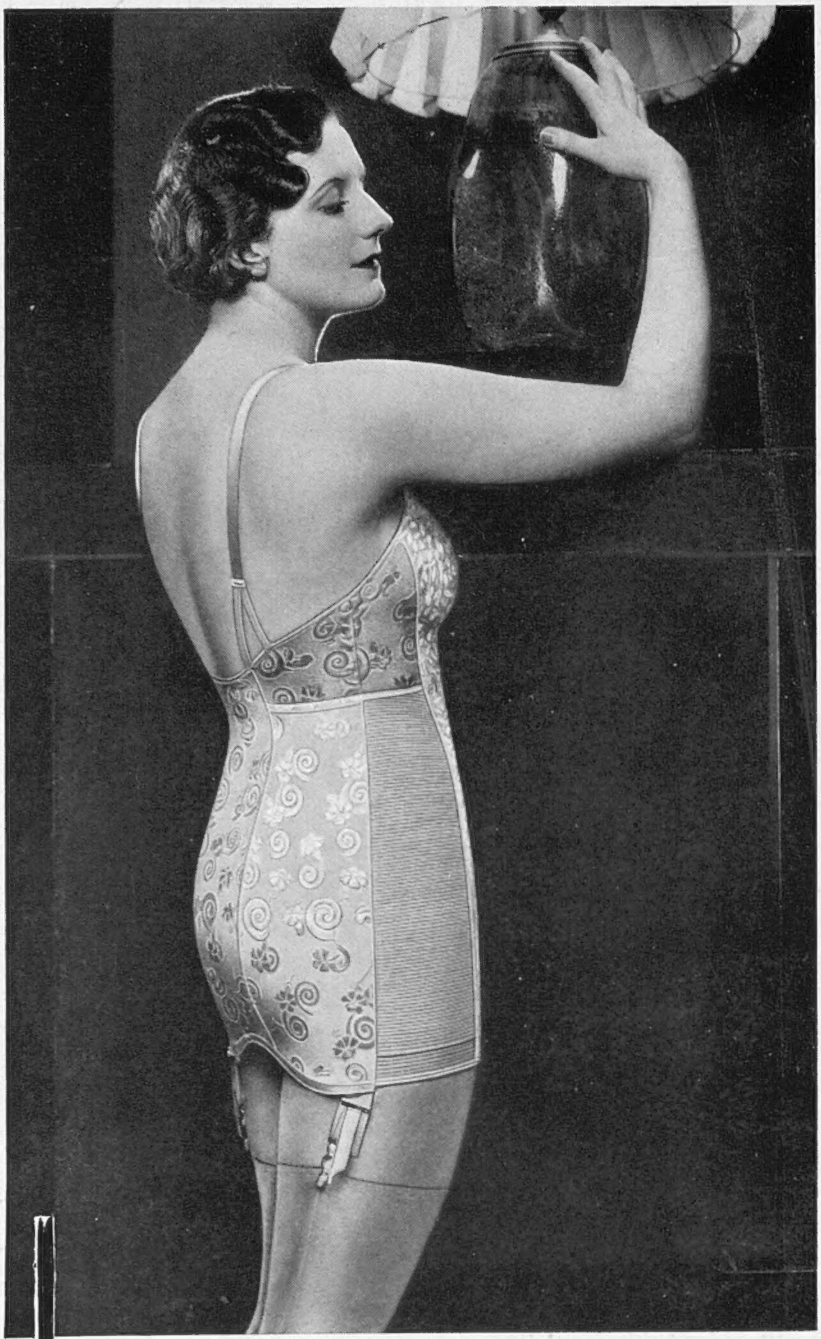
STRANGE CHAPTERS IN HISTORY
by F. MATANIA, R.I.

COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTION
IN THIS ISSUE

BROCHÉ
and
LACE

solve her problem

That little weight, unkindly placed, calls for the strain-withstanding weave of light, silk-silvered broché. Then a touch of lace, and a little snugly-held elastic completes the ideal foundation designed by Berlei for the woman whose problem is *hip development.*



Photograph: *A Backless Controlette to slim the figure with a tendency to hip development, in Peach figured Batiste with Lace cup-bust sections.*

2015. *Bust sizes, every inch, 33·38 - - **57/6***
Other models in every figure type, from - - 24/9

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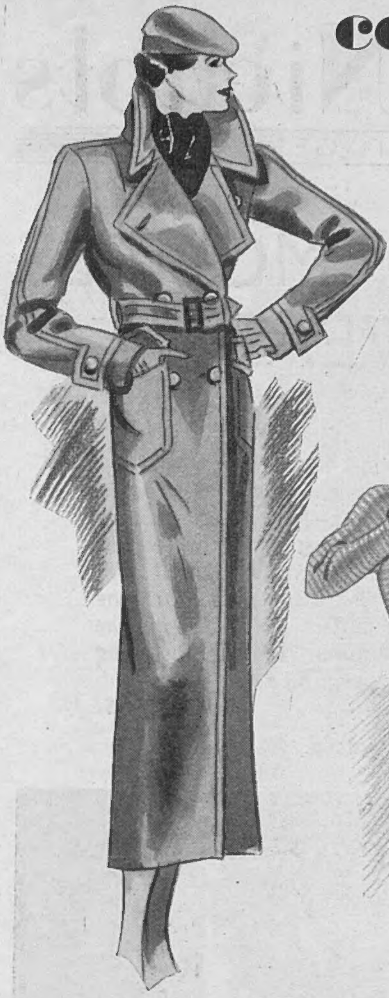
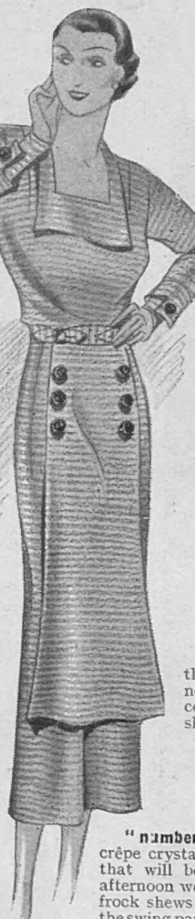
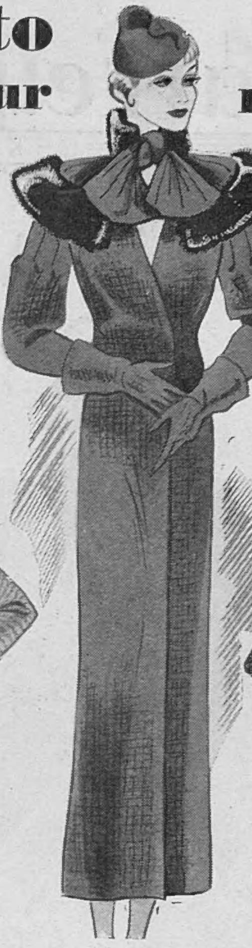


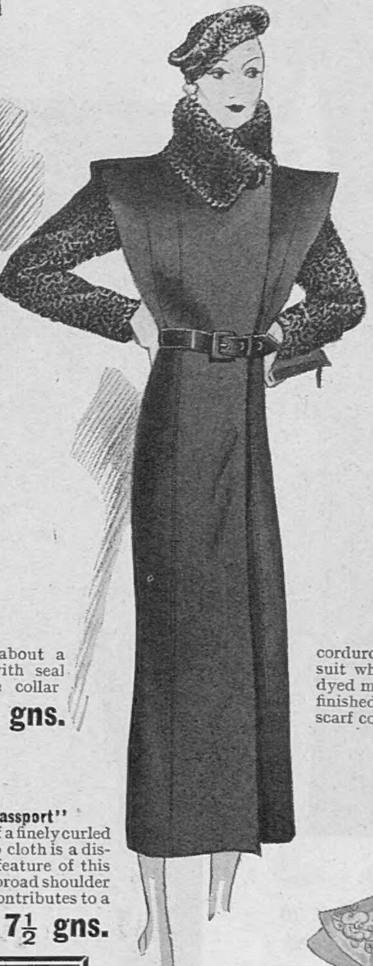
"the puss moth"
a camel hair coat is ideal for sports and travelling occasions. this model shews the classic line of storm collar, smart cuffs and handy pockets. **5 gns.**



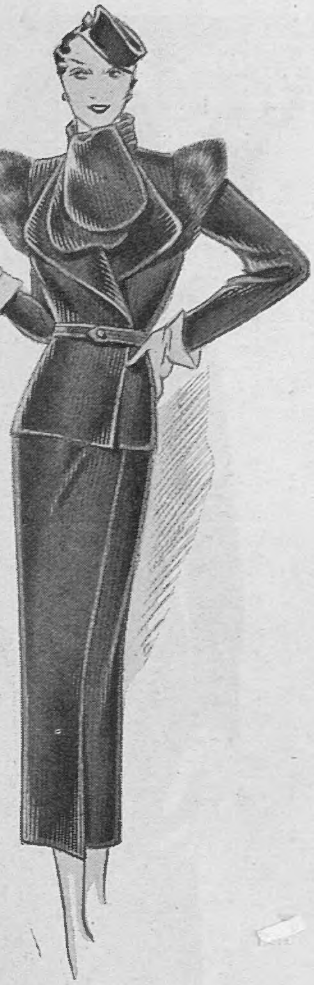
"number please"
crêpe crystal is a weave that will be smart for afternoon wear, and this frock shews how new is the swing panel front and square neck. **5 gns.**



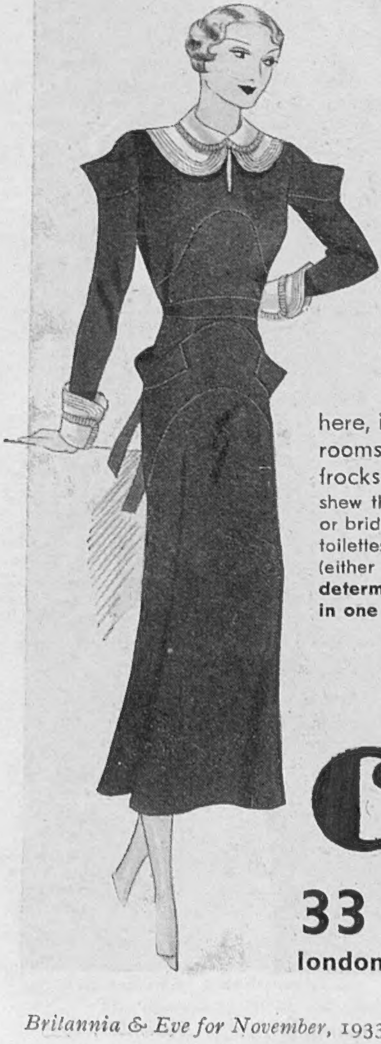
"her tippet"
there's much that's unusual about a novelty woollen weave coat with seal coney edging the cape-like collar sleeves are notable too. **8½ gns.**



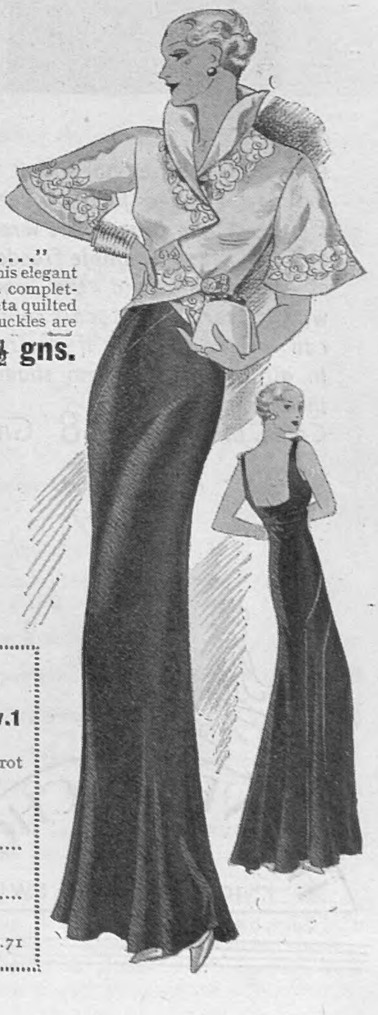
"her passport"
a lavish use of a finely curled persian lamb cloth is a distinguishing feature of this coat, whose broad shoulder movement contributes to a slim waist-line. **7½ gns.**



"the c.o.'s daughter"
corduroy velvet is a good medium for a suit which shews shoulder epaulettes of dyed marmot on the jacket which is also finished with an ascot scarf collar. **8½ gns.**



"croon to me"
notice the new placing of shoulder width on this fine woollen weave frock with its jaunty pockets and lingerie collar and cuffs. **5 gns.**



"frailty, thy name...."
crêpe lorna is used for this elegant evening gown with the completing coatee in white taffeta quilted in black. diamente buckles are used on both frock and jacket. **9½ gns.**

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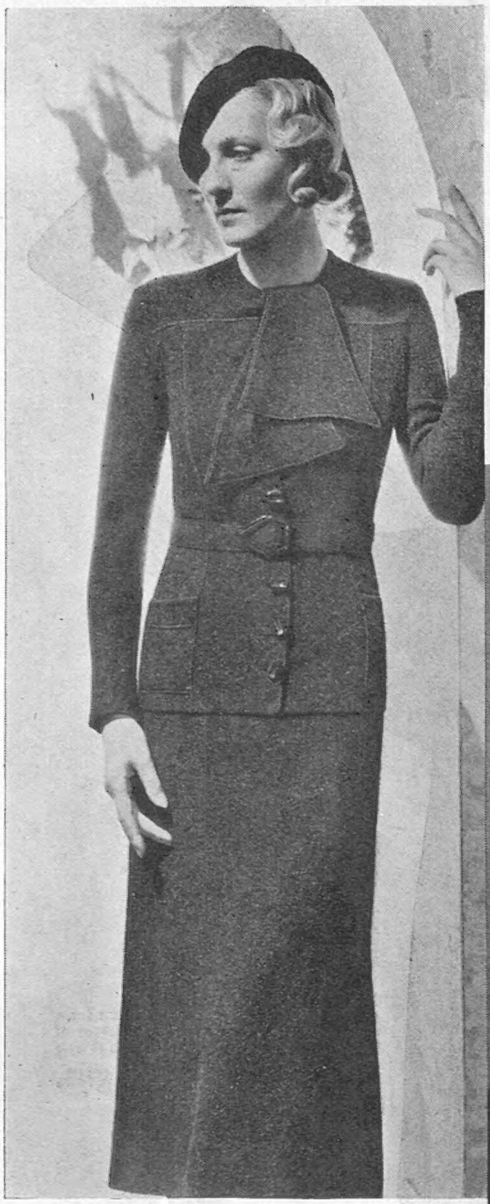
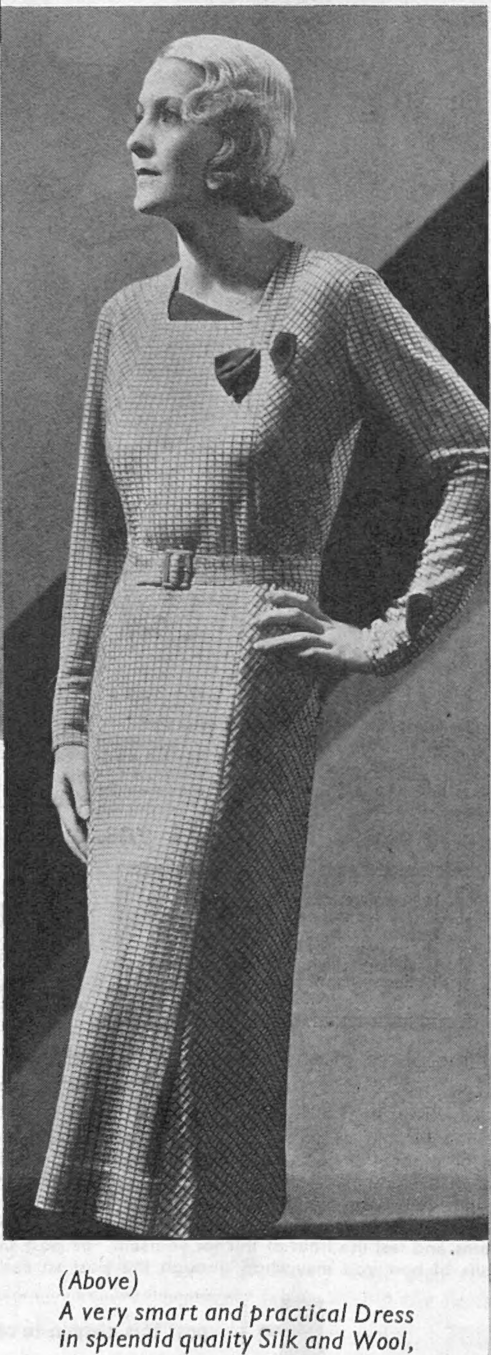


(Above)
A most distinctive Sports Suit in the new Flecked Jersey Tweed. The skirt has a generous wrap-over, allowing for ample freedom of movement, and the coat, with its very smart scarf collar, can be worn open if desired. In all the new Autumn shades, including Brown, Green, Black, etc. 8 *Gns.*



(Above)
A very smart and practical Dress in splendid quality Silk and Wool, in a two-tone check design with attractive dull finish. The distinctive trimming at neck and sleeves is in velvet of the deeper tone. Obtainable in Nigger/White, Black/White, Mulberry/White, etc. 5 *Gns.*
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(Below)
This really elegant model is in Jersey Fuzz—a new soft texture fabric. A most distinctive feature is the neck line of quilted silk, which is also used for the smart cuffs. Available in the new Autumn shades, including Red, Brown, Blue, Black. 9½ *Gns.*
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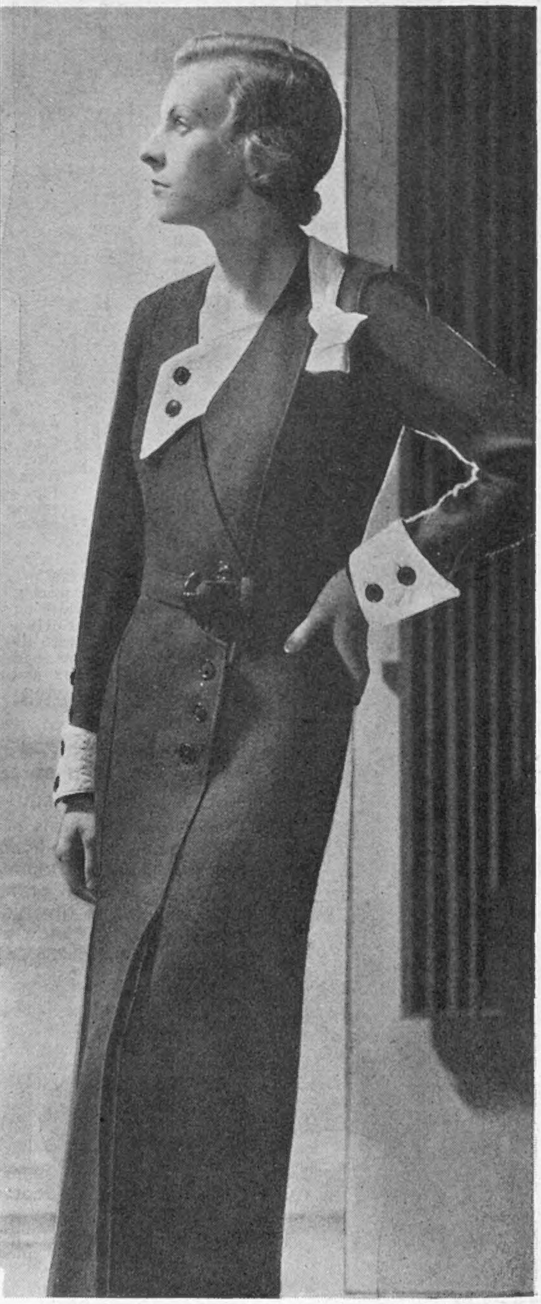

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BRITANNIA and EVE

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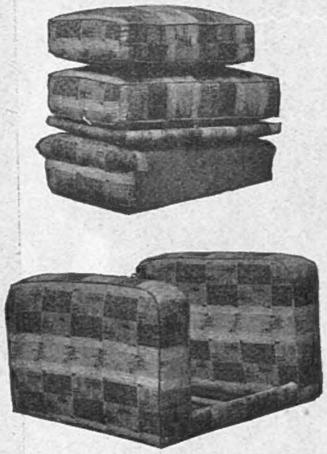

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9	1	×	6	2	**6**	**0**	**0**	12	3	×	10	8	**14**	**1**	**0**	14	5	×	11	7	**17**	**18**	**0**
9	1	×	7	10	**7**	**12**	**6**	12	4	×	9	1	**12**	**0**	**0**	14	7	×	11	3	**17**	**11**	**0**
9	3	×	9	1	**9**	**0**	**0**	12	6	×	12	1	**16**	**3**	**6**	15	1	×	12	2	**19**	**13**	**0**
9	8	×	6	3	**6**	**10**	**0**	12	9	×	9	5	**12**	**17**	**0**	15	6	×	12	5	**20**	**12**	**0**
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7	6	×	6	0	**2**	**13**	**9**	10	6	×	7	6	**4**	**14**	**0**	12	0	×	10	6	**7**	**10**	**6**
9	0	×	6	0	**3**	**4**	**6**	10	6	×	9	0	**5**	**13**	**0**	13	6	×	9	0	**7**	**5**	**3**
9	0	×	7	6	**4**	**0**	**9**	10	6	×	10	6	**6**	**11**	**9**	13	6	×	10	6	**8**	**9**	**3**

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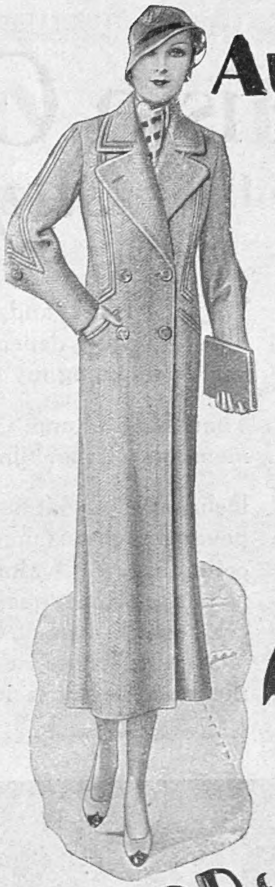

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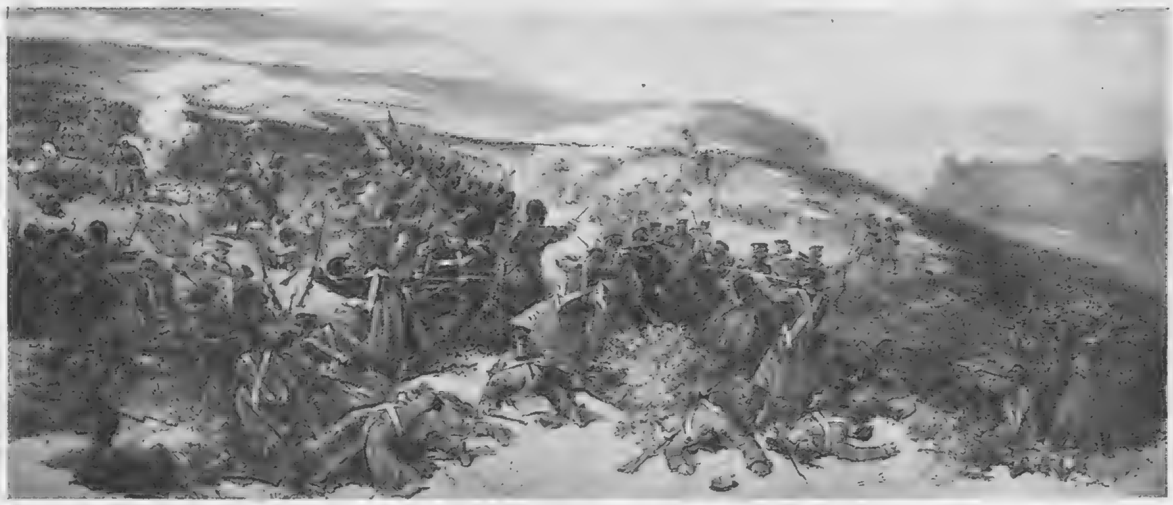
BRITANNIA and EVE

1833 Calendar for November 1933



The charge of the Guards when they recaptured the two-gun battery at the Battle of Inkermann, November 5th, 1854.

DR LIVINGSTONE I PRESUME !

1st, WEDNESDAY.—*All Saints Day.* Glorification of "might" day. Upon this day in 1903 THEODOR MOMMSEN, German historian and scholar, died. Said "might is right." In 1914 BATTLE OF CORONEL was fought. The weather aided the Germans.

2nd, THURSDAY. ALL SOULS DAY. 1917, naval engagement at KATTEGAT, off West Coast of Sweden. The Germans suffered heavy losses.

3rd, FRIDAY. ACRE, seaport and town of Palestine, bombarded by British in 1840. Restored to Turkey following year. STANLEY met Livingstone in 1871. Found his fellow explorer after long search. But Livingstone wouldn't go back. BOMBARDMENT OF YARMOUTH in 1914. Damage by two German warships 40 miles off. ENTRY OF ITALIAN troops into TRIESTE, 1918. Also into LISSA.

4th, SATURDAY—*Sun rises* 7.0. *Sun sets* 4.27. *Lighting up time* 5.3. GEORGE PEABODY, American philanthropist, died. Self-made man. Gave away £650,000 for dwellings for London poor. 1917, Franco-British troops reinforced the Italians. ADVANCE ON SAMBRE, 1918. British victory. Involved capture of great German line Hermann Stellung.

5th, SUNDAY.—*Inkermann,* 1854. *British v. Russians in Crimean War. Lasted seven hours.*

6th, MONDAY. WILLIAM HONE died. British author, born at Bath, June 3rd, 1780. His political satires were successful. Parody of the Prayer Book involved him in blasphemy trials.

SIR HERBERT SAMUEL, born 1870. British politician. Became M.P. in 1902 for Cleveland, Yorkshire. Home Secretary in 1916. SAMUEL PHELPS died 1878. Tragedian and comedian. First rôle was Shylock at the Haymarket. TSCHAIKOVSKY died 1893. Russian composer. Wrote famous "Pathetique."

7th, TUESDAY. 1873. Sensational rise in Bank rate to 9 per cent. Rose from 4½ per cent. in January same year. GAZA captured from the Turks by GENERAL ALLENBY in 1917.

8th, WEDNESDAY. PRAJADHIPOK, King of Siam, born 1893. Has Daimler cars. Says: "Good enough for King George, good enough for me."

9th, THURSDAY. EDWARD VII born 1841, died May 6th, 1910. High-spirited and beloved king. EMDEN, German cruiser, destroyed 1914. Commanded with heroism by Von Muller.

10th, FRIDAY. Whole world regarded HOOVER-ROOSEVELT conclave over war debts in 1932, at Washington.

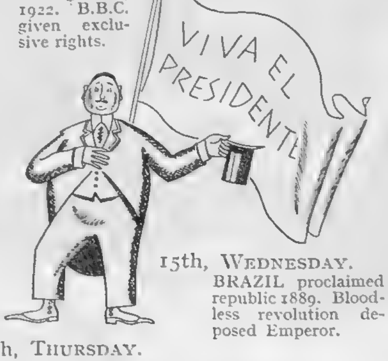
11th, SATURDAY.—*Martinmas. Half Quarter Day. Sun rises* 7.12. *Sun sets* 4.15. *Lighting up time* 4.45. VICTOR EMMANUEL III, King of Italy, born 1869. ARMISTICE DAY, 1918. Then the world went mad.

12th, SUNDAY.

12th, Sun.—Chloroform was first used as an anæsthetic, 1847, by SIR JAMES SIMPSON, of Edinburgh. Discovered by Liebig in 1831. MRS. GASKELL died 1865. British novelist. Wrote "Ruth" in 1853. FOUNDATION OF AUSTRIAN REPUBLIC 1918, when the Austria-Hungary Empire died.

13th, MONDAY. Famous author, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, born 1850. Died December 3rd, 1894. World still shudders at *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* ANCRE, Battle of, 1916. German lines penetrated; 3,300 prisoners taken at BEAUMONT-HAMEL.

14th, TUESDAY. EARL ROBERTS, heroic V.C., died 1914. Buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. EARL OF ELGIN died 1841. Collector of the Elgin Marbles. BROADCASTING commenced in the United Kingdom, 1922. B.B.C. given exclusive rights.



15th, WEDNESDAY. BRAZIL proclaimed republic 1889. Bloodless revolution deposed Emperor.

16th, THURSDAY. SUEZ CANAL was opened in 1869. It cost £17,000,000. Is 87 miles long.

17th, FRIDAY. FIRST WAR LOAN, 1914. £350,000,000 raised on 3½ per cent., offered at 95. JOPPA, 1917. General Allenby forced Turks to retire.

18th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises* 7.24. *Sun sets* 4.6. *Lighting up time* 4.36. SIR W. S. GILBERT born 1836, died May 29th, 1912. The dramatist who added charm to Sullivan's music. SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS, British engineer and electrician, died 1883. Was knighted few months before death.

19th, SUNDAY.

19th, Sun.—HENRY SETTON MERRIMAN died 1903. Novelist. Real name was Scott. His characters were rather of one type.

20th, MONDAY. COUNT TOLSTOY died 1910. Born August 28th, 1820. Russian novelist and social reformer. *Anna Karrina* ranks with posterity.

21st, TUESDAY. GERMAN NAVY surrendered to Britain 1918. First batch of 20 U-boats handed over at Harwich.

22nd, WEDNESDAY. CTESIPHON 1915. British captured Turkish front positions 18 miles from Bagdad.

23rd, THURSDAY. ROOSEVELT sweeps America, 1932. Gained 256 seats for Democrats in House of Representatives.

24th, FRIDAY.—*Old Martinmas.* In 1848 LORD MELBOURNE died. British politician and Queen Victoria's guide.

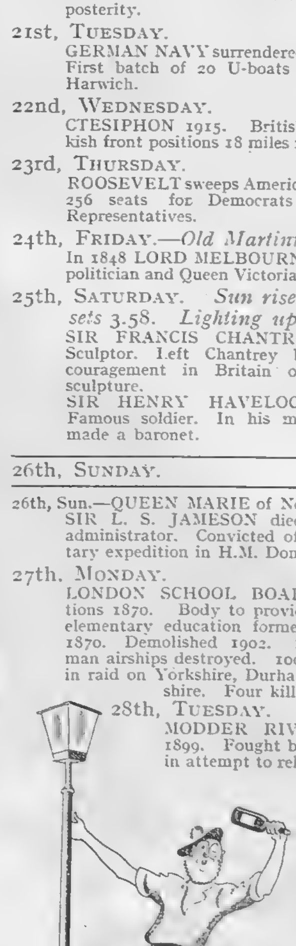
25th, SATURDAY. *Sun rises* 7.36. *Sun sets* 3.58. *Lighting up time* 4.28. SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY died 1841. Sculptor. Left Chantrey bequest for encouragement in Britain of painting and sculpture.

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK died 1857. Famous soldier. In his memory son was made a baronet.

26th, SUNDAY.

26th, Sun.—QUEEN MARIE of Norway born 1869. SIR L. S. JAMESON died 1917. British administrator. Convicted of preparing military expedition in H.M. Dominions.

27th, MONDAY. LONDON SCHOOL BOARD. First elections 1870. Body to provide and supervise elementary education formed under Act of 1870. Demolished 1902. 1916, two German airships destroyed. 100 bombs dropped in raid on Yorkshire, Durham and Staffordshire. Four killed, 37 injured.



28th, TUESDAY. MODDER RIVER, Battle of, 1899. Fought by Lord Methuen in attempt to relieve Kimberley.

29th, WEDNESDAY. METROPOLITAN SCHOOL BOARD. First elections under 1870 Act. Suffered fate of other boards in 1902.

30th, THURSDAY.—*St. Andrew's Day.* MARK TWAIN born 1835, died April 21st, 1910. Real name, Samuel Langhorne Clemens. Greatest American humorist. Funnier than the Marx Brothers!

Watch your Human Machine!

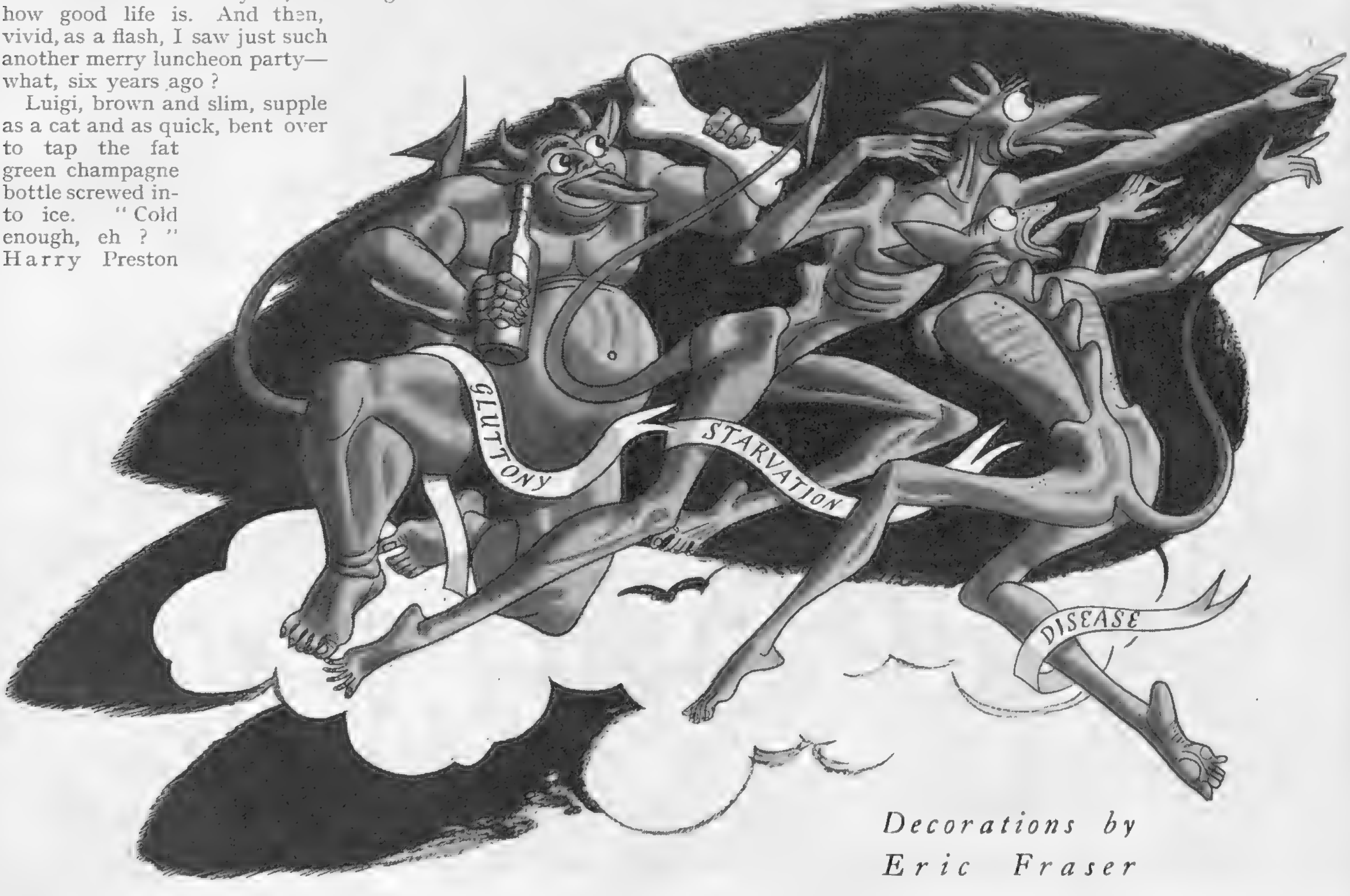
Are you overstraining it with worry, with over-exercise, with overwork? Keep Serene—and learn from the Foolish, as well as the Wise, the Secret of long living and physical well-being

By C. Patrick Thompson

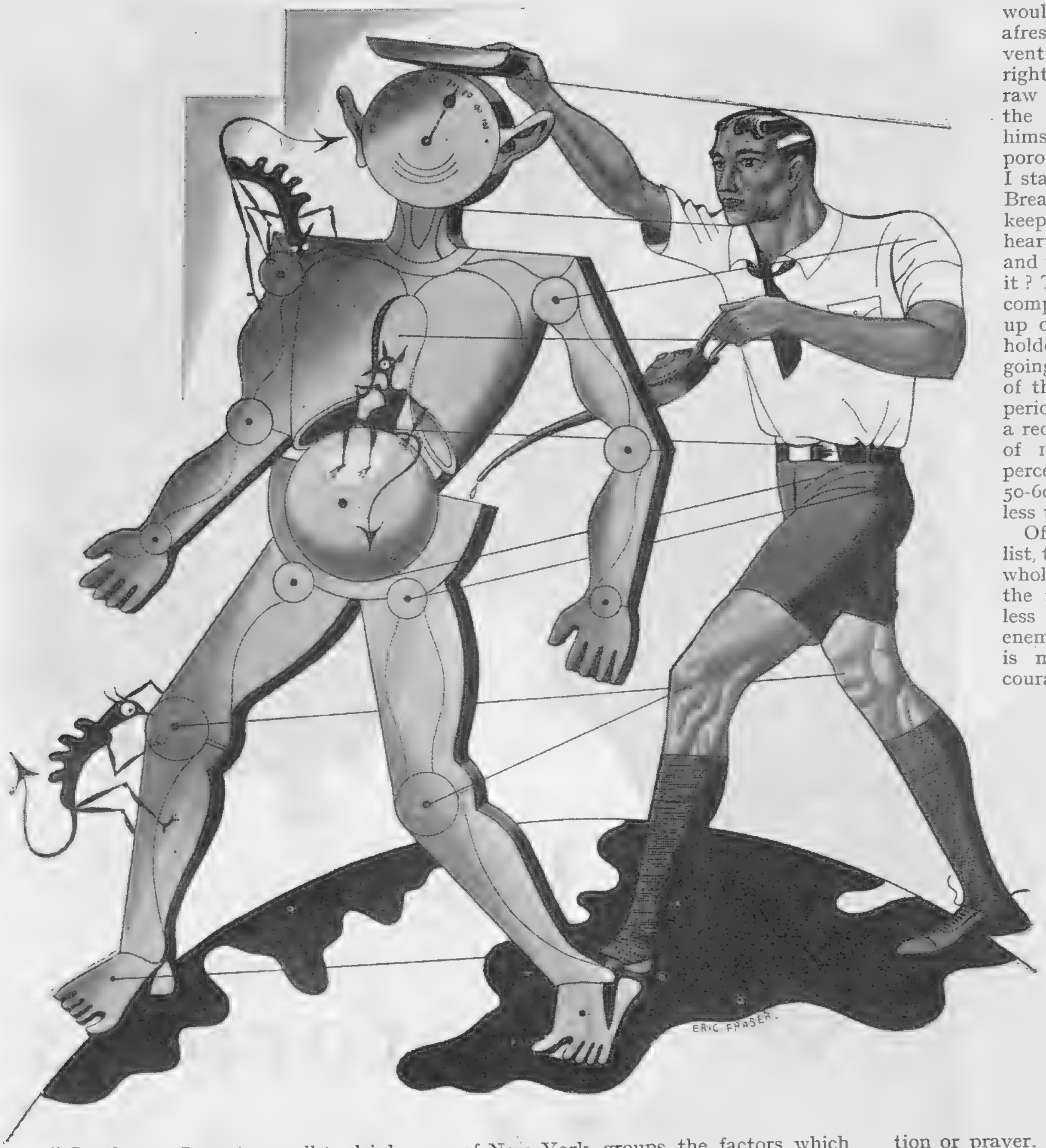
We lunched, a stag party. There were five of us: Jim Mollison, a boy of 27; myself, a youth of 37; Bruce Lockhart, a young man of 47; Sir Nöel Curtis-Bennett, another young man of 52; and the baby of the party, Sir Harry Preston, 75 (or it may be more; his age is more wrapped in mystery than that of a fashionable actress). And in a pause in the gay talk I glanced out at the green trees in the park, glinting in the sun beyond the little trellised Ritz courtyard, and thought how good life is. And then, vivid, as a flash, I saw just such another merry luncheon party—what, six years ago?

Luigi, brown and slim, supple as a cat and as quick, bent over to tap the fat green champagne bottle screwed into ice. "Cold enough, eh?" Harry Preston nodded. Arnold Bennett sighed: "I could drink this stuff all day; but I cannot p-p-p-p-permit myself." (We were at the third bottle.) Sir Alfred Fripp missed the byplay. Inclined towards my ear as we sat alongside, side by side on the wall divan, he was murmuring words of wisdom about age and pleasure which he did not want the others to hear. The others were George Nichols, the columnist, for 21 years "Quex" of the *Evening News*, and Sir George Lewis, always smiling, talk flowing in cascades from his curiously soft, feminine lips (his tale of the peeress and her butler co-respondent! his tale of the sea-dog, and his niece!).

And one by one I checked them off at the table. Luigi, Fripp, Bennett, Lewis, Nichols, all gone. I saw just myself, and the ageless Harry Preston, raising his glass: "Gentlemen, a toast..." (and aside to Arnold Bennett: "Thank God, I had a good sweat to-day.")



Decorations by Eric Fraser


ERIC FRASER.

"Gentlemen, I want you all to drink a toast. Jim Mollison's back again safe and sound. . ." We drank. "Thank God," said the ageless Harry Preston, setting down his glass, "I had a good sweat to-day."

That, of course, explained why he had remained behind when Luigi and Fripp, Lewis, Nichols and Bennett had vanished from that table of yesterday. That explained why, at 75, and after an illness and a major operation which would have killed most men in their prime, he retains the heart, energy and spirit of a healthy man of half his age. He understands his human machine—this robust little man whom the insurance company doctors, 45 years ago, refused to pass as a "good" life!

Relatively few people do understand the mechanism which keeps them functioning. The majority of men and women run their lives in a more haphazard, hand-to-mouth manner than a peanut vendor operates his curbside business. By sheer carelessness and ignorance of their own machines they darken their days, impair their efficiency for work, undermine their capacity for enjoyment, and kill themselves off before their time.

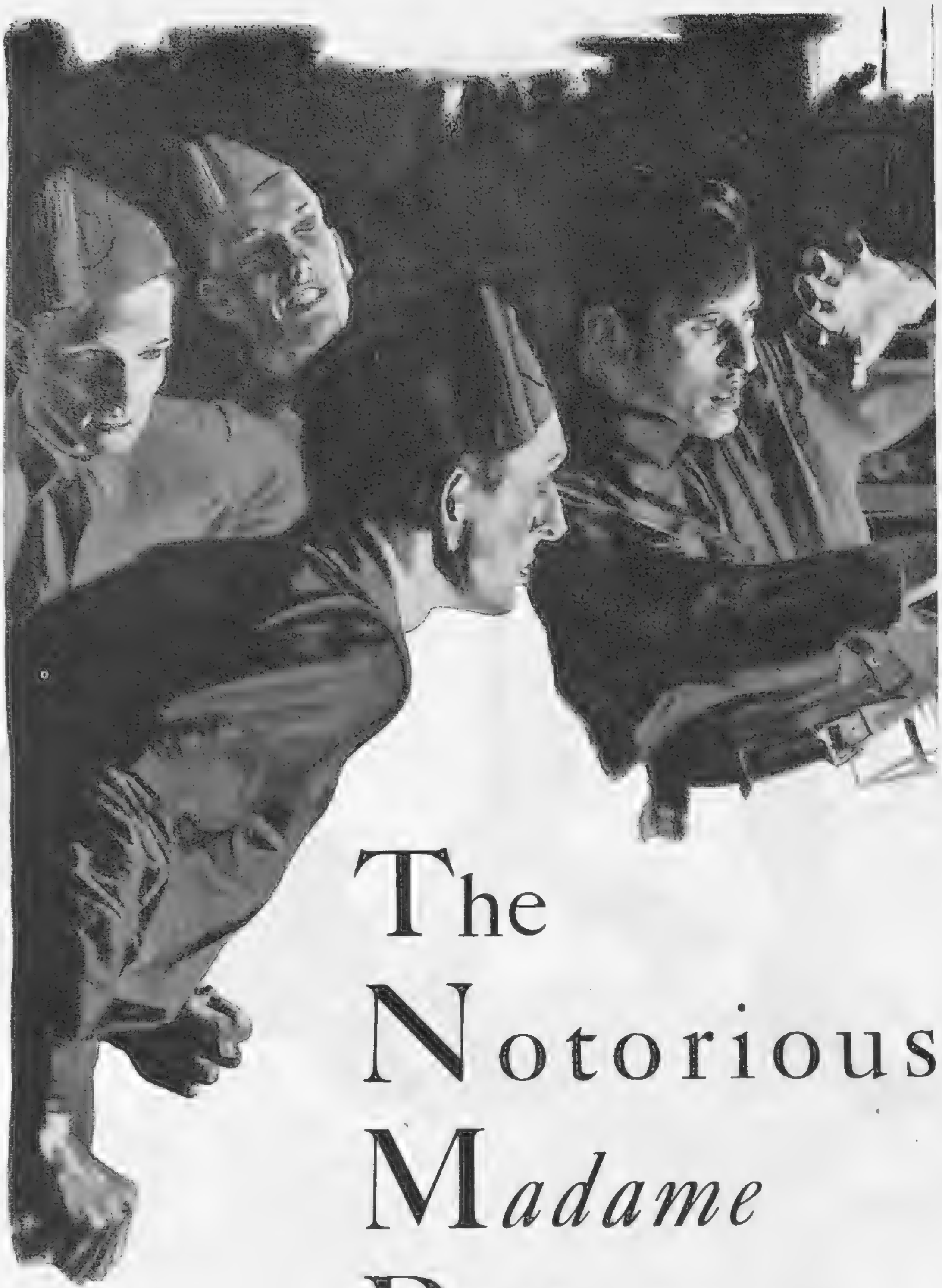
Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, medical director of the great life Extension Institute of New York, groups the factors which shorten an individual's life cycle in the following order of importance: heredity, infection, poisons, food deficiency or excess, air deficiencies or defects, hormone deficiency or excess, physical strain, physical disuse, psychic strain, psychic disuse. Time he leaves out. Time does not kill. Some people are old at 30; others are young at 70. No one dies of a disease called old age. In fact, science has yet to discover just why we do die.

Dr. Charles H. May, keeping check of the cause of all the deaths coming under his observation, found that 85 per cent. were due to infection of one sort or another. A vital part of the impaired human organism collapsed under the attack.

If the life assurance people—who want their clients to live long and pay premiums—could have their way, they would make everyone conduct an annual stocktaking of the business of living. Physical defects which have crept in could then be detected and corrected. The ways of living would also be considered afresh. Am I getting proper ventilation? Am I eating right, and including some raw food in my daily diet? the stocktaker would ask himself. Is my clothing as porous as it should be? Am I standing and sitting erect? Breathing deeply? Am I keeping serene and whole-hearted; and if not, why not, and what is to be done about it? The biggest life insurance company in America checked up on a group of its policy holders who had been undergoing these annual overhauls of the human machine for a period of ten years, and found a reduction in the death rate of 18 per cent., while the percentage production in the 50-60-years-old group was no less than 53 per cent.

Of all the problems in that list, that of keeping serene and whole-hearted probably offers the most difficulties. Needless worry is the greatest enemy of serenity. And that is mostly due to lack of courage. A philosopher has defined worry as "a complete circle of inefficient thought whirling about a pivot of fear." Some people can Coué or Christian Scientize or even Amy Macphersonize themselves out of that psychic state of fear of life which weakens the life grip. But a well-conditioned physical machine offers powerful resistance to the psychic germ of worry. Exercise in cases of worry can be more effective than exhortation or prayer. The late Lord Haldane obeyed a profoundly rational instinct when, suffering from the psychic strain of a love affair gone wrong, he subjected himself to the drastic treatment of 40-mile walks.

Take Harry Preston as an outstanding example of a man who owes his abounding health, and even his life, to his profound knowledge of his own human machine (although one (*Continued on page* 124)



The Notorious Madame Ribereau

Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks

I WAS a good bit older than Nero, but I had known him intimately for several years; you see, he and my younger brother had been at " The House " together, and during his time at Oxford he had stayed with us in Norfolk quite a bit.

Afterwards, too, whenever he came to England he always put in a little time with us at Denham Hall, and treated it as a sort of second home—which in fact we had encouraged him to do. That's why I had no sort of hesitation in proposing myself for a visit to his castle on Lake Garda when I decided in favour of an Italian holiday last summer.

Nero wrote back by return saying how delighted he would be to have me, and that I must stay much, much longer than I had at first intended. All sorts of interesting and amusing people would be in his house-party at the Castello Neroni—and he ended up with minute directions about the latter part of the journey. You can imagine, then, how surprised I was when I got off the train at the little local station to find no one there to meet me.

My Italian isn't too good, but once I managed to get it into the thick skull of the swarthy individual who did duty as station-master, signalman, clerk and porter, that I was a friend of the Count Neroni, he became all smiles and helpfulness—led me down the ancient village street—shook a tousled-looking peasant out of his afternoon siesta—helped him harness a knock-kneed horse into a rickety carrozza—and with a series of bows that would have done credit to an Elizabethan courtier—sped me on my way.

It was a good four miles drive along a twisting valley road with new vistas opening up as we rounded every corner. Lounging beneath the shade of the tasselled canopy while the old horse clopped along at a gentle pace, I wondered idly what sudden whimsey could be occupying the mercurial Nero's mind to the extent of making him forget to send his car in for me.

We turned a sharp corner and there below us lay the castle and the lake. The castle itself was a strange hybrid structure; a long, low stucco-fronted house with gardens running down to a little bay—behind it a mass of rambling, nondescript buildings obviously erected centuries apart—and there beyond, raised upon slightly higher ground, stood the father of all these queer excrescences—a good old fifteenth-century fortress.

My creaking chariot rumbled up to the pillared porch of the modern wing. The doors stood open and inviting, but there was not a soul about, and not a sound disturbed the drowsy silence of the afternoon.

The driver climbed from his box, and cupping his hands before his mouth yelled lustily. A small and very dirty child ran out from another entrance, stared at me for a moment with wide frightened eyes and then ran in again. As I entered the cool shadow of the wide hall I wondered if Nero and his guests were sleeping through the heat of the afternoon, or were out on some boating expedition across the lake.

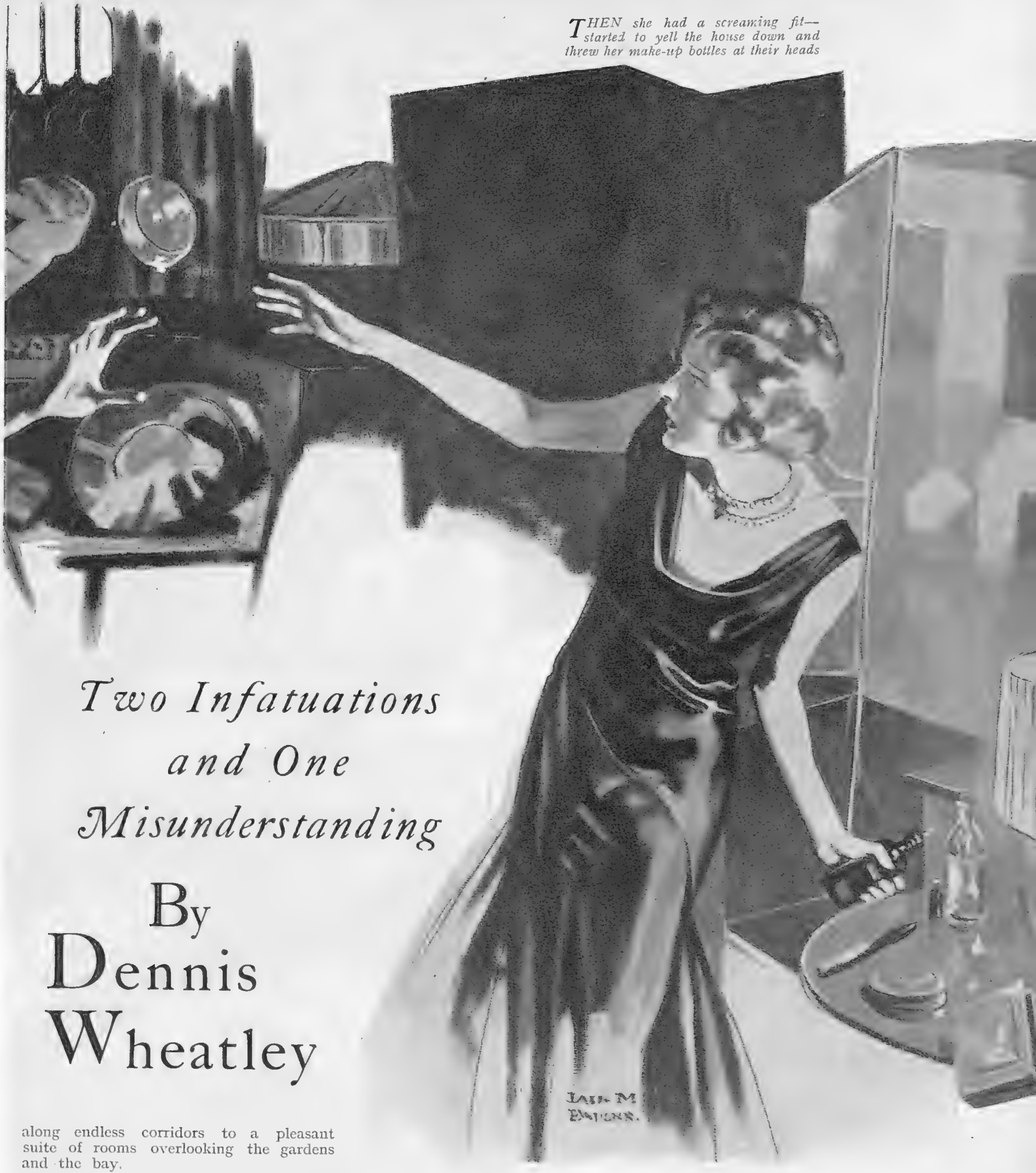
Suddenly a small, bent old man appeared from behind some hangings. One glance from his sharp black eyes was enough for him to guess my nationality—he asked what he could do for me in stilted English. Immediately I enquired for the Count Neroni he clasped his shrivelled yellow hands and bowed deferentially.

" The Count lives for some time now in Verona, Signor."

" Verona ! " I exclaimed, " but isn't he expecting me ? " and then I told old parchment-face about my visit.

" It is not the Count's pleasure always to tell us of his intentions, Signor," the old man said gravely, " but Giuseppe shall go in the Fiat to inform him of your arrival. Verona is no more than thirty kilometres—in the meantime, gracious Signor, please to follow me."

The old man led me up a broad flight of shallow stairs and



THEN she had a screaming fit—started to yell the house down and threw her make-up bottles at their heads

Two Infatuations and One Misunderstanding

By Dennis Wheatley

along endless corridors to a pleasant suite of rooms overlooking the gardens and the bay.

I knew that Nero had spent a small fortune modernising the house, so I was not surprised at the spacious tiled and chromium-plated bathroom where I had a much-needed wash while a footman unpacked my bags, but I was a little startled when old parchment-face appeared again and asked if the gracious signor would refresh himself with a highball, a Martini, or a Bronx.

I punted for a highball, and when I came downstairs he served it with all the solemnity that would have done honour to Imperial Tokay. Then he left me in a spacious library where the shelves of old calf-bound volumes looked down on tables laden with modern periodicals and the startling covers of the latest detective fiction.

I settled down there to await the return of the truant Nero.

The roar of his great Isotta-Fraschini made me aware of his arrival minutes before he actually appeared, but the noise had hardly ceased with a grinding scream of brakes before he leapt in through the high french windows—tall, dark, smiling—overwhelming me with a torrent of apologies.

" Never could he forgive himself—a stupidity unpardonable—it was the 7th, and he had thought that I was arriving on the 17th—but no matter, it would give him ten days more of my delightful company—I would forgive him instantly if I but knew how great, how joyous, was the surprise . . ."

Well, for the moment I believed him—and who, woman or man—could ever refuse to forgive Nero anything! He called for drinks—and more drinks—took old parchment-face by the ear and pinched it affectionately so that even that living mummy smiled his pleasure at his master's return.

NEXT morning we went down in our bathing wraps by the short cut through the pines and sweet smelling myrtle bushes to the plage on the other side of the headland—hired a canoe—and talked from it in turn

WE dined that night in state. The kind of state that is now only to be found amongst the great Italian families; a footman in full livery behind each chair, and two more at the serving table. A wine butler clad in black with a silver chain of office round his neck, and old parchment-face standing expressionless and immovable near the door, directing the service of his underlings by the occasional flicker of an eyelid.

It was a dinner of twelve courses, and although the food was of that rare category which we used to find in the great English country houses before the war, and which no restaurant can ever hope to emulate, I found it almost impossible to get through the meal, yet Nero ate of everything that was put before him with zest and appetite of vigorous youth.

Afterwards we strolled together in the gardens, enjoying the fragrance of our cigars beneath the cypresses that were etched black against a real Italian moon.

I listened principally while Nero made plans for my enjoyment of my visit. We would do this . . . that . . . and the other thing together—then suddenly he broke off and threw away the stump of his cigar.

" But you are tired, my friend—your long journey—how selfish I am to keep you from your bed—have we not tomorrow, and the next day, and the next—many days, for you must not leave me now that you have come. Let us go in, another drink—and then to bed."

Well, actually, although I'd had a longish day I felt that I could have walked all night in that soft clear air so far from the cities—but Nero waved my protests aside as mere politeness. Twenty minutes later he led me to my bedroom and was satisfying himself that, lest I should wake in the night, fruit, biscuits, drink, and the latest novels were all beside my bed.

BY the time I sank into the great four-poster I was not altogether sorry that he had had his way, but you can imagine my surprise when the roar of the Isotta suddenly shattered the silence beneath the windows, and I heard it thunder away up the hill, its echoes reverberating through the mountains until they died away into a distant hum.

The same sound woke me in the morning, but later when I came down to breakfast *à l'Anglais*, Nero said nothing of his midnight run and talked gaily of an expedition on the lake, so off we went together.

It was a heavenly day and the scenery was enchanting, but my enjoyment was ruined by the certainty that something was definitely wrong with Nero; he simply couldn't sit still, and at times his delightful chatter would dry up completely in a way that I had never known before. I hardly liked to ask him what was worrying him as he had ample opportunity to tell me if he wished. The boatman could not speak a word of anything but Italian.

That night we dined again in the same state as before, with the silent-footed servants throwing strange shadows on the arras as the candles flickered. It was then that he apologised in an awkward way for having no other guests to meet me. Once more his unpardonable stupidity about the dates—but no matter, in a week's time the house would be full of people—ten, fifteen—a dozen at the least.

Afterwards we sat in the great library and swapped reminiscences; but twice I caught him casting furtive glances at the clock, and guessing his intention from my experience of the night before, I faked a yawn that he might have an excuse to suggest another early night.

My surmise proved correct. He jumped at the opportunity, and no sooner was I beneath the sheets than I heard his car burst into a roar, which quickly died away again as he sped along the twisting road through the valley.

He returned next morning, but later than before, and I was already dressed when I heard the first sound of his engine. By that time I had decided that something must be done about the situation. I was pretty obviously an unwelcome guest, and he was tearing himself away from Verona each morning to come and entertain me during the daytime.

Had we been in England I would have sent myself the usual telegram, but here—cut off from towns and villages by the rugged slopes of Mount Baldo—that was impossible. Plain speaking was the only way, and I took the opportunity just before lunch when Nero was showing me the view over the lake from the battlements of the old fort.

"Listen, Nero," I said, "it's been most awfully good of you to put up with me for the past couple of days, but I know that the mistake about the dates has messed up all your plans completely. We know each other quite well enough to be frank about things, so I propose to clear out to-morrow and leave you in peace."

"You have heard the car, of course?" he said.

"Yes," I admitted, "and I know you're dying to get away from here again, so why be stupid and pretend to each other?"

He pressed my arm gratefully, "I know—I feel so bad about this, my friend; but you are right—I must be truthful also. When this happened I put off my other guests—but yourself I forgot! How can I hope ever for your forgiveness?"

"Is it some trouble in which I can be of help?" I asked.

"No, no, that is nice of you, but it is personal this—I am what you say—head over heels in love!"

"A woman!" I exclaimed, and frankly I was a little annoyed at that. For all his English education Nero is pure Latin where women are concerned—I don't think he knows the meaning of the word "Love"—they're just a penny plain and twopence coloured to him, and he has hectic affairs with at least twenty different women every year; so it struck me as a little thick that he should mess up my whole holiday for the sake of some new wench whose name he would have forgotten in a fortnight.

"Ah, but Santa Christina! What a woman," he took me up—"she is adorable—enchanting—I have gone quite, quite mad about her."

"Well," I said dryly, "I wish you lots of luck, but why the deuce didn't you ask her here with your other guests—you've got dozens of women among your married friends who would be willing enough to play the complaisant chaperone. I've heard you say that you've often done that sort of thing before."

"Yes, yes," he protested, "but this is different," and then he went on a little awkwardly, "you see she is French—and she is well, how shall we say—a little highly coloured, perhaps—and she has a temper—oh, you do not know! she would make me scenes—terrible scenes. In no time the servants would guess our relationship, and they would be horrified—you know how it is with these pious old country people, and I would hate to hurt them—also—well, I think it would be awkward for my other guests. Things will be different when she is my wife."

"Your wife!" I gasped.

"Why not?" he said with a surly glance, "As Contessa Neroni she will be received everywhere, no matter what has gone before. Is it her fault that men have been brutal to her poor child? As for that husband of hers—if I could lay my hands on him I would thrash him until he was dead!"

"So she is married into the bargain?"

"Yes, and what she has suffered! To think of it fills me with black, black boiling rage."

"Now look here, Nero"—I turned and faced him as he stood there, dark and handsome, with genuine tears welling up into his brown eyes. "As I understand it, you've run across a good-looking Frenchwoman with a husband and a past, whom you dare not introduce to your friends—and now you talk of marrying her—is that the case?"

"No, no," he spread out his hands in a quick gesture of denial, "she is of great *chic* and charm—as my wife she will take Rome by storm next winter."

"What about this husband of hers?" I enquired.

"That brute! she will divorce him—proceedings have begun already, and I shall adopt the child."

"Good God! so she's got a child as well," I exclaimed. "But look here—you're a Catholic, aren't you—how can you marry a divorced woman anyway?"

"The Holy Father will give me a dispensation. I am a Papal Chamberlain and have friends in Rome who can adjust such matters."

I nodded. "And in the meantime you are living with her in Verona I suppose."

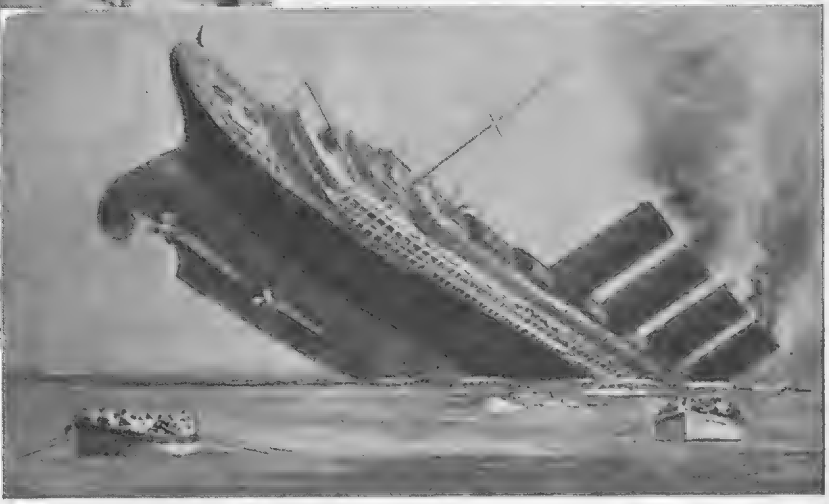
"Ahhh!" was all he said, but the way he raised his dark eyes to heaven was more expressive than any verbal admission could have been.

"Then why the deuce not carry on that way?" I argued. (*Continued on page* 116)

TREASURE from the deep. Bundles of rupee notes drying on the deck of the salvage steamer "Artiglio." They were salved from the sunken liner "Egypt"

Below:

A CRIME that horrified the world. The "Lusitania" plunging to her doom after being ruthlessly torpedoed by enemy action in May, 1915, off the coast of Ireland



Wrecks *that made* History

By Grenville Robbins

THE *Lutine* is in the news again. In 1799 she made history when she sank near Terschelling with more than a million pounds worth of gold and silver aboard. Now an attempt is to be made to salvage this vast treasure from the bed of the ocean. If it succeeds, the *Lutine* will make history again. By a fluke of Fate, as it happens, she has, so to speak, been in the historic present ever since her bell was recovered 74 years ago, for the Lutine Bell at Lloyd's is rung to give warning of any overdue ships. The *Lutine*, in fact, is the symbol of all wrecks. It has very definitely made history.

How much other history we could find if only the seas would vanish for a little while and give us an opportunity of examining the bed of the ocean! It is a big "If," this "If of Geography," but none the less fascinating.

In a recent book, Mr. Winston Churchill proved the fascination of the "Ifs of History." No less fascinating are the "Ifs of Geography," and this is one of them. If we could drain the seas, what should we find? Mud, and dead fish, and marine vegetation—and, above all, wrecks! Wrecks by the hundred thousand, many of which have made history. Imagine the bed of the sea exposed to view and yourself in an incredibly fast aeroplane. In a short space of time you might pass over the rotted remnants of the White Ship, which made history in the time of Henry the First by sinking with his son William on board, and then be looking at the hulk of the *Lusitania*, which made history in the time of George the Fifth by precipitating America into the War on the side of the Allies. Two very different wrecks and two very different pieces of history, but both, nevertheless, wrecks that made a pretty considerable slice of history!

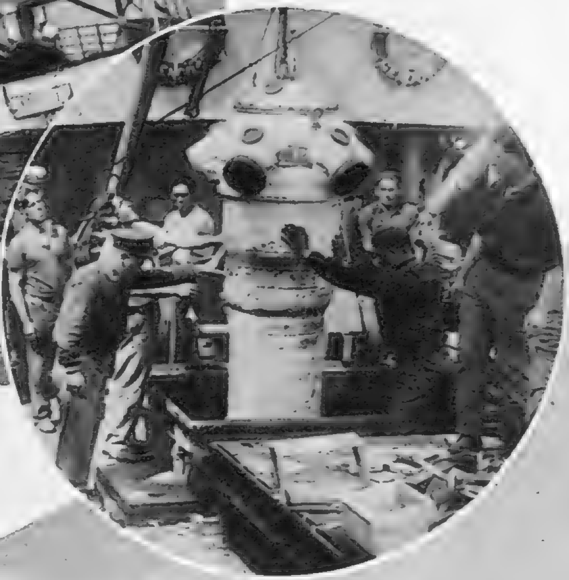
Let us in imagination drain the ocean, get into our fast aeroplane, and make a short tour. It is best to start off the Dutch Coast at Vlieland, where the *Lutine* lies, for not only is she in the news, but also symbolic of every wreck. There she rests on a bank between the islands of Vlieland and Terschelling with as much, it is believed, as 13 yards of sand piled on top of her. This fact is going to render the salvage an even bigger problem than that of the *Egypt*, sunk off Ushant on that grim Sunday soon after the War, the work on which is now so nearly and so triumphantly completed. On the other hand, a new salvage device, invented by a Dutch engineer, is to be used, and there are great hopes of bringing the work to a successful conclusion.

Gold and silver coin to the value of some £140,000 are believed to be in the wreck together with gold and silver bars worth about a million pounds. Soon after the disaster in October, 1799, part of the cargo, to the amount of a hundred thousand pounds, was recovered, but since then attempts by both the English and the Dutch have failed to recover anything more—except the famous Lutine Bell. If, therefore, one could only see into her hold, there would be an exhibition of solid gold and silver there which would prove quite dazzling in these post-gold standard days in this country.

The *Lutine* had a chequered history before she met her more than chequered

THE latest type of deep sea diving apparatus used in salvage operations

THE wreck of the "Highland Hope" on the Portuguese coast

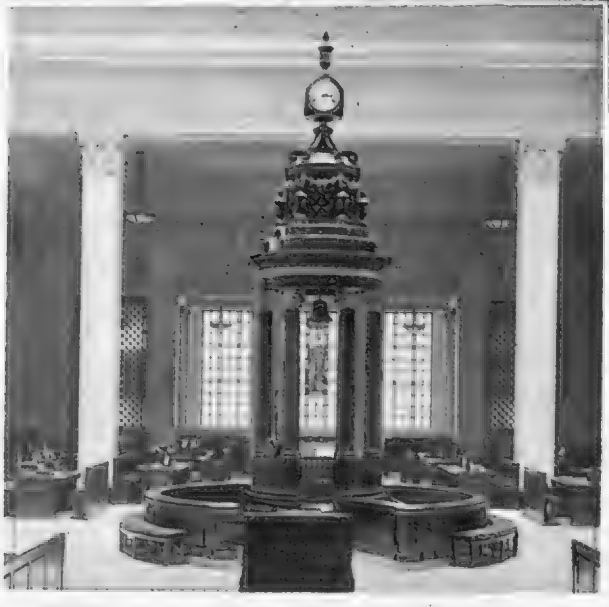


Below:
THE diving apparatus used to get down to the wrecked "Egypt."

end. Originally La Lutine, a frigate of the French Fleet, she was surrendered by the Royalists to Lord Hood, who was then Admiral, and passed into the British Fleet. Six years later this country had a large military force at Texel, in North Holland, and British warships were lying off Vlieland. Even in those days the men of the Navy had to be paid some time and, as the town of Hamburg also needed financial assistance, it was decided to send out on the Lutine coin for the troops and bullion for the town.

She set off gaily enough from Yarmouth and was heard of no more. Hamburg notified us that the money had failed to arrive and a second consignment was sent. Only then was it established that she had fallen a victim to the dangerous breakers of the Dutch Coast in the midst of a storm which broke out the day she sailed from Yarmouth. Only one of the crew reached land alive by clinging to a spar. He was washed ashore at Vlieland. He died soon afterwards. Nearly 300 bodies were afterwards washed ashore, and it is believed that were also some distinguished passengers on board. These statements, however, cannot be confirmed, as the fire at the Royal Exchange in 1838 burnt all the papers at Lloyd's. Perhaps the new salvage operations may solve this mystery as well as recover the treasure that is literally buried under the sand on the ocean bed.

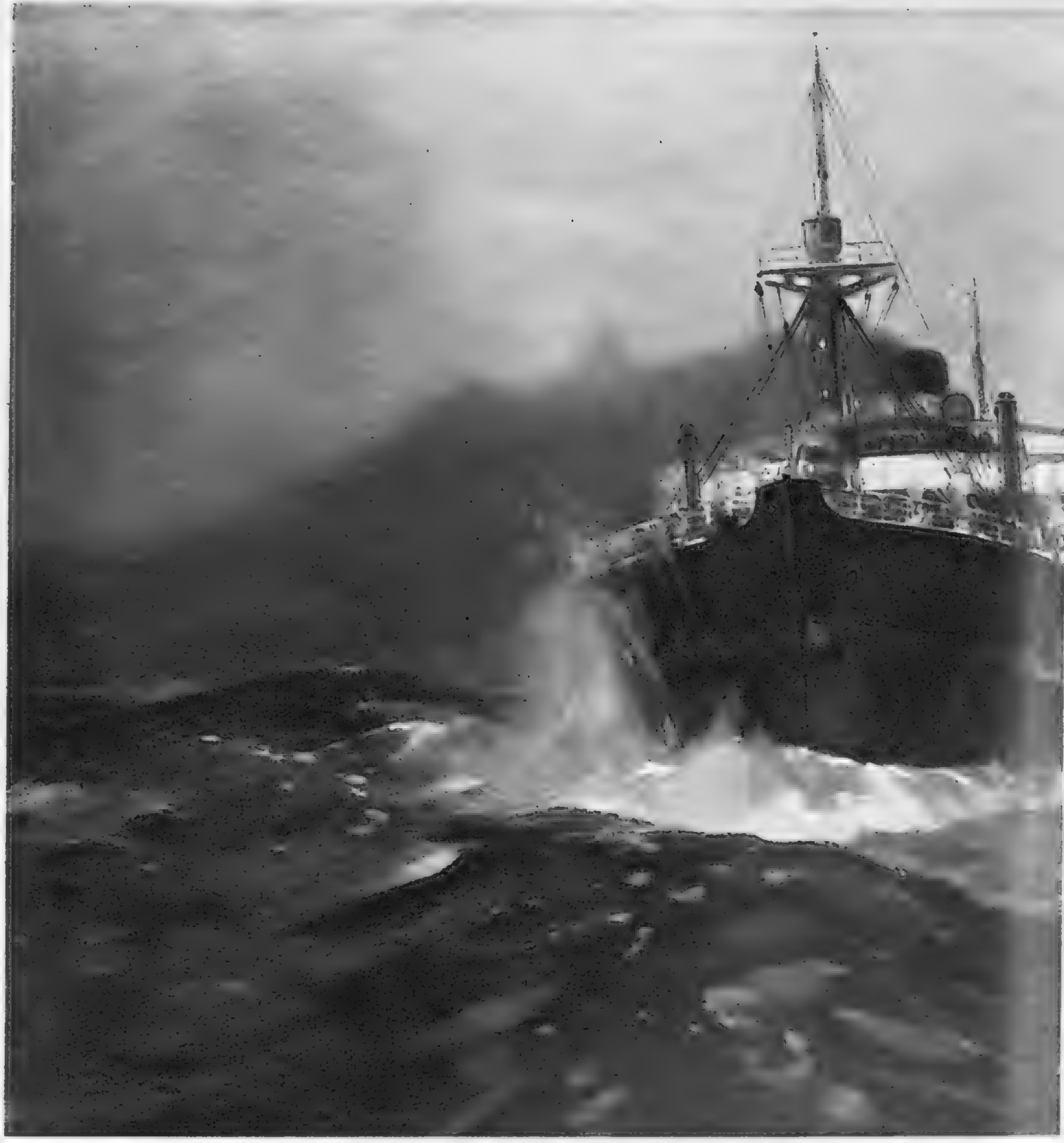
THE French liner "Atlantique" on fire in the English Channel.



THE "Lutine" bell at Lloyd's. This bell was recovered from the frigate "Lutine," which sank with a large amount of treasure off the Dutch coast.

Flying in our aeroplane down Channel, we might pass over the spot where the White Ship went down, and we should also not be far from the resting-place of another treasure ship, the Telemarque, which sank at Quilleboeuf in 1790. Salvage operations are also to be attempted on this rich prize. The Telemarque actually sank, not in the sea, but in the River Seine, and for nearly 150 years the mud of the river bed has held tight its prey. She is believed to be laden with priceless plate, bars of gold, jewels, and other treasures belonging to King Louis the Sixteenth. When it was clear that the French Revolution was about to burst upon that Monarch's unfortunate head, his advisers suggested that he should save both himself and his treasure—and his treasure first! In an attempt to get it out of the country on the Telemarque, that vessel was so disgracefully overladen that she sank—a terrible example of the results of greed. An attempt was made to salvage her nearly 100 years ago, but it was a total failure. Now another try is to be made. Her cargo, like those of the Egypt and the Lutine, would be welcome now—even in France, where there is a certain amount of gold bullion already, it is understood.

(continued on p. 124)



"RUGGED WEATHER." A typical tramp steamer making good progress in a rough sea. Reproduced from a print of the original painting by Frank H. Mason, R.I., by the courtesy of the Sporting Gallery, 7, Grafton Street, London, W.

"BEEN down Screw Alley ?"

The question was half-shouted because of the incessant din of a ship's engine-room. Slow-moving pumps squeaked steadily, a dynamo hummed over the store-room, a refrigerating engine rattled boisterously also above head-level, whilst the forced draught-fan thrummed steadily at the edge of the lower platform.

Even the steering engine made itself heard whilst the major noise—the throb of speedily - turning pistons—vibrated with a chequered frequency. Chequered for the simple reason that we were bucking into a nasty head sea, and the propeller was leaving the water at every dip of the bows.

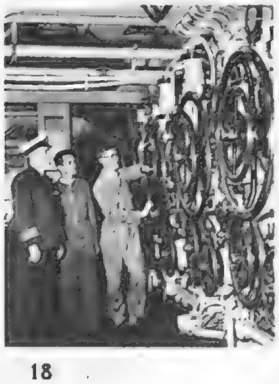
This was not my first trip to the engine-room, but it was the first time I had ventured below with the ship labouring in half a gale, and therefore the first time I had seen how a "triple expansion job" misbehaved when the propeller was racing.

As the ship's stern settled its normal depth into the water, the shafts did their "up-over-down and round" movement at proper speed, somewhere about eighty to the minute. For a fraction of time the engine-room and all its many parts was absolutely normal.

But, although it was impossible to see what was happening on topsides, we knew that the bows were leaving water, that they were hovering pile-driverly over a great trough between two waves. We could feel a wave lifting the bows still higher, felt the old packet shiver like a winter diver, and then, with a queer buck, felt her start her run down the wave-side.

The bows had dipped acutely, heading for the valley depths, slanting our below-water platform to a dangerous angle. The stern was lifting, jerking up—skying, in fact. The normal turn of the pistons gave way before a quickened beat, the throbbing increased, suddenly, faster—still faster, until in one second all the devils of pandemonium seemed to have been let loose in the engine-room.

High - pressure, intermediate - pressure, and low - pressure pistons were thrashing round at almost burlesque speed, it seemed that the steel arms of power had suddenly lost all dignity and were emulating the antics of a child's mechanical toy. For a second or two only, though. There skittish revolutions were choked—throttled.



If the propeller had left the water, had suddenly become freed from the essential resistance of the ocean's body, it did not follow that the engines would be permitted to race indefinitely. In that playfulness of the propeller lies great danger.

The unnatural speed of the screw's frictionless turning, the terrific racing of tons of steam-driven steel spells calamity unless checked.

That 's why I stood entranced watching one of the engineers at the throttle, noting the easy way in which he cooled the passion of his metal charges, slowed their ponderous playfulness to placid usefulness.

As the ship's stern lifted and the screw lost its necessary ally—water—preparing to play mad, the engineer stood like a statue of immobility. So soon as the "race" began, he moved, gently throttling down, easing the nightmarish crash of revolutions and almost stopping them before the propeller reached water again with the stern's dip.

It was fascinating, intriguing, unusual. With each lift of the stern, the engine-room was shaken as if in the hands of a brobdignagian dice-thrower; everything was vibrated, everything was subject to a gruelling which must have proved their substantiality beyond all doubt.

"Been down Screw Alley, Sparks ?"

The question was asked again by the Chief. He, having seen my interest in the curbing of the spirits of his wild charges, had stood by my side, watching his junior and slowly rubbing stubby fingers with some virgin waste.

"No," I replied.

"Just want to have a look round. Coming ?"

I looked at the stygian black cave of the tunnel entrance, had half a mind to refuse, and then—

"Away, man ! It 's an experience if nowt else. Come on."

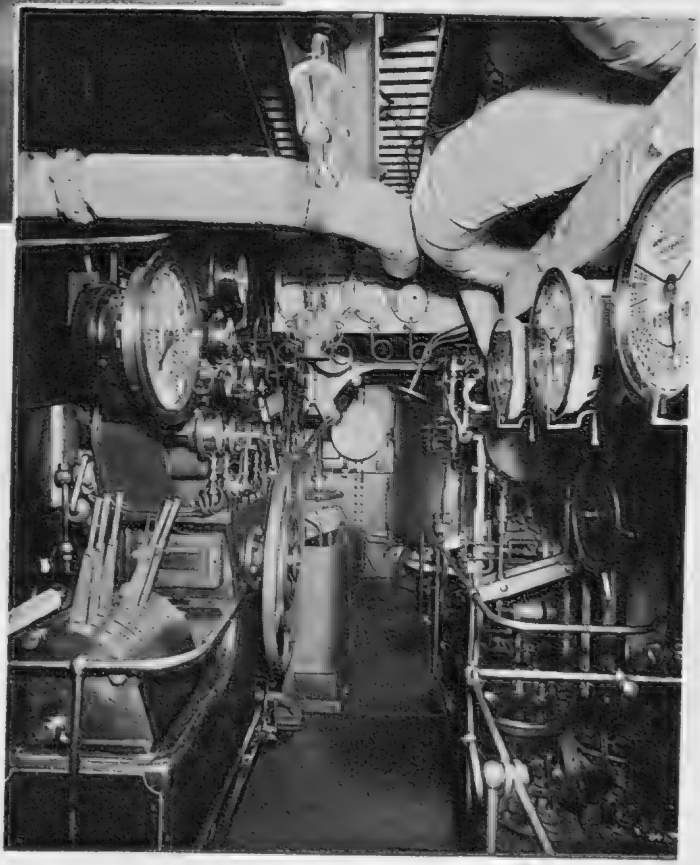
The words were bellowed half-jocularly, half-earnestly. Probably the Chief had a good idea why I hesitated. Nevertheless as I had *never* been along "Screw Alley," I nodded acquiescence and turned towards the cavern-like entrance.

We left the gleaming pistons, left the squeaking auxiliaries, left the maze of steam-pipes, valves, cocks and rails, and entered the tunnel-mouth. By the dim light of the stokehold lamp carried by the Chief, I saw a shining and endless cylinder of steel. The brilliance of its polish was treacherously misleading, for at first I thought it stationary.

Screw Alley

A Sea Journey in rough weather to make the landlubber wonder why sailors don't care

By "Sea Tang"



Right:

IN the engine room of the Cunard liner "Mauretania."

"Steady, Sparks! Don't fall across that—I don't want you draped round it."

I steadied all right. I had no wish to try conclusions with that cylinder of steel. It looked sinister, viciously efficient in its ghostly and almost invisible turning.

The deck lifted under my feet. I clutched at the hand-rail and hung on like grim death. Behind us — but forward — the engines rattled and raced madly for a moment, then resumed normality. The straight serpent, as thick as the distance between my ankles and knees, changed not a whit; it disclosed no visible slackening, indicated no seeable quickening, and yet had done both. The polished surface gleamed evilly with one long eye of light.

Slowly, as the Chief and I struggled aft, the long eye disappeared, for the light from the engine-room had gone too. Only the faint glimmer of the Chief's oil lamp reflected from the polished surface. Even the noise of the engines had been deadened, and the Chief, who had been slowly plodding ahead, stopped and turned. Everything was strangely quiet.

"Right under Number Five hold, Sparks."

The last word was almost lost in muffled thunder as a heave of the stern was followed by a terrific propeller race.

I gripped the hand-rail, looked for'ard towards the engine-room and saw a faint loom of light—saw, too, the white line of the long propeller-shaft. Then I leaned out a bit, looked past the Chief, and saw the silvery shaft disappearing into intense darkness.

Overhead—about two feet clearance only—was the tunnel roof. I knew there were thousands of bags of sugar stowed on top of it, that nearly thirty feet above our heads was the main deck.

"How far under water, Chief?" I ventured.

"Twenty odd feet."

The sides of the tunnel seemed perilously close together—the roof appeared extremely fragile and the sinister steel shaft of terrific proportions, all of a sudden. The place began to feel eerie.

"Come on."

It was the Chief turning again.

"How much farther?" I had to ask that silly question.

"Sixty or seventy feet."

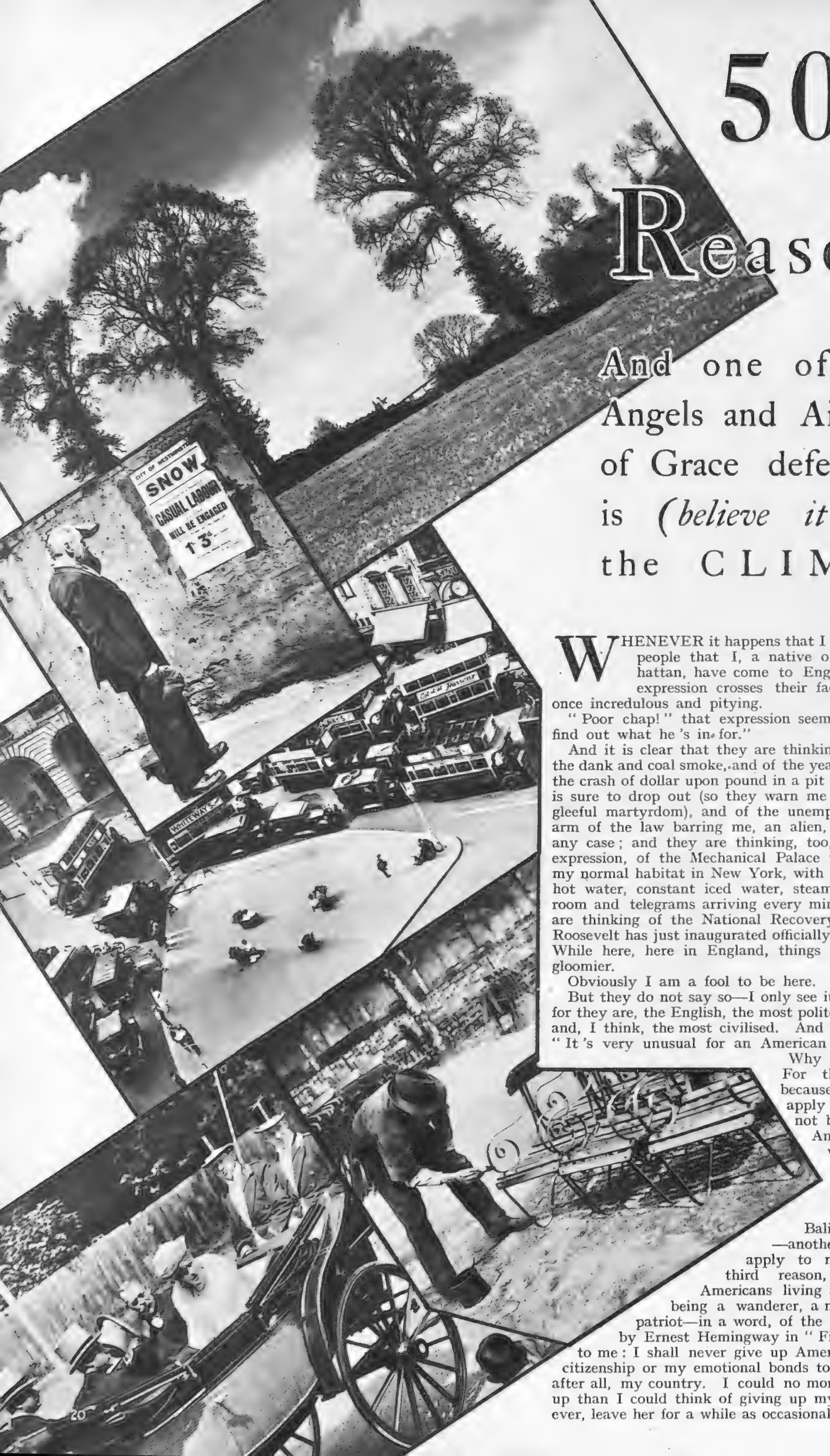
"Phew!" I felt cold sweat on my forehead. Another long stretch; getting farther and farther from safety, walking deeper and deeper into the darkness. Overhead thousands of tons of cargo; beneath, just a huge keel and untold ocean depths. Behind, the engine-room and comparative openness, whilst on our path was a blank end.

I could easily have got panic-stricken, for my imagination was conjuring up all sorts of accidents. The propeller smashing, water crashing in as it did on the Tahiti—a thousand weird possibilities, but luckily, most of them evaporated in the heat of keeping my balance.

As we travelled nearer and nearer to the stern, the movements of the ship became more pronounced. The lift, which, amidships, had only been a lift, now became a balloonish hoist followed by a scenic railway-like drop. We were rising twenty, thirty, odd feet and then dropping similar distances with sickening rapidity. The shock of the racing propeller grew greater, the rattle of its swift turning became louder and louder, and I was beginning to wonder when . . . when—

"End-o, Sparks."

My stars! I was glad. The tunnel had widened to a substantially sized chamber, the after-end of which was shaped as the steamer's stern. Gripping the hand-rail, I stood and watched the Chief examine the shaft, saw him closely investigate the joint where the steel disappeared through the hull, wondered, too, if everything was in apple-pie order.



50 Reasons

And one of them—Angels and Airministers of Grace defend us!—is *(believe it or not)* the CLIMATE!

WHENEVER it happens that I mention to any English people that I, a native of the Island of Manhattan, have come to England to *live*, a curious expression crosses their faces—an expression at once incredulous and pitying.

"Poor chap!" that expression seems to say, "he 'll soon find out what he 's in for."

And it is clear that they are thinking of the rain, the fog, the dank and coal smoke, and of the yearly toll from influenza, the crash of dollar upon pound in a pit from which the bottom is sure to drop out (so they warn me with, I feel, a certain gleeful martyrdom), and of the unemployment and the long arm of the law barring me, an alien, from working here in any case; and they are thinking, too, it is clear from that expression, of the Mechanical Palace which they imagine is my normal habitat in New York, with lifts all night, constant hot water, constant iced water, steam heat, radio in every room and telegrams arriving every minute; and finally they are thinking of the National Recovery Act which President Roosevelt has just inaugurated officially to end the Depression. While here, here in England, things just get gloomier and gloomier.

Obviously I am a fool to be here.

But they do not say so—I only see it in their expressions—for they are, the English, the most polite people in the world—and, I think, the most civilised. And so they only murmur: "It 's very unusual for an American to settle in England. Why do you want to ?"

For the obvious answer—because of business—does not apply in my case; I have not been sent over by any American firm. I am a writer, and it does not matter very much whether I live in England or in America or in Bali. Nor does marriage—another frequent reason—apply to me. And, again, the third reason, so common among Americans living abroad—the reason of being a wanderer, a misfit at home, an expatriot—in a word, of the sort so aptly described by Ernest Hemingway in "Fiesta"—does not apply to me: I shall never give up America, either my natural citizenship or my emotional bonds to America. America is, after all, my country. I could no more think of giving her up than I could think of giving up my family. I can, however, leave her for a while as occasionally one does leave one's

Why I live in ENGLAND

By *Wilson McCarty*

family. In the end I shall return. But meanwhile I *am* living in England. Why?

I have not sought the answer deliberately; but when I have been walking about casually, not sight-seeing or thinking particularly, and when I have been in the country, the answer has presented itself—or rather a variety of answers have presented themselves. And I have jotted them down. I have listed them below, not according to any order of importance, but as they have occurred to me naturally and without sequence. I have tried to avoid the obvious reasons connected with the glamour of a new country, and the reasons of historical charm and picturesqueness, because these reasons are, like living in a "quaint" house, prone to become dull and meaningless with custom. No, the reasons I have taken for preferring to live in England are not the reasons which bring thousands of American tourists here each year, which send them staring through Cornwall or to lunch in the Cheshire Cheese or to buy postcards of Ann Hathaway's cottage at Stratford-on-Avon—what has won me to England are a number of practical advantages, of a number of things which I happen to like and which are done better than they are done in America. In enumerating them below, in reading them over as I have jotted them down, it occurs to me that some of them may appear funny—I do not mean them to be. I am serious about every one of these reasons Why I Like to Live in England.

To begin with, for example, the butter tastes better. "I am not a fussy man. . . ." A. A. Milne has written and we all know it by heart so that I may safely paraphrase the next line: "But I do like a *lot* of butter with my bread." And I want what Alice (in Wonderland) wanted to oil her watch—the *best* butter. I find that English butter tastes, looks and cuts much better than American butter. It is, however, I must admit, more expensive.

2. I like the almost infallible way in which lost articles are returned. Arriving at Southampton I left my portable typewriter on the dock. I did not notice the loss until I arrived at Waterloo Station. I told the porter about it. He was a cheery-faced lad.

"You come along to the Lost Property bureau, Sir, and we'll find it," he said, with supreme faith in his King and Country.

And, by Jove, we did! The Lost Property expert put through a call to Southampton, for which

(*Continued on page* 92)

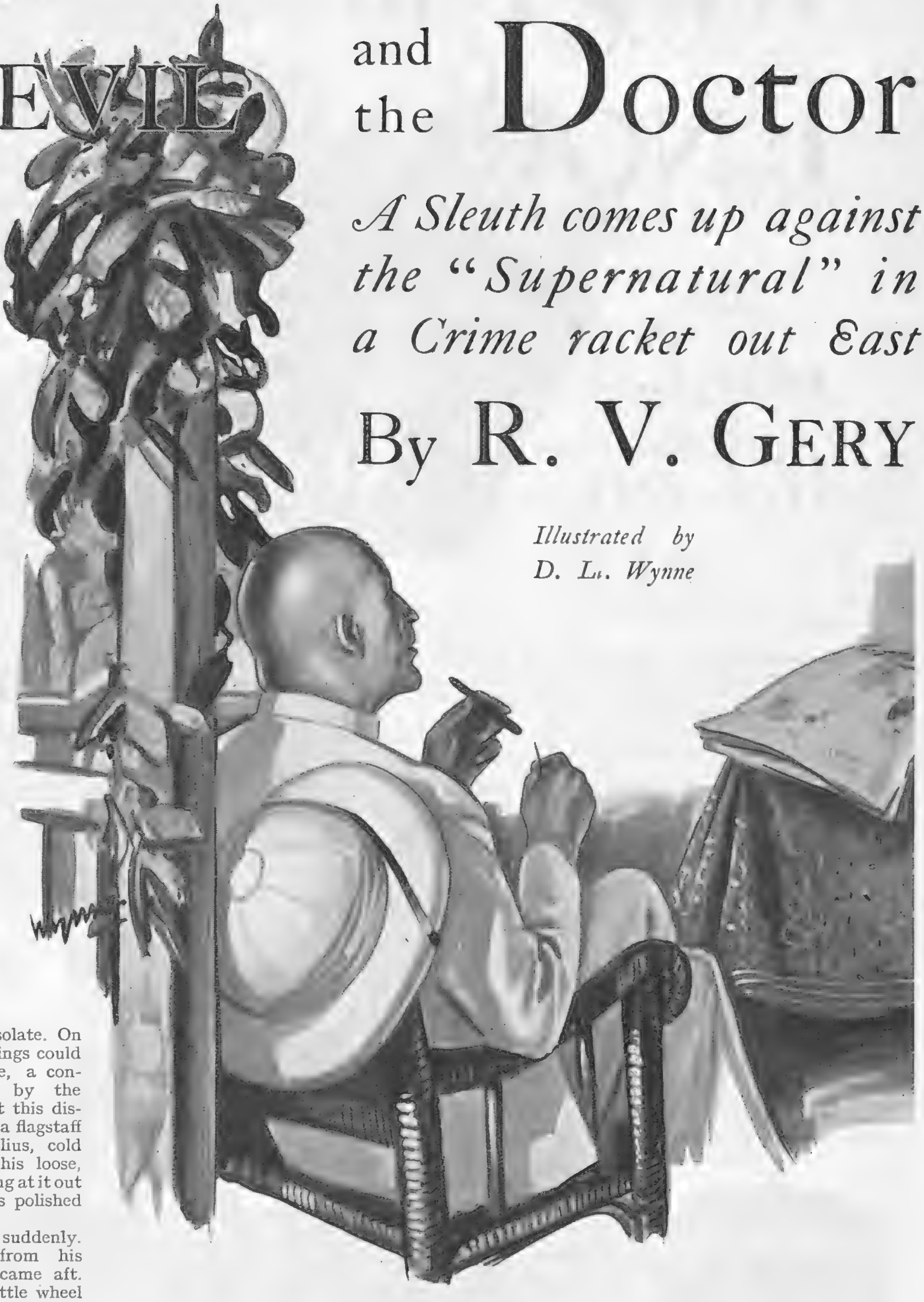
POST OFFICE

The Devil and the Doctor

A Sleuth comes up against the "Supernatural" in a Crime racket out East

By R. V. GERY

Illustrated by D. L. Wynne



MYNHEER INSPECTOR CORNELIUS VAN TROMP of the Dutch police stood at the wheel of his racing power-launch, squat, stocky, and formidable, swaying easily to the send of the little seas.

It was four or five o'clock of a summer's evening. The launch was roaring along at Van Tromp's usual thirty knots, two steady green bow waves springing from her flared cutwater. Amidships Meintjes, the Inspector's desk sergeant, mechanic and familiar spirit—if certain criminals now rotting in *tronk* were to be believed—crouched over his beloved engines, and in the forward cockpit the square blue backs and slung carbines of a couple of stolid constables were visible. Cornelius was proceeding on a tour of inspection, after his usual manner.

A couple of miles on the port beam, the shore loomed low and tree-clad, fringed with mangroves and, except in one instance, desolate. On a jutting spit of it buildings could be seen, long and white, a considerable establishment by the look of things. Even at this distance the thin upright of a flagstaff was visible; and Cornelius, cold cigar clamped between his loose, humorous lips, was peering at it out of eyes hard and blue as polished sapphires.

" Meintjes ! " he called suddenly.

The sergeant rose from his bellowing charges and came aft. Van Tromp thrust the little wheel into his hands, reached into a locker, and extracted a pair of powerful binoculars. Straddling for balance, he focused them and gazed long and earnestly at the house among the trees.

Then he swore once, violently, and a little vein began to beat rapidly in his left temple.

" *Goedverdom !* " he said.

Meintjes, out of the corner of one eye, observed the throbbing vein. He had seen it before, as had every member of the explosive Inspector's staff. It portended trouble, even more so than the rich oath to which Van Tromp turned in times of stress. Meintjes fixed his gaze immutably on the speed-boat's shearing bow and waited developments.

They came instantly. Van Tromp tapped him on the shoulder.

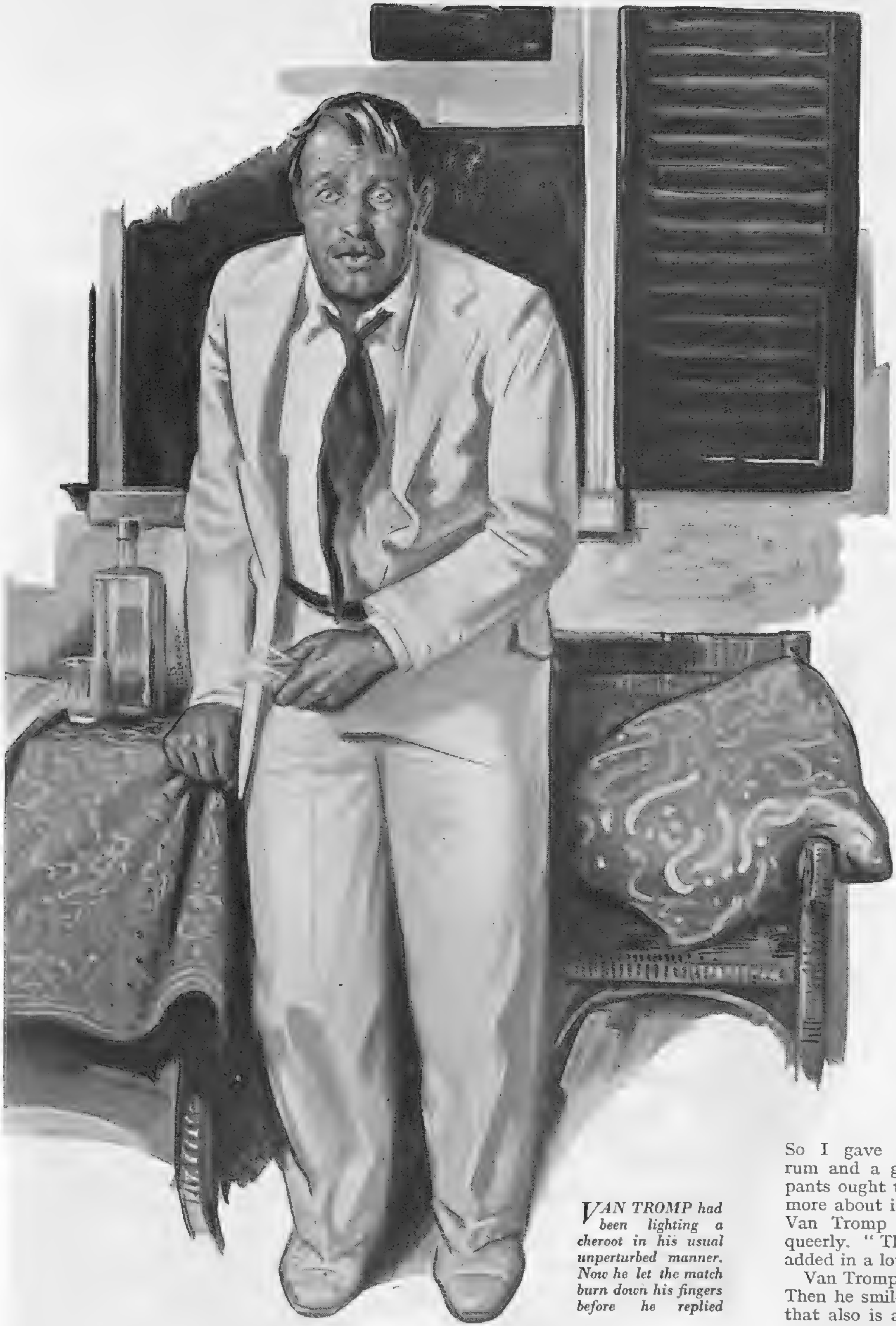
" Half speed ! " he said. " Port ninety degrees ! "

The shout of engines died to a steady hum and the little vessel came round in a long curve, heeling with the way on her so that the larboard rail was awash. Van Tromp had picked up the glasses again and was once more examining the shore.

" There is trouble yonder, Meintjes," he said over his shoulder. " His flag is reversed."

The many-coloured piece of bunting at the head of the jackstaff was indeed upside down as it blew out to the trade. Cornelius set the glasses down and scowled at it.

" Humph ! " he grunted. " And what is the meaning of all this ? I do not like



VAN TROMP had been lighting a cheroot in his usual unperturbed manner. Now he let the match burn down his fingers before he replied

mysteries. It is not friend Peterson's way to call for help unless he is hurt." He squinted under his hand at a tiny figure on the distant shore. "And he is not hurt, Meintjes," he announced, "for there he is on the beach."

The man who advanced to receive Van Tromp as the speed-boat thrust her nose into the sand was a stout, prosperous-looking fellow of fifty, with a florid face and big nose. He was clad in trim planter's whites, but was unshaven and generally tousled, as if he had been up a couple of nights. Before Van Tromp could get ashore he had called to him.

"For God's sake, Inspector, come along! There's all hell to pay here!"

Cornelius grimaced privately as he set foot on the beach. Long experience had taught him to recognise jumps when he saw them.

"Well?" he said soberly, falling into step with Peterson. "You will tell me all about it, James?"

But Peterson said nothing until they had reached the verandah of the house. There he flung himself into a chair and waved Van Tromp to another.

"It's murder all right, Cornelius," he said abruptly.

The Dutchman blinked. "Murder, eh?" he enquired. "That is serious, my friend. What makes you say 'murder'?"

Peterson looked at him. "I don't know," he confessed.

Van Tromp's hairless eyebrows shot up almost to his bald-shaven scalp.

"You are a little upset, James, eh?" he asked quietly. "You will take a small trip with me—to Surabaya. A rest there . ."

"No, I'm not cracked, Cornelius," Peterson interrupted with an unsteady laugh. "Not yet, anyway. And I'm not going to Surabaya with you. I mean what I say. There's murder here—black murder. I'd better explain."

"I think so," said the Inspector.

Peterson rose and began to pace the verandah nervously, while Van Tromp watched him.

"Six weeks ago," he commenced, and the words seemed to come painfully, "one of my coolies came to me. He'd got his eyes sticking out of his head, and a tale that he'd seen a devil in the night."

Peterson stopped abruptly, as if fighting with himself. Van Tromp nodded gravely.

"*Ja!*" he said. "With these Malays there is nothing new in that."

"No," Peterson agreed. "There isn't. Plenty of that sort of stuff about—magic and so on. I know that well enough. So I gave my chap a stiff jolt of rum and a good sound kick where his pants ought to be, and didn't think any more about it." He stopped in front of Van Tromp and looked down at him queerly. "The man died that night," he added in a low tone.

Van Tromp pulled a mouth once again. Then he smiled. "*Ja*," he said. "And that also is a tale I have heard before. Suggestion, the clever people say it is."

"Maybe," Peterson said. "I don't know. Anyhow, there wasn't a mark or a scratch on the poor chap. But I'll tell you something, Cornelius—he died by violence."

"And what makes you think that?"

The planter swallowed. "You didn't see him" was all he thought fit to say, and Van Tromp shot a swift glance at him.

"Continue, James," he said.

"I will," said Peterson. "That chap

was number one. Week later, number two turns up—another coolie. Same tale. Seen a "—he gulped again—" devil. Same treatment by me—with a little more rum in it, and a double ration of kick. And—same thing next morning. Slade, my overseer, found him—dead in his hut. He wasn't pretty either. But not a mark on him."

"Hum!" Van Tromp grunted. "And where is Slade, by the way?"

Peterson began to shake all over and went into the house. He came out with a square bottle and glasses, three-quarters filled one with neat *schnapps*, the bottle-rim rattling on the glass, and gulped it down.

"Slade," he said, "is dead. And he was the fifth—in six weeks. He passed out some time yesterday afternoon. Want to hear about it?"

Van Tromp had been lighting a cheroot in his usual unperturbed manner. Now he let the match burn down his fingers before he replied.

"Yes, James," he said very quietly. "Go on. There is more, eh?"

"There is," Peterson said. "Slade came to breakfast yesterday morning . . ." He broke off with another violent shudder. Van Tromp grunted again, this time with a shade of impatience.

"You had better tell me, James," he said.

Peterson pulled himself up with an heroic effort. "He came to breakfast," he began again, "with a face like—like the damned. And hands"—Peterson glanced at his own—"that couldn't work a knife and fork. I asked him if he'd been sucking the bottle at all—Slade boozed a bit in a quiet kind of way . . ."

"And?" Cornelius asked.

"He told me," Peterson went on, "that he was never going to touch another drop as long as he lived, after what he'd been through in the night. Plain horrors, he said, he didn't mind so much. But this—and just then he went all to pieces. Put his head in the breakfast dishes and cried like a—like a child."

"Slade?" There was startled surprise at last in Van Tromp's tone.

"Slade," said Peterson. "That two-fisted out-and-outer with the hair on his chest. Well, I got him to bed, Cornelius, and filled him up with bromide. Then I came out here to think. We were all alone—the last of the coolies lit out of this a week ago. And I sat there, puzzling it out, until pretty near five. Then I went in to see if Slade had woken up."

Van Tromp sat up all of a sudden. "Enough, James!" he said sternly. "You tell me no more. And you will come to Surabaya . . ."

But Peterson shook his head. "Go inside and take a look at Slade," he said. "He's still there. See what you think—and then come back here. There's—there's some more of this."

Van Tromp got up without a word and went into the house. Peterson slumped into a chair, his head in his hands, and for some minutes there was no sound except for the lazy wash of the sea and a clink from the speed-boat where Meintjes was puttering with his engines. It was nearly dark now.

Then the Inspector came out of the house again, slipping an electric torch into a side pocket. His expression was about as accommodating as a thundercloud. He went straight to the verandah rail, cupped his hands, and sent a stentorian bellow across the shadowy beach.

"Meintjes!"

The sergeant glanced up quickly from his eternal tinkering, caught the note of urgency in his superior's voice, and came lumbering up the sand at a trot. Van Tromp had turned to Peterson.

"*Ja*," he said steadily. "Not pretty, my friend. We look into this. But remember—it is all right."

Peterson lifted his head out of his hands and laughed hysterically. "All right?" he croaked. "No, it's not all right, Cornelius. I saw it myself last night!"

It took a very great deal to ruffle that grim, matter-of-fact guardian of the peace, Cornelius Van Tromp. This time, however, he stopped as if thunderstruck.

"Good God!" he ejaculated. "You!"

Peterson nodded, his face working. Then, horribly, he too broke down and began to cry sudden, unmanly tears. Meintjes had come into the verandah and was standing ramrod stiff at attention, devoid of expression as a stone image. Van Tromp jerked a thumb at him.

"Get inside!" he said. "Tell me how that man died."

He dropped on one knee by Peterson, and his voice was soothing as a woman's.

"Enough, James!" he said again. "Enough! You come off to the launch with me, *ja*, and we leave all this. A month in Surabaya, and you forget."

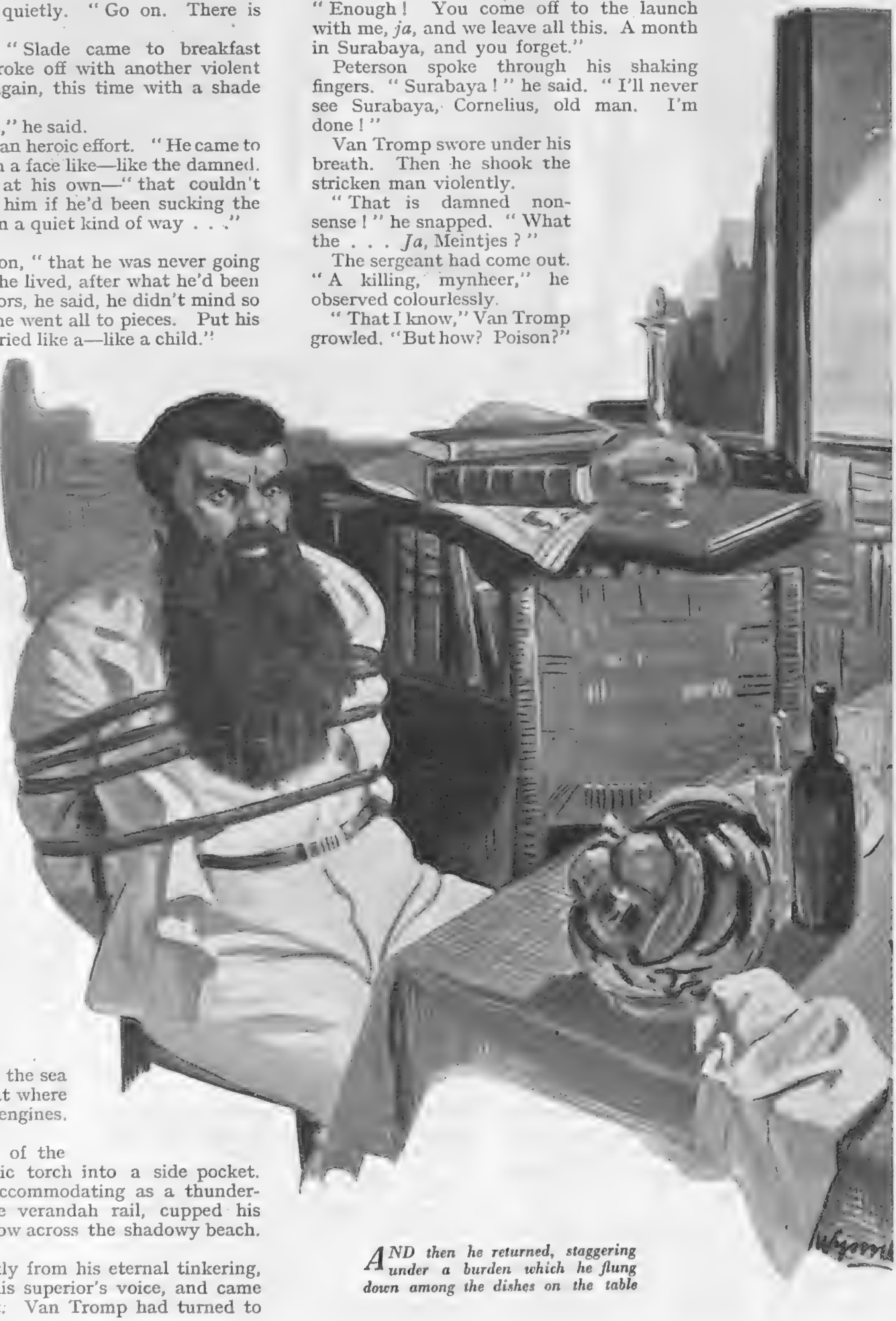
Peterson spoke through his shaking fingers. "Surabaya!" he said. "I'll never see Surabaya, Cornelius, old man. I'm done!"

Van Tromp swore under his breath. Then he shook the stricken man violently.

"That is damned nonsense!" he snapped. "What the . . . *Ja*, Meintjes?"

The sergeant had come out. "A killing, mynheer," he observed colourlessly.

"That I know," Van Tromp growled. "But how? Poison?"



AND then he returned, staggering under a burden which he flung down among the dishes on the table

Meintjes looked excessively uncomfortable all at once, and Van Tromp glared at him like an angry little bull.

"Eh ?" he demanded truculently. "Eh, Meintjes ?"

Peterson interrupted unexpectedly. "Meintjes knows all right !" he sniggered. "It—it was the devil killed Slade."

Inspector Van Tromp dropped his voice to a dreadful whisper, and the stout Meintjes' knees began to knock together.

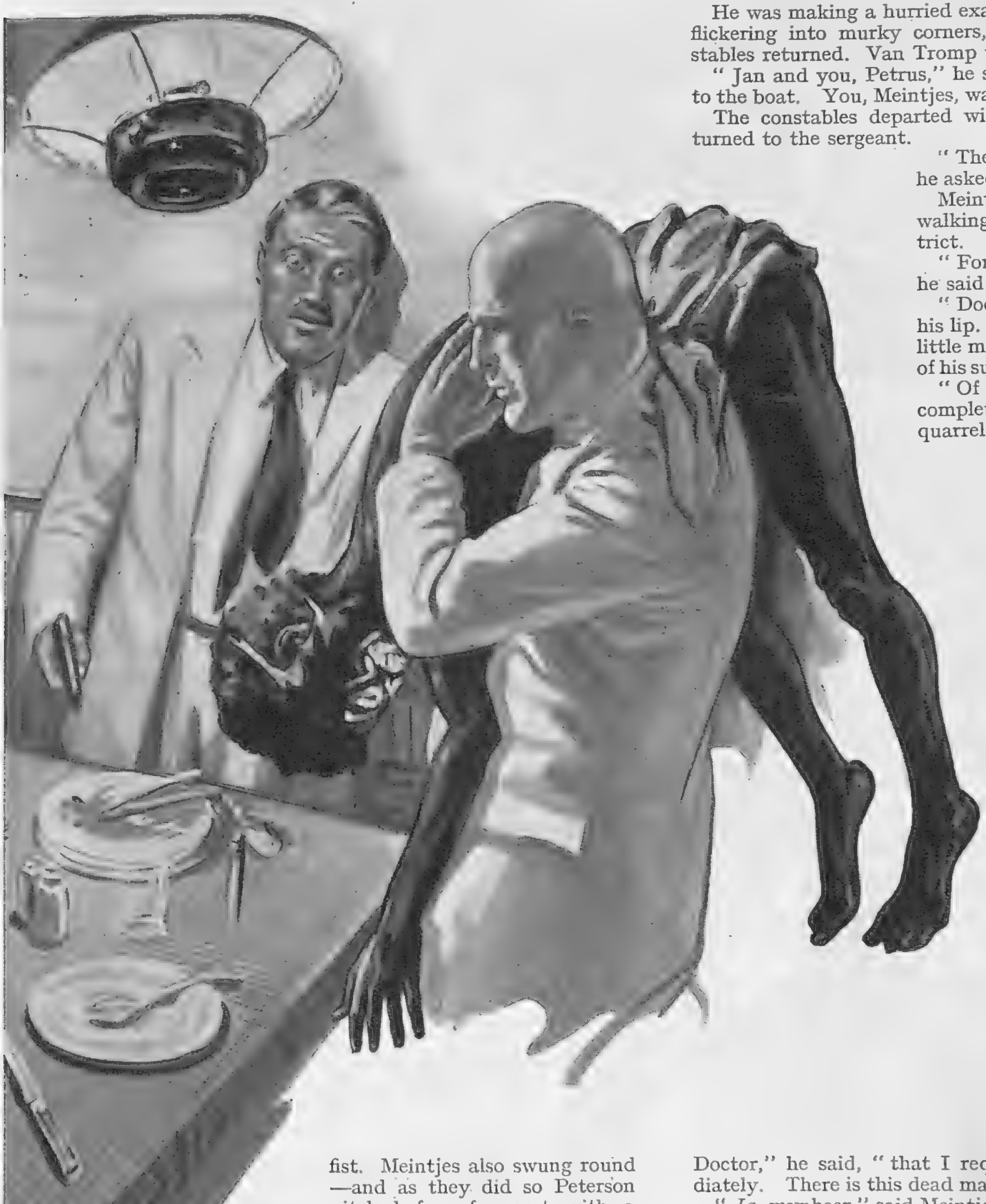
"You will be good enough to inform me, sergeant," he said, "if you have any opinions on that matter yonder. Sensible ones !" he hissed.

"Mynheer," Meintjes stammered, his face grey, "in my view that man saw . . ."

He never completed the sentence. Peterson had sprung out of his chair, and it went clattering back along the verandah.

"Look !" he pointed a wavering finger out into the gathering dark. "Look there !"

Van Tromp whipped about, a flat automatic suddenly in his fist. Meintjes also swung round—and as they did so Peterson pitched face foremost with a crash on the floor.



Nerves were not a commodity in which Inspector Van Tromp dealt. He was impervious as a rule to surprise, no matter from what source. But now he jumped back as if something had stung him.

"Great heavens !" he exclaimed. "Meintjes !"

The sergeant, after a second's gaping astonishment, had dropped to one knee beside Peterson. He turned him over, twitching a dubious lip at the expression on the livid features, and felt his heart. Then he looked up at the Inspector.

"*Na*, mynheer," he announced. "He is alive."

Cornelius rubbed his chin. "Go down to the launch," he told Meintjes, "and bring up Jan and Petrus. We must get him out of here."

LEFT alone with the unconscious Peterson, Van Tromp began a padding, peering inspection of the dim house. As its owner had said, there was no sign of servant or coolie about the place. Seemingly Peterson had had twenty-four hours there, alone with what remained of Slade. Van Tromp whistled thoughtfully at the idea.

He strode coolly into the dark room, switched on his electric torch, and stood considering what lay in the bed.

"Hum !" he said, after a frowning minute. "Hum !"

He was making a hurried examination of the room, his torch flickering into murky corners, when Meintjes and the constables returned. Van Tromp went out to them.

"Jan and you, Petrus," he said, "carry this mynheer down to the boat. You, Meintjes, wait here."

The constables departed with their load, and Van Tromp turned to the sergeant.

"There is a doctor hereabouts, no ?" he asked.

Meintjes nodded. He was a kind of walking gazetteer of Van Tromp's district.

"Forty miles down coast, mynheer," he said. "Doctor Hall."

"Doctor Hall ?" Cornelius fingered his lip. "*Ja*, I remember. There was a little matter . . ." He grinned in spite of his surroundings.

"Of assault, mynheer." Meintjes completed the sentence for him. "A quarrel with his neighbour. There was a fine of a thousand guilders. It was paid."

"*Ja*," said Van Tromp. "*Ja*. Very good, Meintjes. Now, listen. You take the Mynheer Peterson to Doctor Hall."

"Understood, mynheer."

"You say to Doctor Hall that here is a case of what appears to me to be shock. You request Doctor Hall to apply the necessary treatment. It seems likely to me that the Mynheer Peterson will be recovering by the time you reach the Doctor, but you will see that he is examined. Understood, eh ?"

"*Ja*, mynheer."

"If the Doctor should ask you how comes the Mynheer Peterson in this state, you do not know, you comprehend. You are merely a stupid policeman, eh, Meintjes ?"

The sergeant had apparently played this part before. "*Ja*, mynheer," he said, with the ghost of a chuckle in his voice. Van Tromp proceeded.

"You will then tell the Doctor," he said, "that I require his presence here. Immediately. There is this dead man to be seen."

"*Ja*, mynheer," said Meintjes. "And if he will not come ?"

"Then for what are you a very-damned policeman, Meintjes ?" Van Tromp exploded. "Bring him. In irons, if necessary. You will return here by dawn, with the Mynheer Peterson—and the Doctor. Now, *voetsack !* Out of this !"

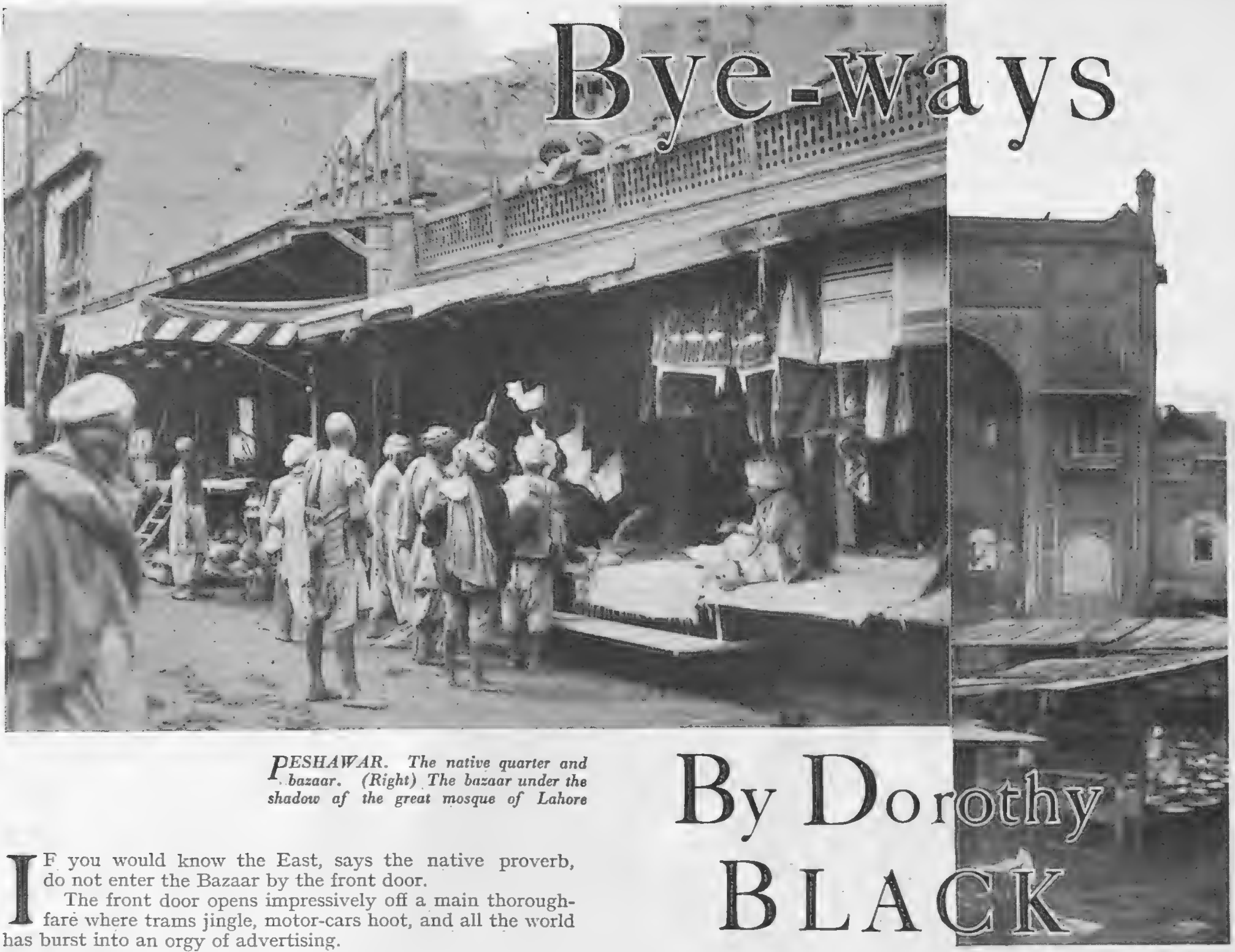
Meintjes hesitated. "And you, mynheer ?" he asked dubiously.

Van Tromp took a pace forward, seized him by the shoulders, and propelled him down the steps with a humorous thrust of his foot.

"Another word, Meintjes," he said, "and by heavens ! you regret it. Now—Mynheer Peterson to be

(*Continued on page 106*)

Bye-ways



PESHAWAR. The native quarter and bazaar. (Right) The bazaar under the shadow of the great mosque of Lahore

By Dorothy BLACK

IF you would know the East, says the native proverb, do not enter the Bazaar by the front door.

The front door opens impressively off a main thoroughfare where trams jingle, motor-cars hoot, and all the world has burst into an orgy of advertising.

"Chinese Selly Shop. Very good Bargain Sale. . . ."

"Lalchandra. Very Swift Tailor. Gentlemen Given Fits Upstairs."

"Trust your luggage to us," says a Japanese travel agency, "and we will send it in all directions."

If you enter the Bazaar by the front door, you will find it all changed and highly sanitised, with a cement floor, and a liberal supply of spittoons against the caprices of Eastern customers. There is even a sort of shop walker, with a little case, and a khaki coat and turban, with a municipal badge upon it.

He makes a great show of driving away the beggars; but, from the brazen fashion in which they elude him round the stalls, it is more than probable that his arrangement with them is older than the spittoons or the cement flooring, or all the other modern innovations.

Here sit the vendors of silk with their helpful suggestions.

"What you want? What you want? Come to me, and I tell you what you want!" Embroideries from Switzerland, cotton stuffs from Manchester, all jumbled together with lacquer-work and painted umbrellas, and curios laid out for world tourists who sweep from time to time through the front door of the bazaar, convinced they are seeing the East!

Come a little way down the road, and through a low doorway behind the mat weaver's hut. It brings us into a different part of the bazaar, beyond the fruit stalls, with their mangos and custard apples, and little tight knots of pagoda roses. The cement floor has never got as far as this, the spittoons are no more. The ground is mother earth, trodden hard. We have come back to the real East, and the air is full of an ancient and fish-like smell.

SOMEONE is grinding saffron in a mortar, and singing one of those Indian songs, old as the moon. It has no written music, but is never forgotten from one generation to another. An old woman, gnarled as her own wares, sits amongst a mound of ginger roots and scarlet chillies. An old man lies asleep on an empty stall, all tangled up in his own beard. A young man sits in a corner on the floor, with nothing but a pile of foolscap and a battery of fountain pens. From a doorway a Chinaman surveys the world silently, his hands tucked in his sleeves.

After the bustle and fuss of the big bazaar, it seems quiet here. Nobody is in a hurry. For this is the real East, where it is always afternoon. Enthusiastic young policemen work overtime trying to discover its secrets, and get broken and disheartened in the process.

They keep their secrets well, at the back of the bazaar.

The Chinaman, with his hands in his sleeves, knows in how many of the walnuts he gets from China opium is substituted for the original nut, and he alone can recognise the mark.

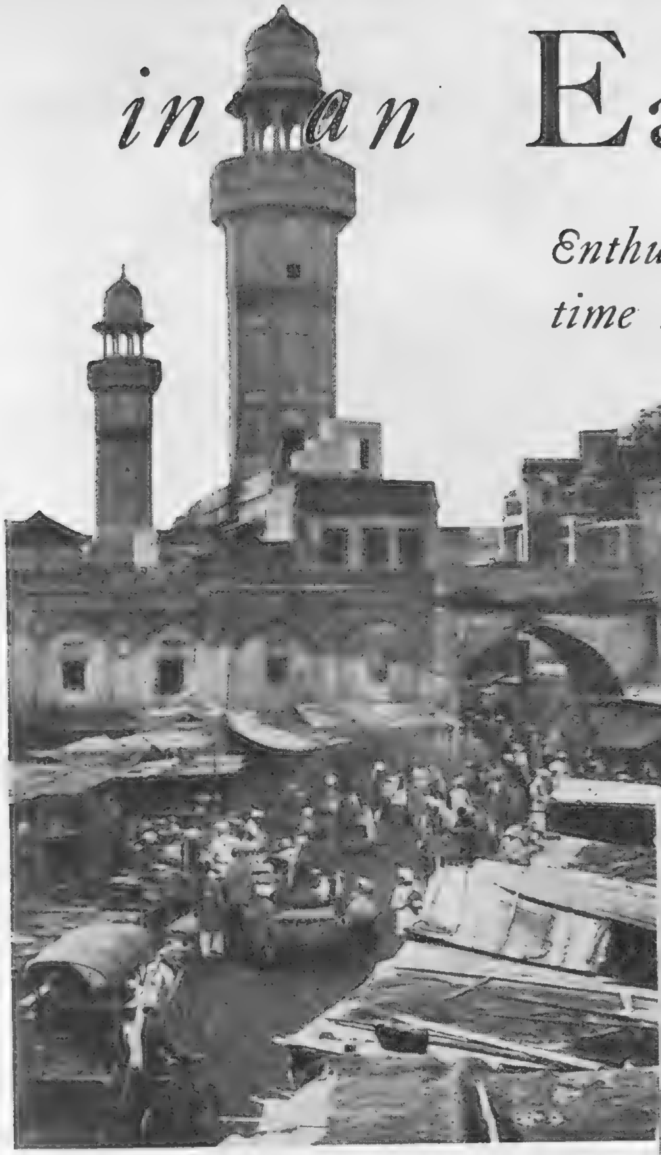
You can sit there cracking nuts all day long, if you care to, but the chances are you won't find anything, and you will have to pay for the nuts. Probably the supply came down that particular day, concealed in the inside of a pumpkin, or one amongst ten dozen ginger jars. Only the Chinaman knows the special marking of that jar, and he is keeping it to himself.

There was once a useful Bureau of Complete Disposals at the back of the bazaar. If they had used a circular, in a plain envelope, it would have run something like this:

"Are you tired of your mother-in-law? Have you a rich

in an Eastern Bazaar

Enthusiastic young policemen work overtime trying to discover its secrets . . . for this is the real East, where it is always afternoon . . .



uncle always continuing unnecessarily robust? Do you want to rid yourself of an unjust master, or silence the mouth of one who knows too much?

"Place the matter in our hands. We will deal with it efficiently and quietly."

There was a recognised scale of charges, and they were reasonable. An ordinary person of not much importance could be disposed of finally for sums ranging from two rupees upwards. Government officials, or other prominent citizens, came out a little dearer; but should it seem expedient that the voice of a Judge of the High Court be heard no more in the land, the matter could be seen to for fifty-five rupees.

Fantastic?

Not a bit. In a land where the krait is in the drainpipe, the cobra in the grass, where pestilence stalks the land, and flood and earthquake ravage, it is not difficult to do a little organising on private account.

Riot and civil commotion also furnish grand opportunities for the settling of private and personal scores.

They say this handy bureau is no more. It is difficult, in the East, to stop something that has been, as it is to start anything new. People still sicken and die, and are buried between sunrise and sundown. Launches sink, horses bolt in the jungle, rocks disengage themselves inexplicably from hillsides.

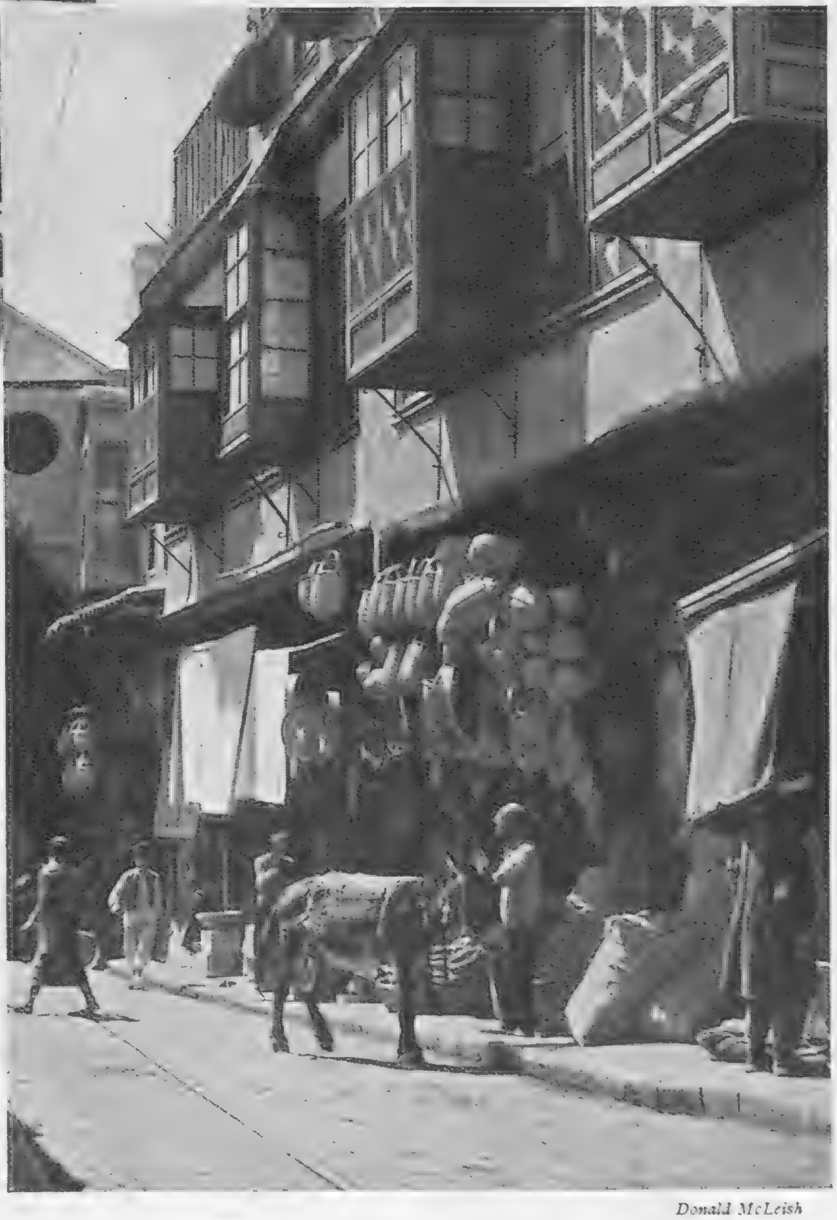
"Kismet," says the native, piously. "It is the will of God."

But is it? Always?

THEY say the old woman amongst the ginger roots and chillies is very wise, and more than a hundred years old. They say she knows everything. She had various medicines for sale, guaranteed to cure all the evils the flesh of man is heir to. One, the Royal Yacuti, will even give you back your vanished youth, with all its vigour and enthusiasms, but it is a very expensive medicine, and the label bears the inscription: "For Princes and Rich Men only."

You can buy a draught in a small glass phial, to bring your old love back again, or provide you with a new one, or a pill of curiously bomb-like appearance, to ensure all your offspring shall be male.

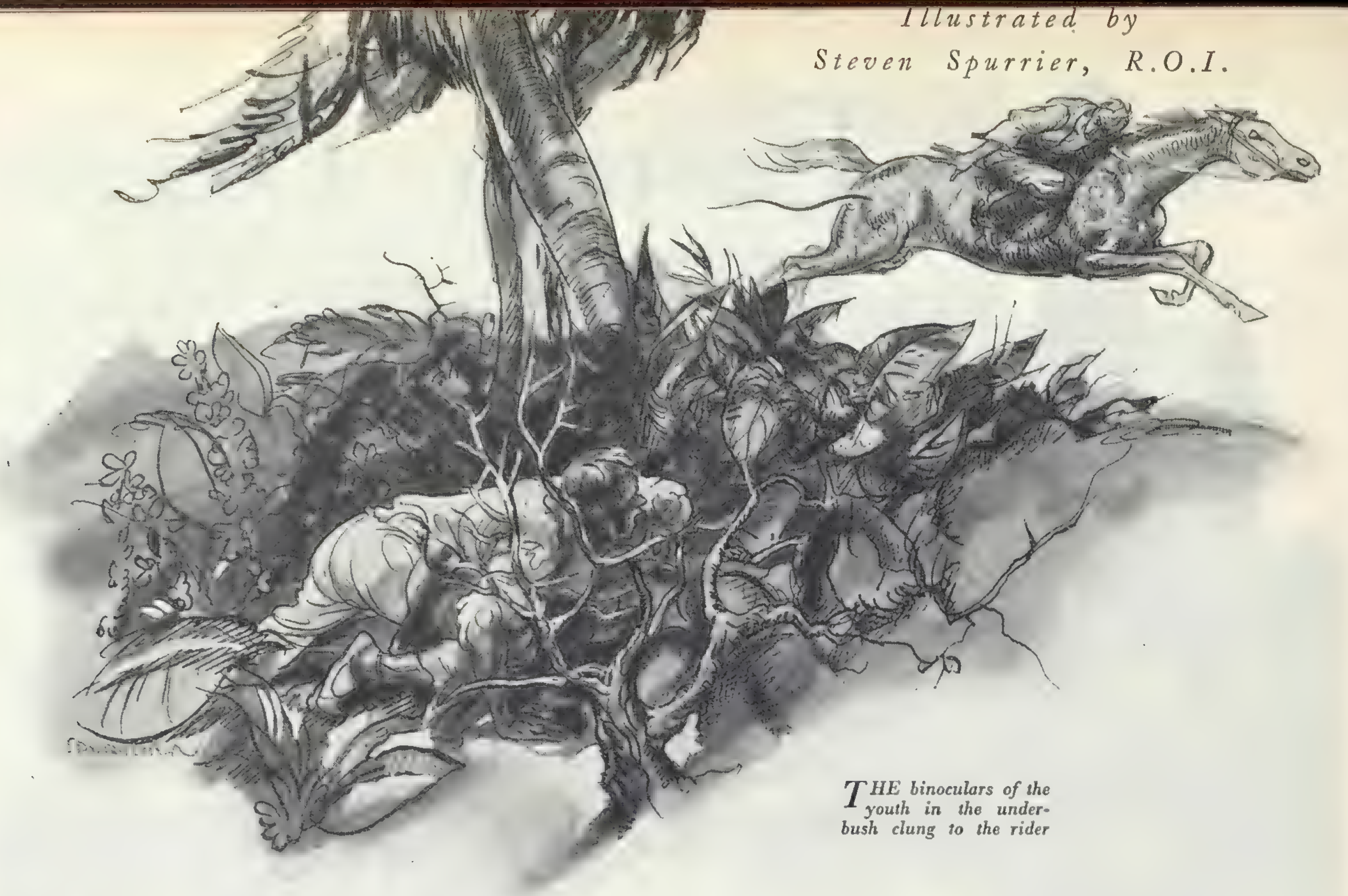
(Continued on page 76)



Donald McLeish

DAMASCUS. A street in the basket-makers' and turners' bazaar. Above the shops are the latticed windows of harem apartments from which the fair occupants can survey the market

Illustrated by
Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.



THE binoculars of the youth in the underbush clung to the rider

The SPLENDID Thieves

A Lean-faced Devil who laughed at Death—
A Youth of High Courage—
A tall Man whose Cheek was sliced from Eye to Chin . . . and THE GIRL

By James Francis Dwyer

THE buildings looked strangely vicious. This group of squat workshops huddled together on the waste had a suggestion of evil. It was a pariah cluster, set apart for some nefarious purpose. Thug-like, sinister, satanic. Ringed by a stone wall topped with a thick mesh of barbed wire.

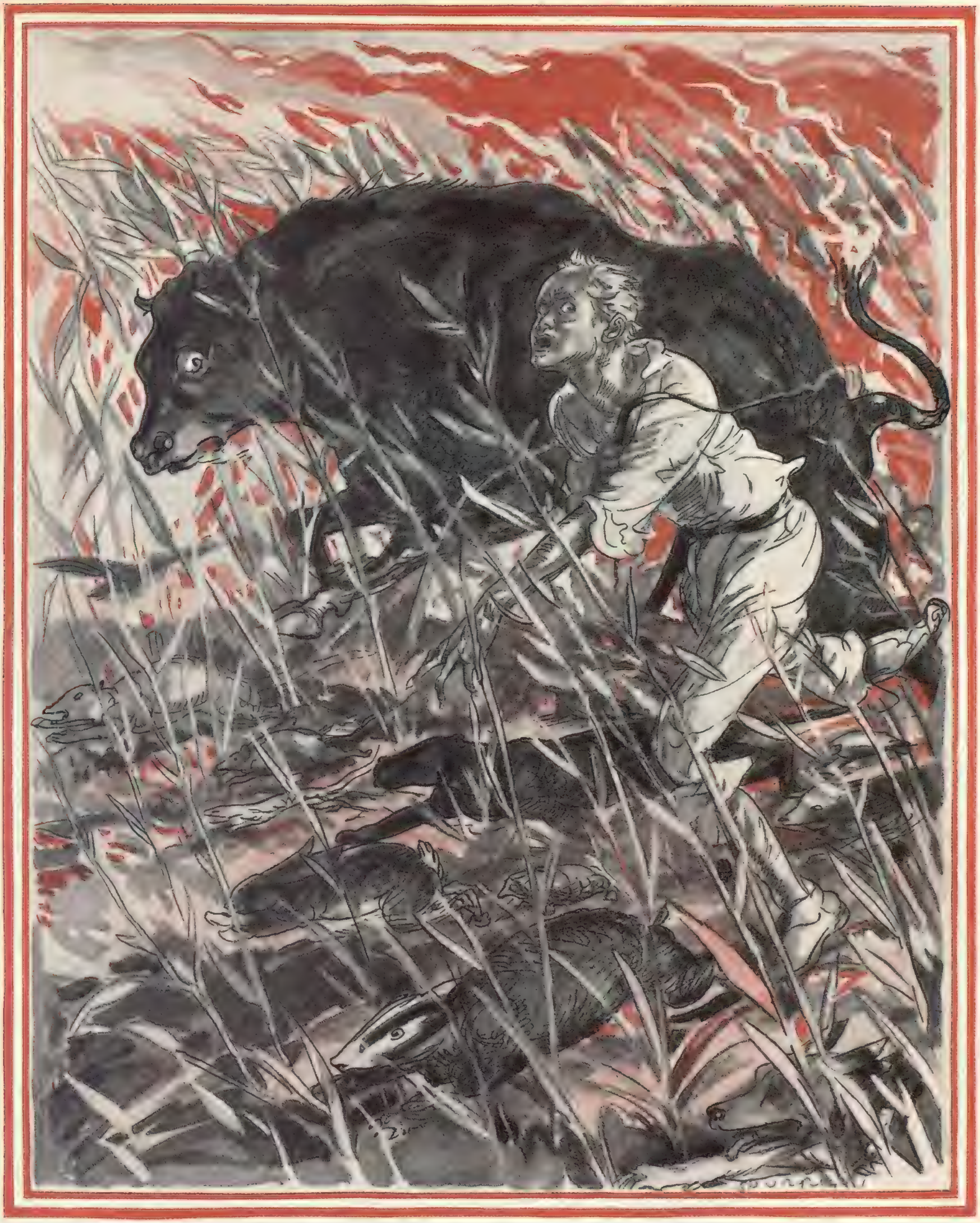
One road led to the cluster. A road gashed by the wheels of supply camions. It came from the east, sweeping across a plain of spiny undergrowth and diving through an archway in the encompassing wall.

By the side of this road, stomach-flat in the underbrush, and at a distance of half a mile from the buildings, lay a watcher. A youth of twenty-four. Ceaselessly, carefully he swept the workshops and the archway with his binoculars. But the gateway received special attention. Always when the glasses roved over the buildings they came to rest on the opening in the wall where four sentries swopped stories that occasionally brought head and shoulder movements that, to the watcher, suggested laughter.

He wondered why the sentries laughed. From what he had been told he knew that the dwellers in this camp in the wilderness were picked soldiers, chemists, and mechanics who were never allowed to leave the place. Three hundred of them. They had been taken there weeks and weeks before; taken there with a secret. A tremendous secret. The watching youth thought their stories must be threadbare. And there were no women in the place to produce the kind of spicy gossip particularly appealing to sentries. Women could not be trusted near the great secret. To the female a secret is a verbal Adonis that her curiosity longs to possess.

The wrist watch of the youth attacked the fourth hour of his vigil. Again he reviewed his instructions. He had been told to wait in the undergrowth on this particular afternoon, and, if occasion arose, he was to give assistance to a man who would make an attempt to leave the place of mystery. If the man got away without trouble he, the youth, would be merely a spectator; if there was trouble he was to make himself useful to the departing one.

These instructions had been



LIVING things ran with the youth. Strange animals that yelped and whined as they ran

given by a grey-haired chief who controlled a body of men whose exploits were never made public. This chief had eyes like frosted blue jade. A lovable man. Those who went here and there at his bidding called him affectionately "Cold Eyes." They loved him greatly because, although he sent them on dangerous missions, he was behind them with a vigour and courage that startled them. Often when they thought they were lost they found "Cold Eyes" mysteriously at their elbow guiding them to a haven that they hadn't known of.

The youth pondered over the secret hidden in the guarded workshops. Something dreadful was being manufactured in the place. Surely. Some strange form of poison gas perhaps. Or germs. Horrible germs that would wipe out a world. Some monstrous culture of a maniacal scientist that, unloosed upon an unsuspecting universe, would leave it lifeless and barren.

The thought brought a cold chill. The youth hated germs. Of course the work going on within the place must surely be of a destructive order because of the secrecy hedging it. Also the interest shown by "Cold Eyes." The man within the buildings was a subordinate of "Cold Eyes." By some means he had wormed his way into the place to find out what dreadful potion was being mixed for a weary, war-battered world. Perhaps the sentries were laughing at the thought of the grimaces the world would make when the evil brew was flung at them! The thrown-back heads and stamping of feet might not be the result of filthy wit. The actions were possibly caused by the visualised astonishment of the stricken world when the pill from the wastes was administered!

The hands of the youth's watch crept towards five. There was a stillness now upon the group of workshops. A stillness that curiously suggested the approach of clamour. And at seven minutes before five there occurred the explosion. . . .

Through the archway came a horse at full gallop, the rider crouching over the neck of his mount. Two sentries, directly in the path of the horse, went sprawling in the dust. Their surprised comrades clawed at their holsters, drew and blazed at the rump of the steed. A steam siren within the walls screamed like a lost soul.

The binoculars of the youth in the underbrush clung to the rider. Before the fugitive had covered a hundred yards four other horsemen spurred through the gate in pursuit. Behind the four came running workmen and soldiers. Scores of them. They were spewed through the gateway. Blue-jacketed atoms that ran madly after the mounted pursuers. The place had the appearance of a disturbed ant's nest. The siren wailed; the bullets of firing soldiers raised dust flickers beneath the belly of the leading horse. . . .

The youth in the brush was on his knees now. His lips were a grey line, his jaws ached, his heart pounded mightily. The horseman leading the procession that came towards his hiding place was the man he had been sent to help! That was evident. The hoped-for secret departure was off. Something had gone wrong.

One of the four mounted pursuers started out to cut down the distance that separated him from the escaping one. With whip and spur he drove his mount, a big lumbering grey that screamed under the pain of the rowels. The intervening stretch dwindled with the flying seconds. The glasses of the youth were gummed on the two. They constituted his world.

The fugitive glanced behind him. The man on the grey tried a long-distance revolver shot. Another and another. Suddenly the pursued horseman straightened himself, half turned in his saddle and flung up his right hand. The lumbering grey horse crashed in a cloud of dust.

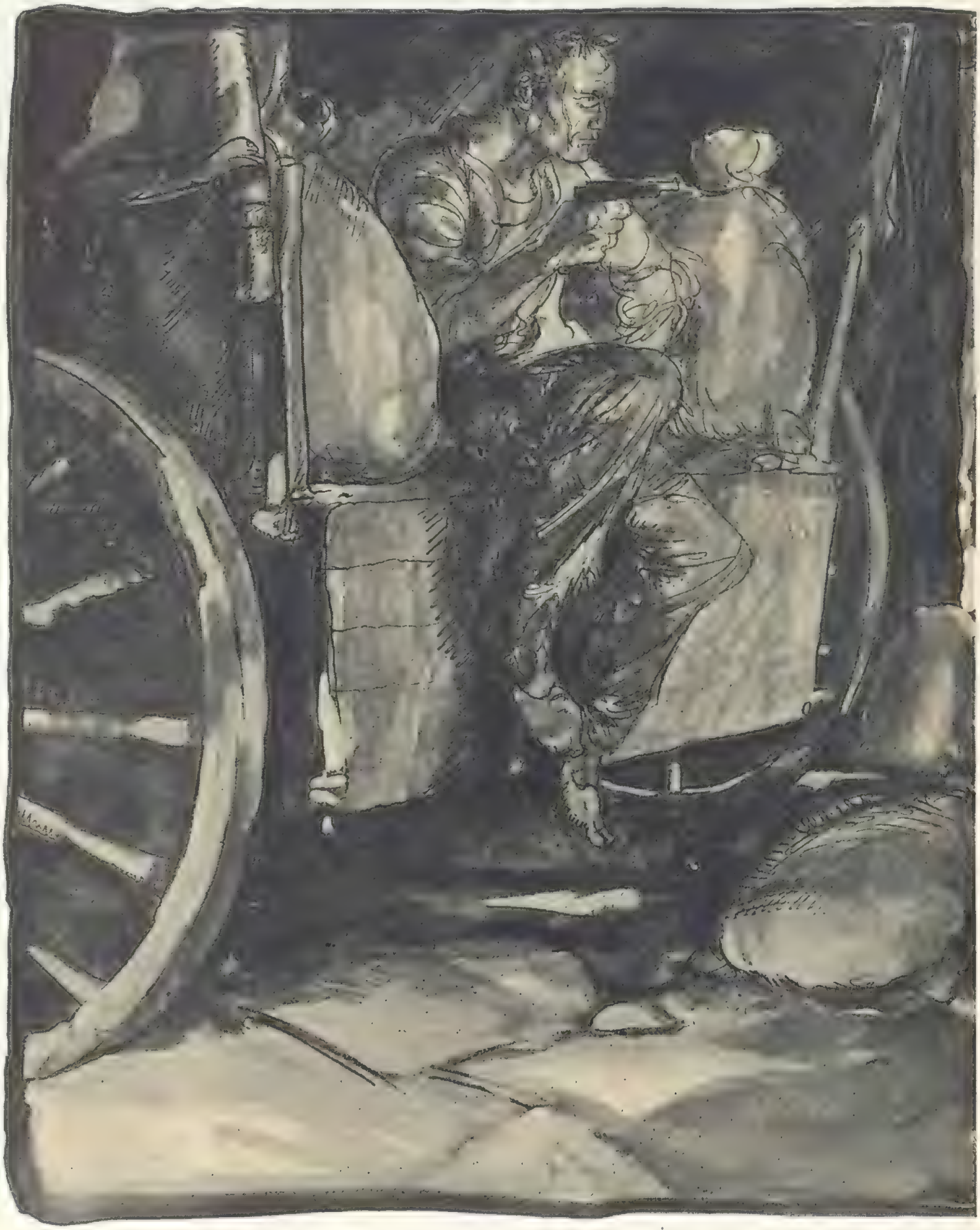
Broken phrases of admiration thrust themselves through the tightly closed lips of the youth in the brush. This fellow, who rode like a centaur and shot like a scout, was worth helping. "Cold Eyes" had sent a man into the place of dreadful mystery. A real man.

The youth dropped the binoculars and took a heavy automatic from within his jacket. He could kill the three pursuers as they fled by him. He watched the escaping one. Still pressed low over the neck of his mount the man turned swift glances on the prickly undergrowth that bordered the road. It was evident that he knew the youth was there. He had been told that a helper was at hand.

The youth took a chance. As the rider thundered down upon him he flung up his hand. For an instant only. There were glasses in the buildings with keen eyes behind them.

The rider saw. A look of intense relief appeared upon his drawn face. By quick nervous gestures he drew the attention of the youth to the short-handled whip he carried. Then, as he galloped by the hiding place he tossed the whip from him. Flung it covertly towards the brush that fringed the road!

The action changed the plans of the youth. He had been ready to drop the three pursuers as they galloped by him, but now he knew that the safety of the



THE ever-following snout of the revolver ropes. The farmer, returning to consciousness, pursued was nothing in comparison to the value of the object he had tossed from him. Nothing at all. The whip held the secret of the squat buildings! The rider thought it more important than his own life.

The three pursuing horsemen thundered by. The youth held his breath. They might see the whip! They might guess!

The horse of the leader shied at the whip, thinking it a snake in the dust. The rider, thrown forward, made an awkward recovery, cursed loudly and spurred after his two companions. A dust cloud hid them.

The youth clawed his way through the matted undergrowth in the direction of the whip. He couldn't rise to his feet. Eyes were sweeping the plain.

A great pride came to him. His was the main rôle now. The lean-faced man who rode like a centaur and faced death with a smile on his face had turned the leading part over to him.

The thorns tore the jacket from his back as he burrowed through them. They made bloody striæ on his flesh. They were living, devilish things that tried to hold him back. Back from the whip.

Shots came to his ears. Three shots, then a volley. He knew that the lean-faced rider had been the target for the volley. He felt certain because of the sudden immunity from pain that came to him. The sudden uplifting. The lean-faced one was dead. His soul had flashed back to the side of the boy to spur him forward. That high unselfish soul. . . .

The bleeding face of the boy broke through the thorny brambles and scanned the road. There was the whip in the dust. Out of reach though. And he couldn't show himself in the roadway. From the barred windows of the evil cluster of buildings eyes were watching.

He tore a branch from a stunted tree and tried to scoop the whip towards him. The ground brought to his ears the clatter of hoofs. The killers were riding back. He knew they were killers. Picked murderers guarded those buildings in the wastes. And the foot runners were coming. A horde of them.

He scooped the whip towards his outstretched hand. He seized it. Its possession sent a flash of ecstacy through him. His body tingled. Still on all fours he turned and scuttled back from the road.

Strange how the death of the lean-faced rider had brought a contempt for the devilish thorns. The thorns ripped him more cruelly than ever, but he didn't feel pain. He was lifted up, curiously exalted. The chrism of high adventure had touched his forehead. The golden spear of leadership had been thrust into his hand. Within the whip was the solution of the dreadful mystery. Concealed in it was a cipher that would explain everything to "Cold Eyes." The youth knew.

Pausing now for an instant to get his breath. Listening with hungry ears to the shouts exchanged between the returning horsemen and the foot runners. Triumphant yells from the horsemen. Yes, the fugitive had been killed, but the swine in his death agony had got one of them. Got him good. Where the hell was the doctor?

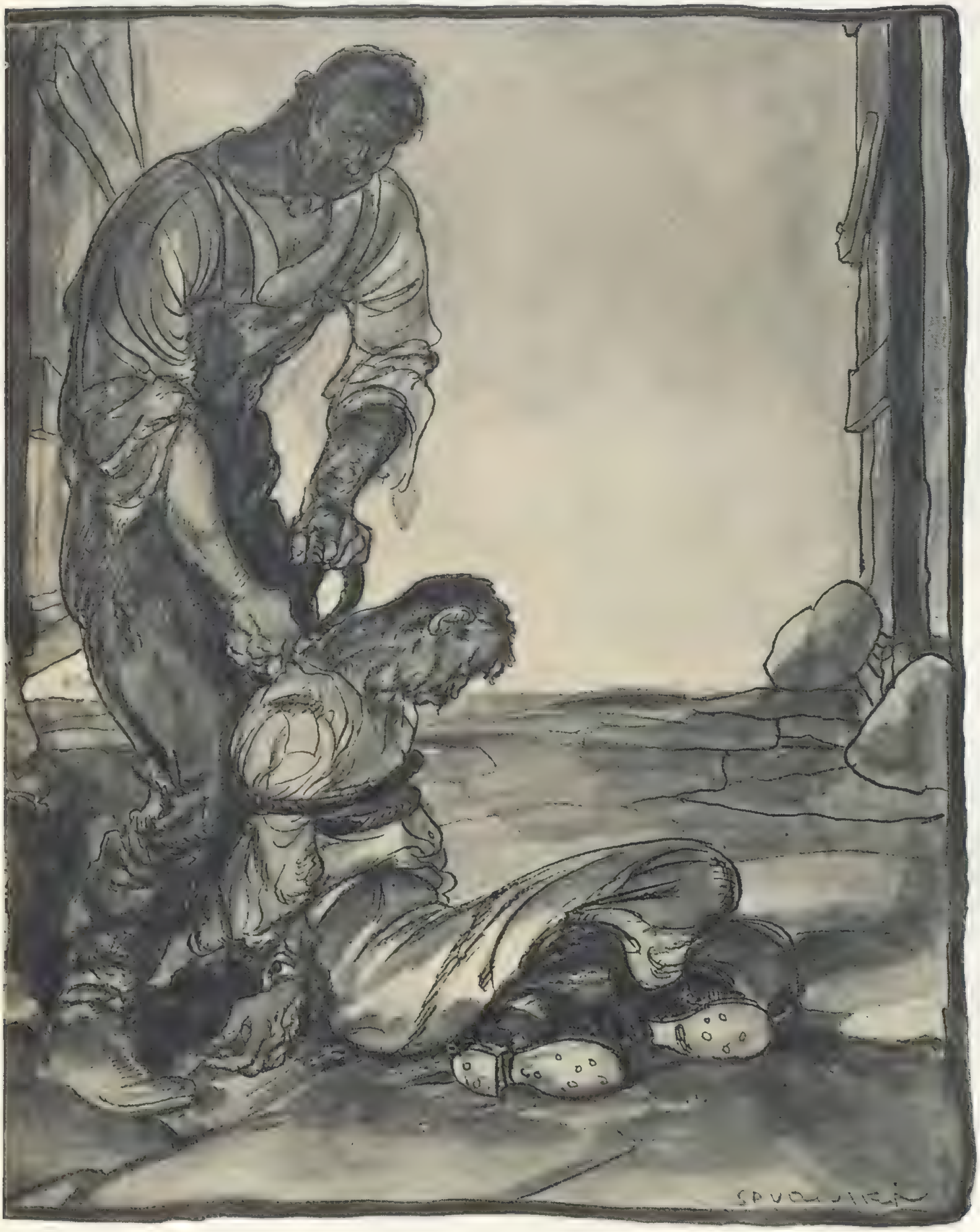
Another horseman came galloping from the walled-in workshops. A fat man with the mantle of authority. He screamed questions. Had the two horsemen searched the body of the fugitive? The horsemen answered in the affirmative. Nothing in the pockets? No papers, no letters? The horsemen shook their heads. One shamefacedly produced a handful of small coins.

The fat man cursed them. They were fools. Idiots! There must be something on the fellow. *Something*! Did they hear? Why the devil was he in flight if he had nothing?

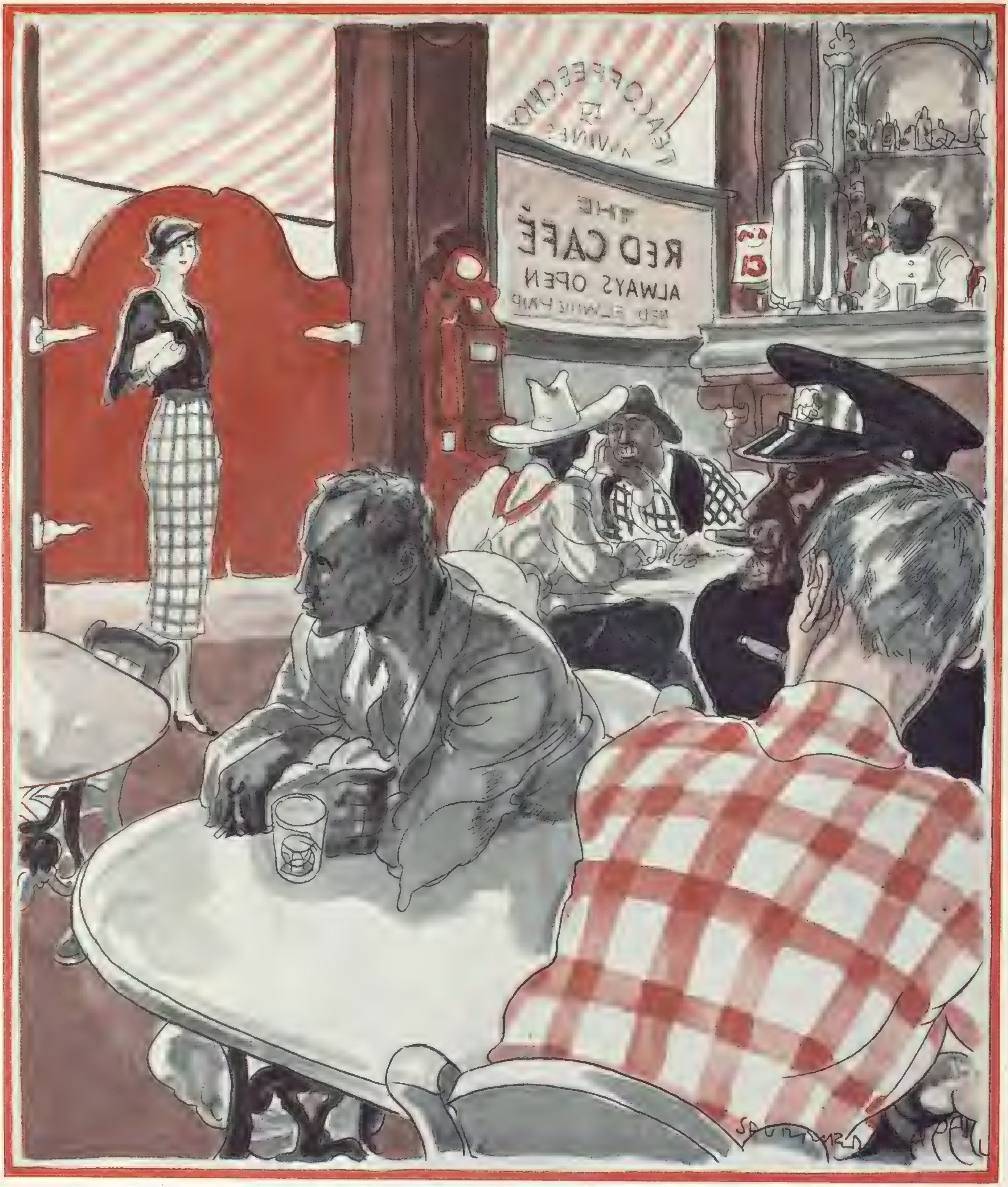
A score of workmen were rushed forward to comb the body of the dead. The fat man told them to tear his clothing to shreds. They were to look in his hair, in his mouth, in his ears. Look for something. Something! Paper, plans, secret writing!

Out of the welter of commands and curses sprang the word "whip." It ripped through the air, blasphemies trimming it. The dead man's whip. The youth, stomach in the dust, taut as a bowstring, listened.

One of the mounted killers unloosed a howl. The fellow had some



quickened his actions as he fumbled with
cursed fluently as the cord enveloped him



A WOMAN came through the swinging doors. A girl rather. She was tall, blond, and good-looking

horrible obstruction in his speech, lack of palate perhaps. But he drove words out, flogged them into the silence that followed his queer howl. His horse had shied at something on the road! Thought it a snake! It might have been the whip! The whip!

Up rose the cry of the pack. Giving tongue. The dreadful stumbling speech of the horseman trying to feed the question hunger. Way back he had seen the whip. No, no, farther! Near the bushes. His horse had seen it and had nearly thrown him. There! *There!*

See the mark in the dust! A snake? No, no, no! Keep the swines back! Back, you scum! Someone—someone hiding in the underbrush had used a branch to scoop the whip from the roadway!

On hands and knees the youth drove through the underbrush. They were after him now. After him and the soul of that lean-faced one that was with him. Helping him. Strengthening him.

His exaltation grew. He was alive in a way that was strange and thrilling. He and the lean-faced one were saviours of a world. They were standing between it and destruction. That evil cluster in the wilderness! Hell's broth was being brewed there! For whom? For the world! For the civilised world! Hell's broth to be poured out by devils into whose hearts had entered the gangrene of hate!

Clamour rose in the rear. Orders, curses, yells of rage. They were sweeping through the undergrowth. In line formation. A hundred of them. Emptying revolvers into matted clumps that defied close inspection.

The youth, the whip knotted around his neck, rushed forward. Regardless of pain. He had to carry on till someone relieved him. "Cold Eyes" had confidence in him. "Cold Eyes" had chosen him and the lean-faced man as links in the chain where the strain was greatest. The soul of the lean-faced one was whispering to him. "Toughest jobs for you and me," it said. "He knew us! Good kid! We'll beat 'em! We'll save the world, you and I! Bit of paper in the handle of the whip! Got to get it to old 'Cold Eyes'!"

The stretch of prickly undergrowth thinned. Before the youth was a sandy slope of some two hundred yards. Bare. Beyond this again was a mile-wide sweep of tall reeds leading to the banks of a swift-flowing river. The youth had come up the bank of the river that morning.

He rose to his feet and started at full speed across the sandy slope. In the reeds he would be safe. He would get to the river and swim downstream.

He had nearly reached the reed bed when one of the horsemen saw him. A yell like a streak of scarlet shot up from the hunters. A dreadful yell. Revolvers barked. The youth was out of range but the pursuers fired to hearten themselves against the thorny brush through which they had ran.

Soft were the reeds. Splendidly soft. Tall, so that the youth could run without stooping. The afternoon was closing in. Ahead was the river. The soul of the lean-faced man whispered to him. He and the lean-faced man were one. Just one. They were welded by the confidence that their chief placed in them. Welded by his magnificent faith in their courage.

A whiff of smoke came to the nostrils of the fugitive. He sniffed hungrily. *The mob in the rear had fired the reeds!*

There was a following wind. A fierce harrier wind that ran three yards to the youth's one. It was showing its speed by bringing up smoke clouds and slapping them in his face.

It brought the roar of the trampling flames. Fine food for the flames were the reeds. Living things ran with the youth. Strange animals that yelped and whined as they ran. He tripped over them, felt their furry bodies against his legs. The lean-faced dead man whispered. "They'd meet death later," he said. "Human and animal! No escape! World a morgue. Silent, terrible! It's all in the handle of the whip. Good kid! Get it to 'Cold Eyes'!"

The youth was suffocating. The roar of the flames was deafening. Now and then a flaming shawl of fire shot over his head. A monster galloped beside him. Touched him. It was a bull. A bull in flames! . . .

The ground dropped from the youth's feet. He shot into space. He went down, down into some beautiful cooling fluid, came to the surface choking and gave himself up to the current of the yellow river.

"We were nearly outed then," he gasped. But the soul of the dead man thought different. "Not a bit of it!" it whispered. "We—we are God's anointed! Not working altogether for 'Cold Eyes' y'know. Working for God! His world. Caretakers. Nice world, what? Pity to let madmen wipe it out."

The wind ripped trenches in the coverlet of smoke that pressed upon the river. There came glimpses of the banks. The youth held himself ready to submerge. There would be watchers.

The current swung him by a high bluff. Through the smoke appeared a figure. Quick was the fellow on the bluff. Fired from the hip. A bullet hot as hell struck the collarbone of the youth as he submerged. A bullet driving downward.

A times the youth lost consciousness. He imagined that he was speaking with the lean-faced man who had escaped from the evil cluster. He told him how "Cold Eyes" had once visited him when he was ill and had begged a promise. Would he, the youth, please remember that he was of great value to his country, and for that reason would he take care of himself? "Cold Eyes" had asked that.

The lean-faced man recounted a similar happening. What the devil more could men ask in the way of compliments? What were medals, titles, maudlin write-ups by hysterical journalists? Those things were for fools who paraded their deeds before the eyes of old women, but the men who worked under "Cold Eyes" were not known to the public. Their exploits were kept secret. They themselves were nameless. Sometimes when they died, as the lean-faced rider had died, their government disowned them. Scouted the insinuation that it had employed them. But in the heart of "Cold Eyes" those brave dead had a shrine. That was their reward. "Cold Eyes" remembered them. Those eyes of frosted jade softened when he thought of their passing. . . .

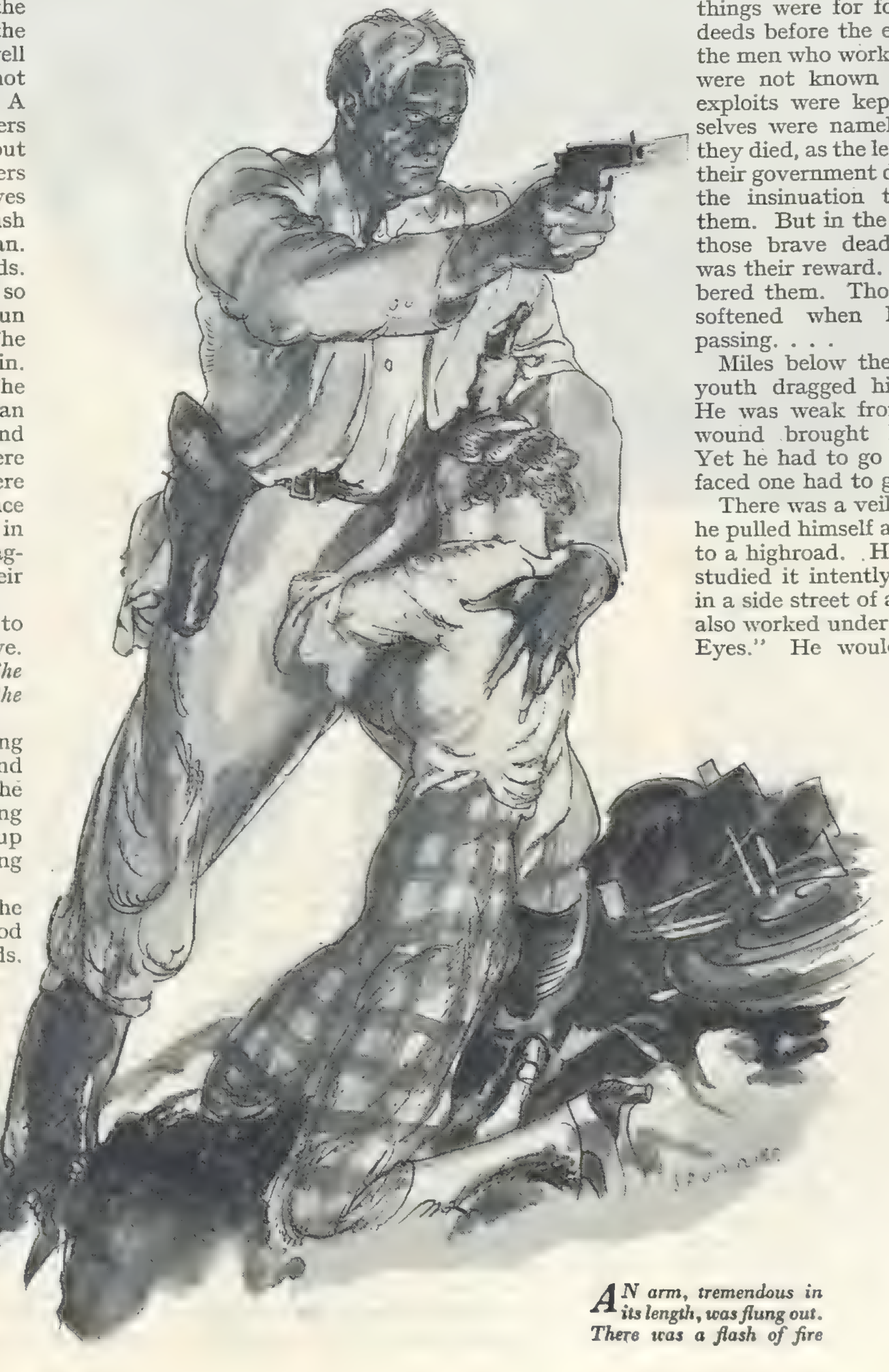
Miles below the flaming reed bed the youth dragged himself from the river. He was weak from loss of blood. The wound brought him exquisite agony. Yet he had to go on. He and the lean-faced one had to go on.

There was a veiled moon. By its light he pulled himself across fields till he came to a highroad. He found a signpost and studied it intently. Eleven miles away, in a side street of a town, was a man who also worked under the direction of "Cold Eyes." He would take charge of the whip. But eleven miles with a bullet in his lung. . . .

A car swung down the road. The youth plunged into a ditch. In amazement he stared at the machine as it came to a halt before the signpost. It was filled with police. Seven, eight, nine of them. The moonbeams glinted on their caps.

The driver of the car swung a searchlight on the signpost. The youth flattened himself. He held his breath. They were talking of someone who had escaped. They thought the fugitive had been wounded. That was the general belief. His capture was

(Continued on page 96)



AN arm, tremendous in its length, was flung out. There was a flash of fire

Is the World tired of Personal Liberty?

NOT · THOU · SHALT!
SHALT · NOT THOU

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE scene is a brilliantly lit brasserie, crowded on a Sunday evening. Presently one is aware that a small group of obvious officials is moving from table to table, giving customers the once-over as it does so.

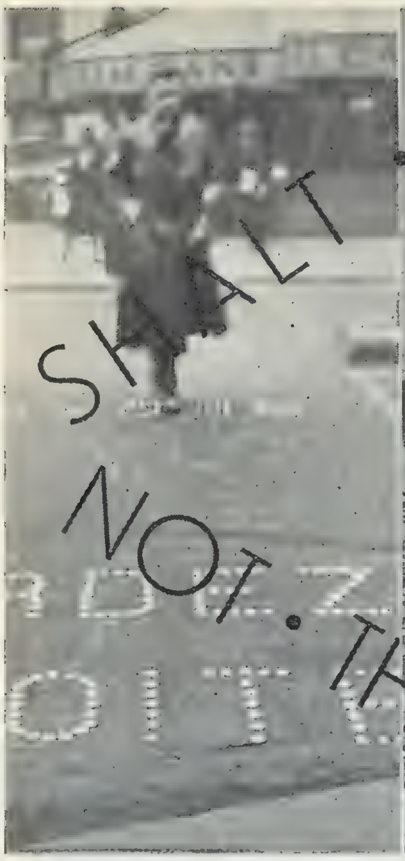
Now one of the group lifts somebody's glass, sniffs, puts it down again, and passes on to repeat the performance at the next table. You are watching him, and do not immediately realise that a hubbub has broken loose over there in the corner. There seems to be a quarrel going on over an overcoat. The upshot is that the obvious officials leave the premises one stronger than they entered, taking off with them the owner of the coat and that garment too.

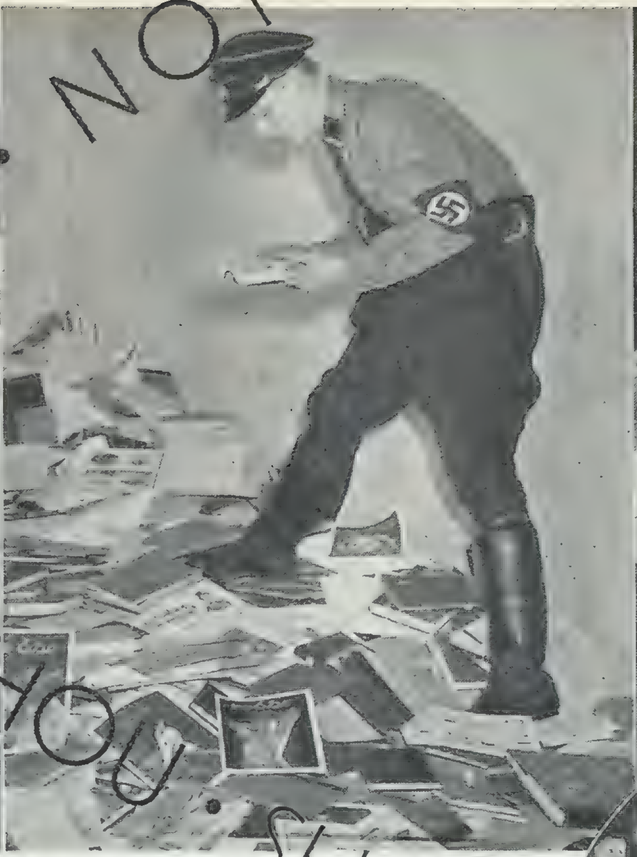
And the sequel you subsequently read in the newspapers. In a pocket of the coat had been found a small bottle of spirits. On that account the owner was sentenced to four months' imprisonment without the right of appeal. A lawyer, he went to prison to serve his sentence.

This did not occur in the land of sheriffs and enforcement officers but less than 150 miles from London, to wit, Brussels. In Belgium you may not have anything whatever to do with spirits while circulating in public unless you be the holder of a tradesman's certificate showing that you have purchased two one-litre bottles (you may not purchase less) and possess the right to transport them. I was once setting off by road from the capital to Ostend. I was stowing away a bottle of Pernod which I sometimes bring to England, where it is most welcome and where it arrives open and part consumed, and to be declared. "What is that?" a Belgian friend held my arm. I explained, "But if the gendarmes examine your car between here and the coast—and they are at liberty to—you will get four months in prison and you will have to do it!"

I AM fully cognisant of the inane and irritating workings of that rotten old war hangover, Dora. All the tommy-rot of being able to imbibe on this side of the street and not on that; the strafe on chocolates; ability to buy bananas but not apples, toothpaste but not hair-curlers, after hours; inability to come by tobacco though cigarettes galore from slot machines; and I have my private sandwich at the Café Royal. Nearly twenty years of habit and training have probably so altered Englishmen that the licensing laws could no doubt be loosened without fear of saturnalia—expense, an added deterrent. It is a pity. Because London could then definitely take the gay lead, with grown-ups treated less as children after midnight. Nevertheless, I suggest—from a safe distance—that you may lose perspective about your Dora, that when A.P. Herbert and his kind wax hot about the decline of personal freedom, the unrelenting roping and binding of the individual by bureaucracy etc., etc., . . . well, that they could do worse than take a trip abroad just now.

Steadily of late I have been watching the rising tide of *verbotenism* in land after land, and my conclusion is the no doubt surprising one that in matters of personal liberty the United Kingdom to-day stands quite high up—in fact, of the bigger countries, after France. The things you may not do on the Continent are simply piling up: soon one may have to carry round a Verboten Index, to be at all safe. Supposing Mr. Herbert kissed somebody in the street in Rome—I'm not suggesting that's a way of his, but he might feel suddenly tender towards a near relative? *He could be run in.* Fascisticamente, you may only kiss on railway platforms in Italy, which may or may not account for the constantly crowded condition of these. Is Mr. Herbert aware that it is of common occurrence for Frenchmen to return from London *positively Victorian* about Ide Park? The silhouettes on the greensward—how can such things be





allowed ! The French possessed a rarified edition of Ide Park themselves, but they're mourning it now along with other losses—such as the naughty, some would say dirty films, recently rigorously verboten. The Bois de Boulogne used to be under a distant and not-interested prefect, and one of the tit-bits of advanced Paris took the form of sylvan parties under the summer moon—Adams and Eves darting in and out of bushes and trees, while their limousines stood sometimes all night, in adjacent avenues. Now the Bois comes under the Paris police chief, Chiappe, and he has stopped all that. He also stopped Marlene wearing trousers in public ; in fact, he has stopped several things, including women of a certain class walking on the right hand side of certain streets after 5 p.m. I tell you, you will *have* to have that Verboten Index soon because our French friends have also developed a down on shorts and on "Anglo-Saxon exhibitionism generally—for which read sun-bathing—believing the fit and only place for this to be between four walls. The Frenchman banks heavily still on feminine covering as mystery creator as incense to the senses. He hates to see those frills, such reservoirs of thrills, go. "Why," he asks, "give everything away, throw a glut of beauty at all and sundry ? It diminishes desire." However, the point is that even France is being flicked by verbotenism, what with Paris clean-ups and pronounced prudishness towards the new release of the body to sun and air, not to mention grotesque motoring prohibitions such as one-way impositions in practically uninhabited villages. There is even a hint of Dora here and there, citable being the law forbidding musical instruments in the home after 10 p.m. This doesn't prevent anyone staying up making a row until the wireless closes down. Still, France maintains a runaway victory. She may lose lots of marks over *habeas corpus* and rather important things like that, but how she makes up the leeway by allowing grown-ups to acquire sweets, cigars, nuts, stimulant, until the cats turn in. Not only that, but the liberality, the sympathy and understanding of her hotel receptions remain unique, while she has recently shot farther in front by welcoming the lottery, chemin-de-fer and roulette, when others have been forbidding sweepstakes.

The underlying causation of a rampant verbotenism is of course the spread of the Roman conception of obedience *à outrance* to the organised State as opposed to the Greco-Christian legacy of self-realisation of the individual as the crowning objective in morality. But latterly the world depression, by drawing nations in upon themselves, has sensibly swollen the long list of thou-shalt-nots. Countries, or rather regimes, are clambering ever higher on their dignity, often for their very weakness, and promulgating further restrictions. Sometimes the excuse made may be a fear of anarchy—that all this talk of expressing the inner self, of spontaneity of action as the only true freedom, of there being no place for obedience in morality and so on, that all this and more in like vein must be nipped sternly in the bud. Whatever the motivation, when I think of what it used to be like abroad before the War I am amazed by the degree of restraint over their (*Continued on page* 86)

Verboten!

Germany

Women smoking or using lipstick in public, dressing other than Teutonly.

Excessive dancing.

Night life in Berlin after midnight.

France

Wearing shorts, sunbathing, and women wearing trousers.

To play musical instruments in the home after 10 p.m.

Italy

Girls working unless they can show that they have to.

Beauty parades.

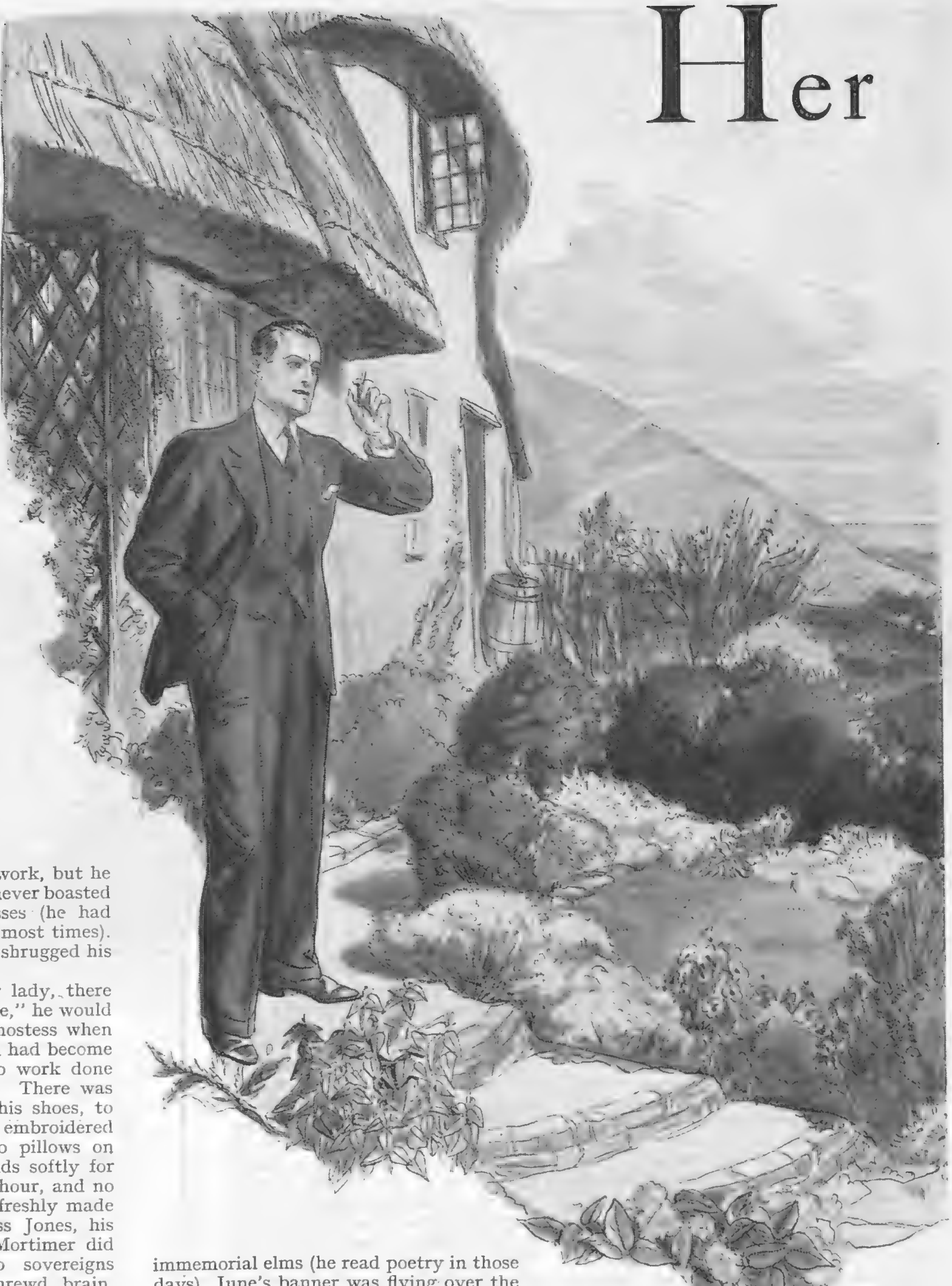
The Press to publish more than a few formal lines of causes célèbres in the newspapers.

To kiss a woman in the street.

Women's dresses which do not come three inches below the knee.

To enter a tramcar in your shirtsleeves.

Her



SELFISHNESS had grown over Mortimer Holt like a thin patina. He was so agreeable that no one noticed it, except Watts, his Major-domo and valet, who encouraged it with all his might.

It is to selfish men that servants become invaluable, and reap a rich reward.

He went on being selfish. He wasted no time over little kindnesses no one was likely to hear of. He never visited a sick friend, for instance. He was far too much occupied with his own health to contemplate disease in other people, but he had been known to send flowers to convalescents who were likely to get well quickly, and entertain largely on their recovery.

There was always the excuse of his work of play-making, and when your efforts bring you in many thousands a year, you are entitled to write it with a capital W.

Mortimer Holt was intensely conceited about his work, but he hid it remarkably well. He never boasted of his extraordinary successes (he had three plays running at once most times). Sometimes he deprecated it, shrugged his shoulders over it as it were.

"I must leave you, dear lady, there is my foolish work to be done," he would murmur in the ear of his hostess when the long-drawn-out luncheon had become boresome, but there was no work done when he reached his home. There was Watts waiting to take off his shoes, to hang up his coat, bring the embroidered silk dressing-gown, put two pillows on the sofa, and draw the blinds softly for the prescribed siesta. One hour, and no more. And then a cup of freshly made tea, and the arrival of Miss Jones, his stenographer. After that Mortimer did work, coining words into sovereigns freshly minted from his shrewd brain. Hard, sarcastic stuff, with no human nature in it, but an excellent camouflage of life, larded with sneers, and who wanted more? Certainly not the public who crowded to buy seats—certainly not the agents who sold them. No one had ever heard of Mortimer's early struggles. No interviewer could coax his life history out of him. He had arrived, armed at all points, quite good-looking, and superbly amusing, and conquered first the London stage and then Society.

The reason for his reticence was extremely simple. He had made an idiotic marriage in early youth, before the patina of selfishness was complete, and had married a farmer's daughter he met in Cornwall during one fatal summer when he only guessed he would be celebrated one day, but was by no means sure of it. The rooks had cawed in the immemorial elms (he read poetry in those days), June's banner was flying over the land, and Mary—her name was Mary—had milked the cows, one cow at a time of course, and looked up at him with a grave sweetness he had found at once alluring and restful.

She was a very good listener, and he, even then, an excellent talker. He told her of his ambitions, standing in the cool dairy by the big stone pans full of rich cream, and Mary had said, "Well, I never!" and "I shouldn't wonder if you did become famous. Some people do, and it might as well be you as any one else," and she had recommended a glass of milk at eleven, and one before going to bed, "because your nerves seem a bit jumpy."

That really settled it. A girl who could consider his health in such a practical way made a strong appeal to him. He drank the milk, and his nerves improved, but of course there is no need to marry a girl because she makes a useful suggestion of this kind, and, considering that folly afterwards, Mortimer Holt owned to himself that his senses had something to say, and had spoken with no uncertain message. Mary was very feminine, she stood for all women, and the summer nights were long and sweet. He must either ruin the girl or marry her, and to his lasting regret he chose the honourable alternative.

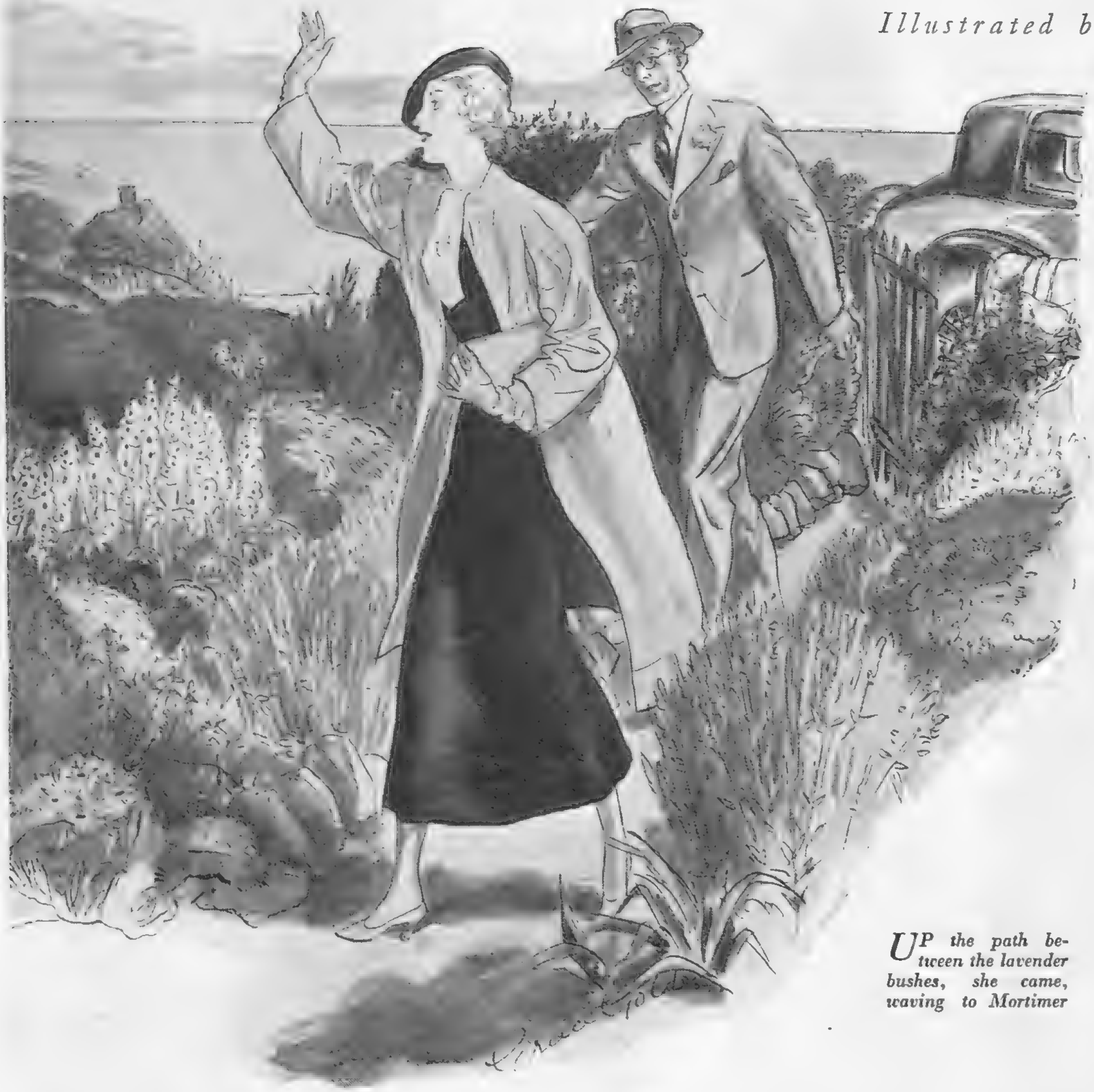
THE idyll lasted a year, and then Mary went out of his life as quietly as she had come into it, though that year heralded his first great success. "A

Name *was* Mary . . .

The Story of an Old Idyll and its Sequel

By Lady Troubridge

Illustrated by Grace Golden



Up the path between the lavender bushes, she came, waving to Mortimer

man, of course," said Mortimer Holt to himself, as he read her good-bye letter, but the puzzle was to find the man, or, for the matter of that, to find Mary, for she and her lover had disappeared as completely as a dipsomaniac's vision of a pink rat when sobriety returns to him.

The stark fact was he had never heard of Mary again, never found even a trace of her. He didn't look very hard, for she certainly wouldn't have suited his present life, or his present friends, but it was a terrible blunder, he saw that now, not to have traced her at once and divorced her as fast as the law would permit him.

It hadn't seemed to matter much in those glorious hectic years, but it mattered considerably at the moment. So much so that he had sent for his lawyer and was waiting for that gentleman in his Empire study, that perfect room of a perfect house in the shadow of Westminster Abbey. But first he interviewed Watts, as he generally did before and after every appointment. Watts alone knew the real Mortimer Holt, knew rather too much of him sometimes.

"I am expecting my lawyer at eleven thirty, and a new doctor at twelve," he announced. "Now don't be an absolute donkey and mistake the two men."

"If you'll give me the names, sir, there'll be no fear of that."

"Nonsense. You're quite likely to muddle them up. I'll give you a better tip than names."

He took a cigarette from a silver box, and Watts struck the match for him to light it.

"A lawyer's face is pale, Watts, and a doctor's face is usually red. The reason is very simple. One has to look wise, and the other has to look well, because both wish to inspire you with confidence."

"Quite so, sir." The epigram was lost on Watts.

"I don't wish to assume the wrong manner, and then have to change it."

"Of course not, sir."

"I intend my doctor to order me away for a change, Watts," he went on, to while away the moments of waiting. "Otherwise I shouldn't feel justified in taking it, with that jackanapes Edgar Earle writing a play a week against me."

Watts avoided the sore subject of the rival dramatist's youthful activities. "I'm sure you do need a change, sir," he deposed tactfully.

Mortimer nodded.

"Anyhow I want it, and what we want, we need, Watts."

"Quite so, sir."

Mortimer looked at him irritably.

"You agree with me too much, Watts. You are what the Americans call a 'yes man.'"

Luckily at that moment the front door bell rang, and Watts, scrutinising the ascetic features of Mr. Ernest Lengford, showed him confidently in as the clock struck eleven thirty.

Mr. Lengford was struck by his client's quiet dignity, as Mortimer unveiled the painful bygone chapter of his life.

"I don't know how the law stands after all these years," he said, "but I want to get rid of her legally, with bell and book, because I wish to re-marry a certain young lady to whom I am . . ."

"Deeply attached," said the lawyer.

"Quite."

Whether he was deeply attached to

Norma Durand or merely in love with her sophisticated youth he was not sure, but the word sounded well.

"What is my exact position?" he demanded.

"That is perfectly simple, Mr. Holt. You are a married man."

"I was afraid I was," said Mortimer Holt, passing a hand over his dark hair, touched with grey. "Like Henry the Eighth I demand to be unmarried. How shall we set about it?"

"The first thing is to find the lady," said Mr. Lengford.

"If she only had been a lady!" sighed Mortimer Holt, "but you're quite right, we must find her."

"I must remind you," went on Mr. Lengford, with a good deal of dignity in his tone, "that we are not a private enquiry office. Still, family solicitors can easily get in touch with such firms, and I should like a few details of Mrs. Holt's birthplace, etcetera."

"Don't call her Mrs. Holt," said Mortimer irritably, "it sounds so terribly intimate."

"I must call her something, Mr. Holt," said Mr. Lengford with natural exasperation, watching Mortimer Holt, who seemed to have passed into a brown study.

"Call her Mary," he said dreamily.

"What would be the age of Mrs. Mary Holt?"

Mortimer gave up the struggle to dissociate himself from Mary's nomenclature, made a brief calculation, and said:—

"Thirty-seven."

"And her age when you met her?"

"Twenty-four."

"Thirteen years ago, then?"

"Yes. Thirteen is so unlucky."

"And you met her at . . . ?"

"Somewhere in Cornwall."

"I'm afraid you must be more definite than that."

At twelve o'clock, laden with notes and memoranda, wrung from Mortimer's misty recollections, Mr. Lengford passed Doctor Davis in the hall. The moment of the Doctor's entry was favourable. Mortimer looked, and was, exhausted. The hand he gave the Doctor was limp and shaking.

"I must have a change," he said.

"A change?" said Doctor Davis.

"A change of air," said Mortimer, annoyed at not being immediately understood.

"Just a moment," said Doctor Davis. He felt the hard dry pulse, looked into the distended pupils, and pronounced: "You've been working too hard."

"Of course I have," said Mortimer irritably, "I could have told you that myself, and charged myself three guineas. If a writer isn't writing too hard, he is dead in his shoes, my dear Davis."

"But there's a certain danger in overwork, Mr. Holt."

Mortimer waved his hands distractedly.

"Danger! Danger!" he said. "Danger is everywhere. If I rust, I rot. If I work, I run all sorts of risks. If I take the train to Cornwall, no, not to Cornwall, to anywhere else in the world, I have an accident."

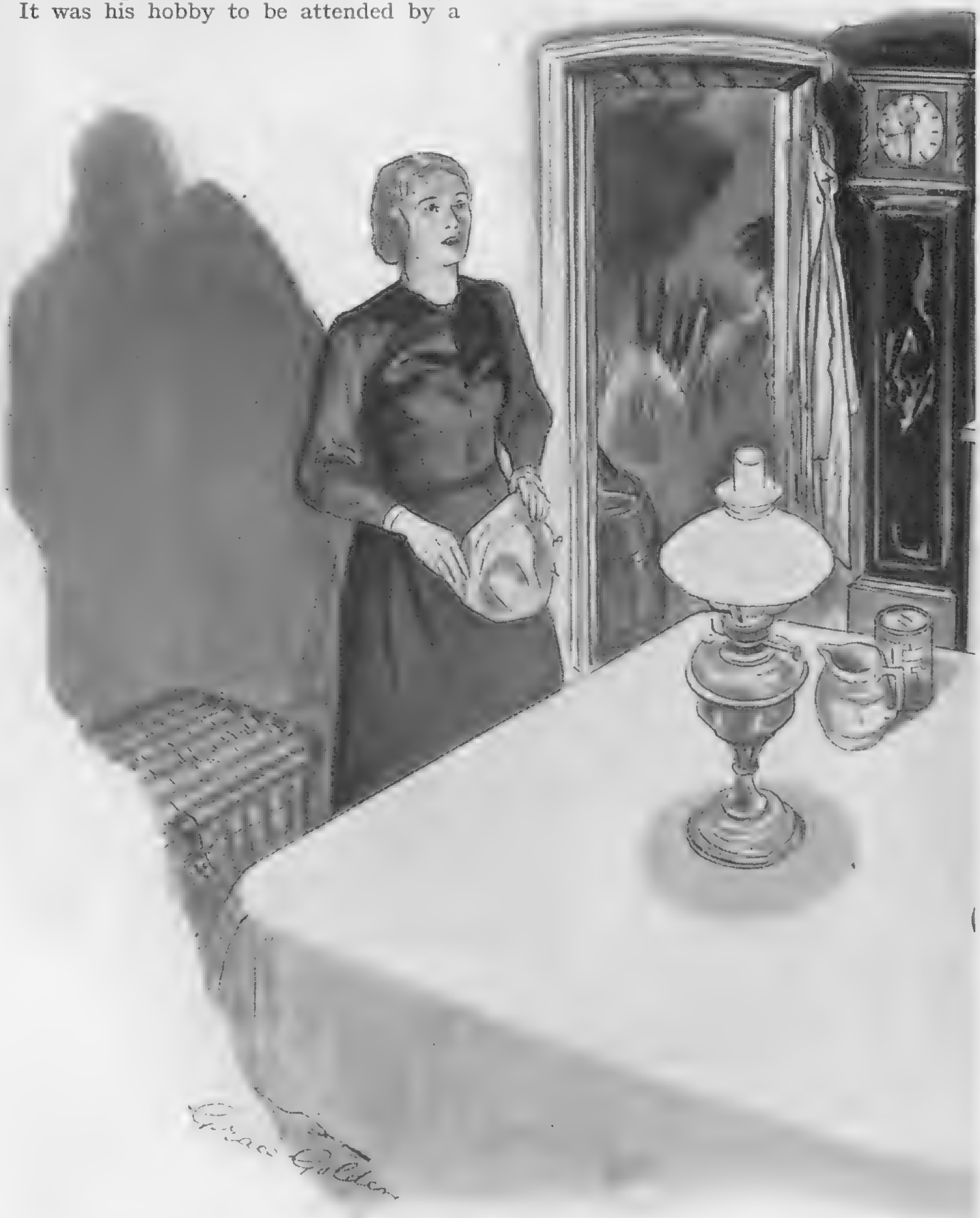
"These are nothing but nervous fancies," said Doctor Davis, "but I certainly think in this lovely June weather, one of our southern counties would do you good. Take your car, and run down to Devonshire for a fortnight, at least. Not a hotel. Some quiet cottage by the sea. Work just enough not to mope. Otherwise laze. Don't take an army of servants, or you'll never have a peaceful moment. Just that excellent, efficient-looking manservant I saw, and a woman in to help."

He noticed the tired eyes brighten.

"I will," said Mortimer.

"And now, a nerve tonic," said Doctor Davis. "That left hand of yours twitches a little. We'll soon put it right. Sea air and sun, that's the prescription, the best one of all."

It was an admirable tag, thought Mortimer, and none the worse for having been said a million times before, since truth cannot be too often repeated. Doctor Davis wrote busily on a pad he took from his pocket, and Mortimer sorted out three one pound notes, and three shillings. It was his hobby to be attended by a different medical man whenever he felt the need of a fresh eye. When the doctor had gone he rang the bell for Watts.



"Watts," he said, "find me a cottage in Devonshire, and a woman to help. Find it by this evening. Meanwhile, telephone to Miss Durand and ask her if she'll sup with me at the Savoy to-night."

"Mr. Earle telephoned, sir, and said he'd like very much to call in and hear the last act of your play."

"I daresay he would, Watts. I expect he feels the need of cribbing a little dialogue. I did suggest it, in my cups, but I have thought better of it. Tell him the play has gone to the typist, and don't forget to put out Ovaltine for me, however late I come in."

Mortimer stood up, took his hat and stick from Watts, who had brought them up from the hall, to save him trouble, and walked out to lunch at his club.

At twelve o'clock that night, Mortimer Holt's key scraped in the lock. He stopped in the library for a glass of soda water. He drank it, sitting in his chair, glad to wipe the smiles off his face. He felt irritable, and old, and far from well. He had fed Norma and wined her, and told her she had a future. Damned lie, that. She had none, except as his wife, but Norma still demanded that her stage career should be treated with respect. Her shoulders had been very white, her lips red, and her backless dress revealing. Mortimer hadn't felt old at supper though champagne was poison to him. Edgar Earle had been at another table supping with a critic, and had looked at Norma rather lustfully, he thought, which had added to his enjoyment. He had told Norma of his interview with the lawyer, and she had implored him to lose no time. Exactly like a woman to beg you to do what you had already done, but he wasn't marrying her because she

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an impassioned appeal to the people of China for justice. His "ambition" cost him his life, because by order of Imperial Majesty he was put to death with the ironic mercy that made him regard finality itself as heaven.

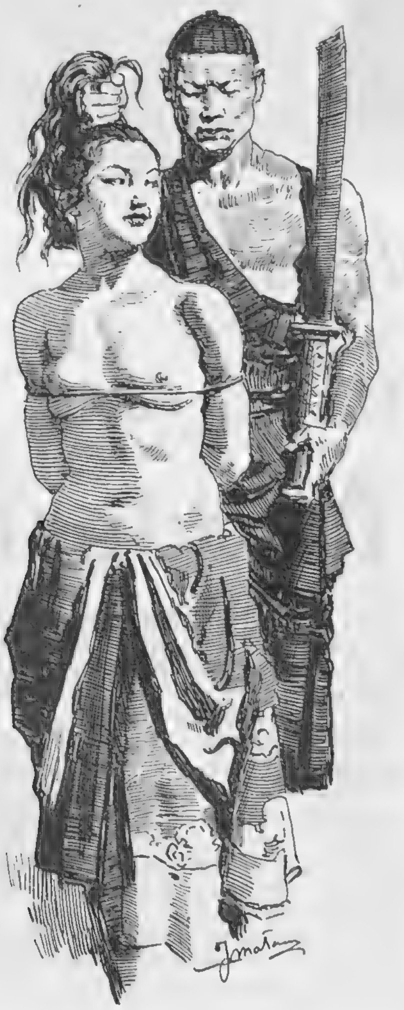
The public horror reached the last degree of endurance. In all the provinces rebellion was kept in check only by fear. Voices, shouting against the Emperor, had been heard even under the walls of the palace. Crowds of nameless rebels had been prowling round the very tower, in spite of the guards posted in a cordon many *li* away; while within Loutai, the glamour of the musical instruments, the laughter, the orgies pursued the loathsome tenor of their way: so confident in personal power were they. They believed they could go on for ever, and for ever defy the justice of man and the patience of God.

The people of China had endured that sort of degradation for no less than five years, and now all they lacked was a leader for the smouldering embers to break into the flames of revolution.

One of the hereditary princes, Wou-wang by name, undertook the task of amassing an army—no difficult matter in a population of four hundred million slaves. From every side volunteers flocked to his standard and the march towards the palace began.

Menacing, terrible! As they marched the ranks thickened, until a horde of rebels, kin to those Mongolian iconoclasts who, a hundred years thence, were, under Genghiz, to dominate the world from the Yellow to the Black Sea: from India to the Steppes, poured across the Chinese plain aflame with wrath.

When the news was brought to Cheou-sin, he could hardly believe it, but terror tightened its grip on his heart. He attempted to give orders for the defence of the palace, but, when he saw with what indifference his orders were received, he realised that his time had come, and, of course, his mind went to Lou-tai, the only place where his jurisdiction was still absolute.



THROUGH a secret passage he made his way to the Tower of the Deers. He found it already almost deserted. The servants left were insufficient to attempt resistance. He was seen going from room to room like a madman, overthrowing chairs and tables, muttering and shouting to himself. Then, struck by a sudden idea, he called all the remaining servants together and ordered the most priceless furniture to be made into a pile in the middle of the great hall; to collect all the papers; all objects made of paper; all silks and tapestries. Higher, still higher, it rose. He took from the heap the richest garment he possessed, flung it about him and called for his coffers of jewels. He plunged his hands into the caskets and cast them on his robe. Then, mounting to the top of the pyre, with what little voice remained to him, he shouted that Cheou-sin would not fall into the hands of the plebeian crowd. He demanded that his minions should set fire to the pile, that he would go purified to his ancestors, and that he would die on the very spot where he had enjoyed life and power. The servants hesitated to do his bidding, but one threw a lighted torch. A man approached the huge gong, and the atmosphere resounded with metallic blows which beat all brains to frenzy. More torches were thrown, with bundles of straw from the stables. Smoke and flames began to envelop the huge pyramid. The voice of Cheou-sin was heard calling to the servants to join him and die with him, but, craven-hearted and terrified, they fled. Tongues of flame leapt high; huge clouds of smoke were swept up scorching to the ceiling. The scene was one of stupendous horror—that "great red whirlwind," in which, according to the most eloquent of modern poets, the heathen go "roaring to the sky." The last fugitives could still hear from the garden the voice of the Chinese Assur-Ban-i-Pal—the Magnificent King. From the windows of the imposing building, smoke and sparks cascaded heavenwards, while remorselessly, relentlessly, resistlessly, boomed the incessant brazen clang of the gong.

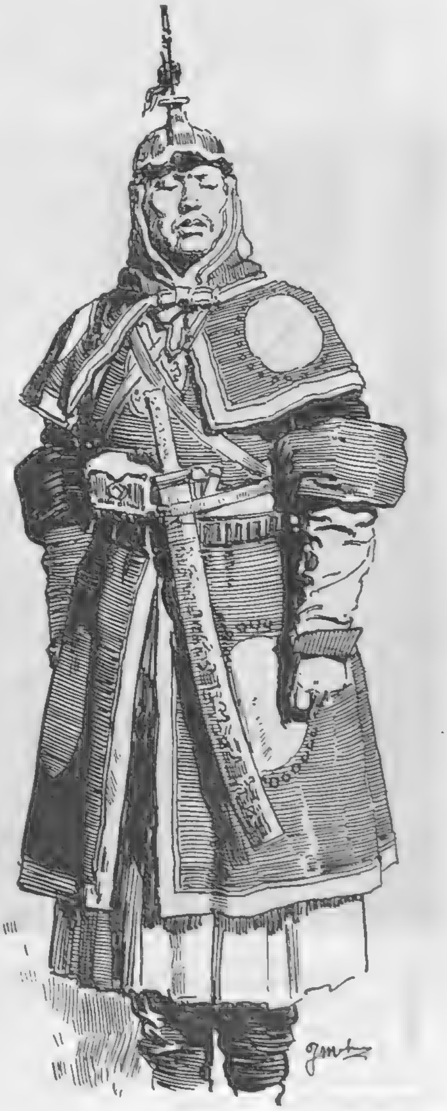
WHERE was Ta-ki?
The question was on every lip.

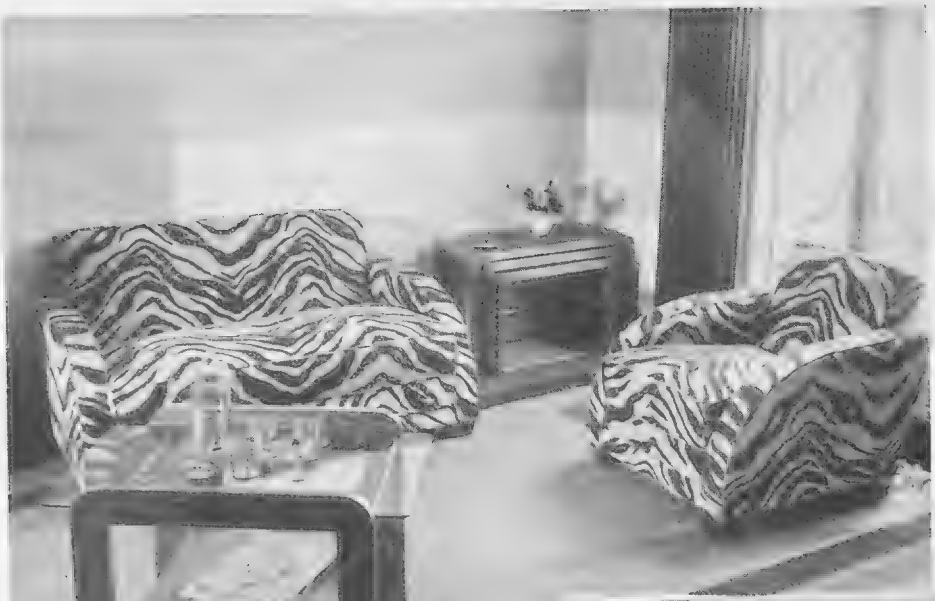
It had been a bloodless victory. The garrison of the Imperial palace, following the age-old tactics of Chinese warfare, joined forces with the invading army. Processions of thanksgiving were already circulating through the town, carrying the spreading umbrellas of triumph and huge internally illuminated effigies of dragons—the benevolent idols of pagan Cathay—but the work would never have been considered complete without the capture of that incarnation of sin, who had been *fons et origo* of the whole upheaval.

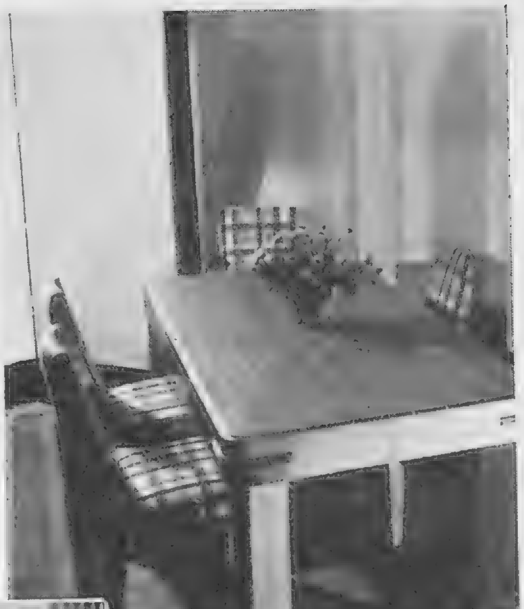
Patrols sought far and wide, until a rich palanquin halted at the portals of Wou-wang's general quarters and a bejewelled Ta-ki stepped from it. She asked to be brought to the prince, and it was with the most captivating smile that she met the severe countenance of the conqueror. With an effrontery that had in it an element of the sublime, she told him that her power had not been sufficiently strong to stop the misguided Emperor from the excesses that had brought him to such a tragic and well-deserved end. Every nuance of coquetry was used by the girl to weaken the Mandarin's implacable front. Her beauty was the only weapon she possessed to use in the circumstances, and every minute gained was a step towards her safety. Once or twice Wou-wang was on the point of altering his mind regarding her. *Could* it be true, *how* could it be true that such a delicious example of feminine grace could have been the inspiration of the blackest page in the sable history of China?

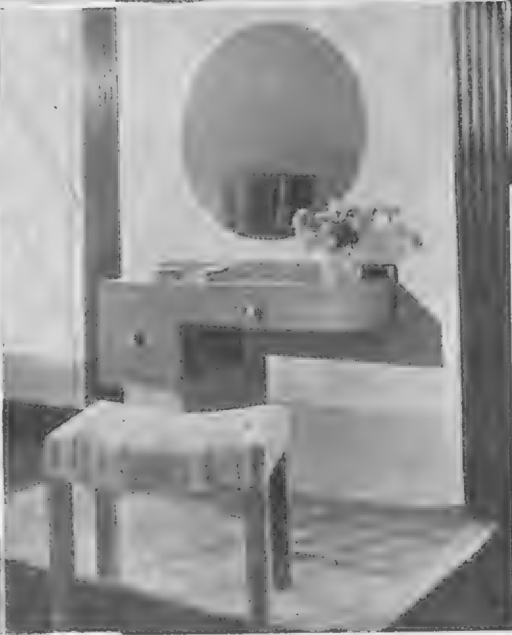
In her defence, she brought to his notice that many innovations adopted by virtuous women had been brought about by her, and that she was the first to introduce the custom of the "lily feet."

To give in was fraught with danger. All China was clamouring for an adequate punishment for this infernal woman, and Wou-wang decided to cut short the interview during every moment of which he felt himself weakening as in the power of some Succubus fashioned from the strangled imaginations of ascetic priests and endowed with super-human power over the passions of man. Ta-ki left him with a smile, and she had both the presence of mind and the control to smile at him again, when, a little later, she passed before him, her arms tied to her back and her beautiful black hair, according to custom, grasped in the fist of the executioner.







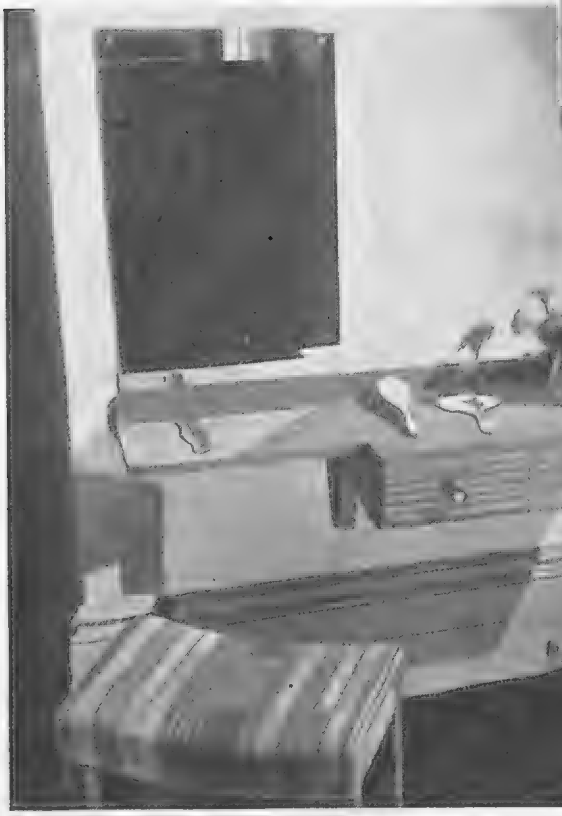


PRINTED linen in a striking modern design covers the chair and the settee above, both examples from a London collection of a new class of furniture designed to meet modern requirements

AN alternative design to the dressing-table right shows the square mirror and a dressing-stool covered in jade and leaf-green damask. Both designs are units from bedroom suites costing fifty pounds complete

HERE is a dining-room suite of Australian walnut which reveals the best features of modern design and craftsmanship. The chair-covering is a check tweed blending soft colours of henna, brown and pink

BEDROOM suites are designed mainly with special regard to the limitations of modern bedrooms, though the dignity of the designs is sustained, as can be seen by this dressing-table from the Maurice Adams collection



Modern Rooms *for* Modern

IN setting out to furnish a home, the last few years have presented very difficult problems to those whose appreciation of good furniture and fine craftsmanship have outstripped the means at their disposal.

It is true that, through the low prices obtaining during the depression, antique furniture has proved a partial solution to those who prefer the mellowed loveliness of old pieces to the frankly modern, but admirers of the latter school of thought have lacked a similar solution to their woes.

It would be useless to deny that the modern furniture of the past few years has touched fantastic peaks of extravagance in matters of price. This is, of course, an inevitable feature of all things new which capture the public imagination as modern furniture design has done. This, however, is no comfort to those whose tastes outstrip their means.

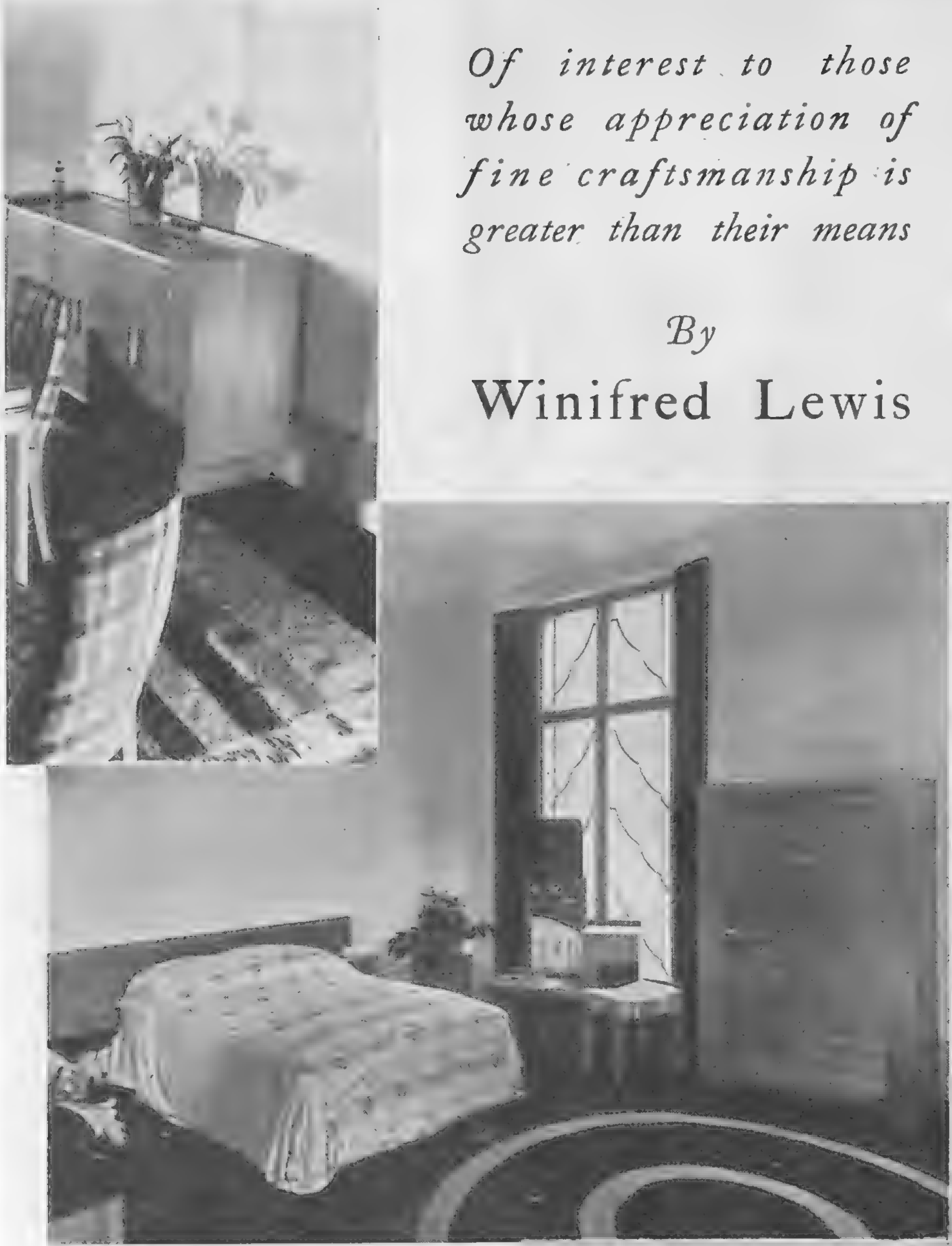
Cheap imitations of the work of good modern designers have not been wanting. "Mass production modernity" has been available at every turn, but since restraint is the least noticeable feature of these pieces and their workmanship of obvious inferiority the less affluent connoisseur is still left unprovided for.

In view of these things, great interest attaches to the discovery that the best designers, realising the discrepancy between the two classes of furniture, are

Of interest to those whose appreciation of fine craftsmanship is greater than their means

By

Winifred Lewis



A CHARMING bedroom suite again reveals the highest quality of design and workmanship. Australian walnut imposed upon mahogany is used for this furniture, a system which has proved superior to the use of a solid medium

Pockets

turning their attention to the creation and manufacture of pieces that combine the excellencies of first-class decorative design with the essential qualities of fine workmanship at a reasonable cost to the purchaser.

The peculiar needs of the small modern home are given special consideration in the planning of this furniture and practicability is in the forefront of the programme, as it were. Beauty, utility and fine craftsmanship go hand in hand, and a better combination than that can scarcely be desired by those whose admiration for these things has, in the past, been dictated by their means.

Though small at present the movement is a very general one and a class of furniture is making its appearance in the better shops as well as in the showrooms of the best designers all over the country, that encourages one to think that a serious step has at last been taken towards a solution of the greatest furnishing problem.

Maurice Adams, who is among the first of the great designers to recognise the importance of this movement, is staging an exhibition at the Adams Gallery in London to show what can be done by English craftsmen to produce furniture which embodies features of the best design with good workmanship at an economic price.

Suites of furniture costing as little as fifty pounds, complete, are the main feature of this show. Dining-room, bedroom and study furniture is included, and simplified form with the economical planning of the rooms as a whole have made the low prices possible.

An extensive use of Australian walnut is made for this furniture and it is interesting to note that this wood shows signs of replacing the weathered oak which has been popular for so long with designers of modern furniture. Decorative uses of the grain give interesting variety to simple surfaces and the new system of imposing walnut upon a foundation of mahogany is used after much experiment. This combination is found to be superior in durability to the use of a solid medium and is being widely adopted by discriminating designers wherever furniture is made.

Carpets, fabrics, rugs and all other items of decorative detail must rapidly fall into line with this recognition on the part of furniture designers of an urgent need.

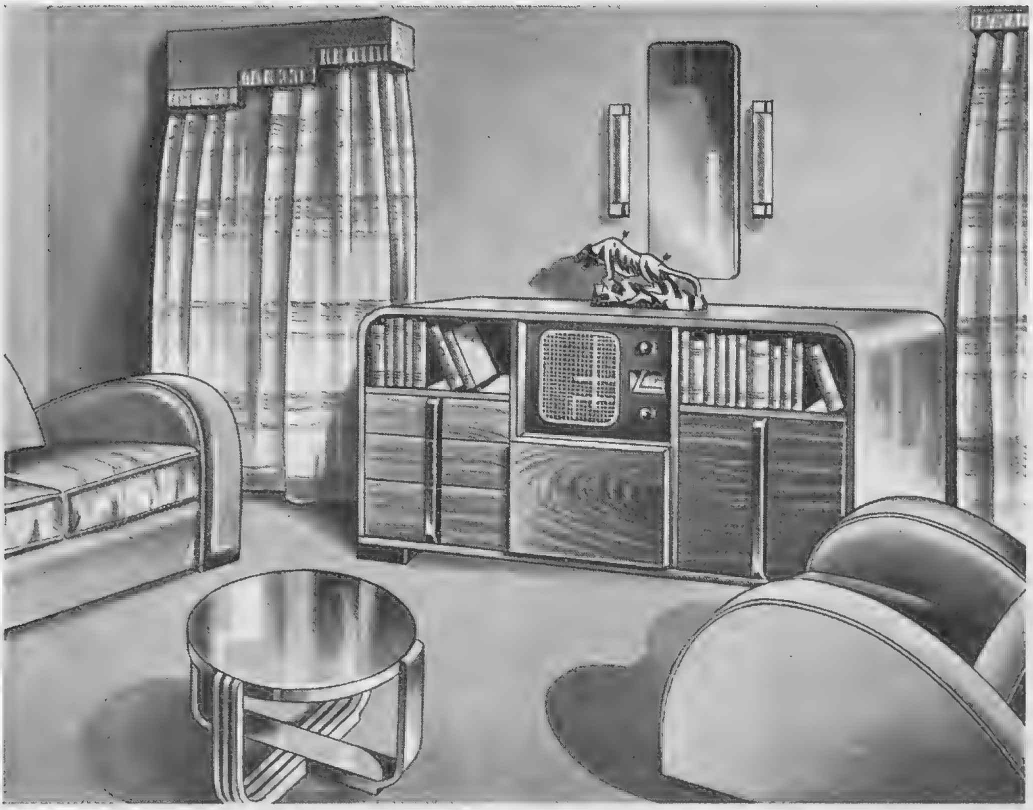
To the high cost of good, modern furniture there has been added in the past the equally prohibitive price of furnishing accessories, so that many who might have stretched their resources to the price of the furniture were discouraged by the cost of accessories.

Modern fabrics, carpets, glass and pottery are, however, moving towards reduction.

All the signs, in fact, point to a partial solution of the problems of those whose tastes are difficult to reconcile with their means.

UNIT furniture has an important function to perform among the newest designs for sitting-room and study furniture. Here is a unit bookcase and a desk as well as a chair from the exhibition of £50 rooms

RA



FORMING part of a bookcase, this radio becomes an attractive unit in the decorative scheme of a sitting-room. This idea might well be adapted to other similar items of furniture

SINCE radio has become such an integral part of the domestic scheme it is right and proper that it should be accorded a suitable importance as a unit in the furnishing plans. This must be achieved, moreover, without obstructing its mechanical efficiency or limiting in any way its reproductive scope.

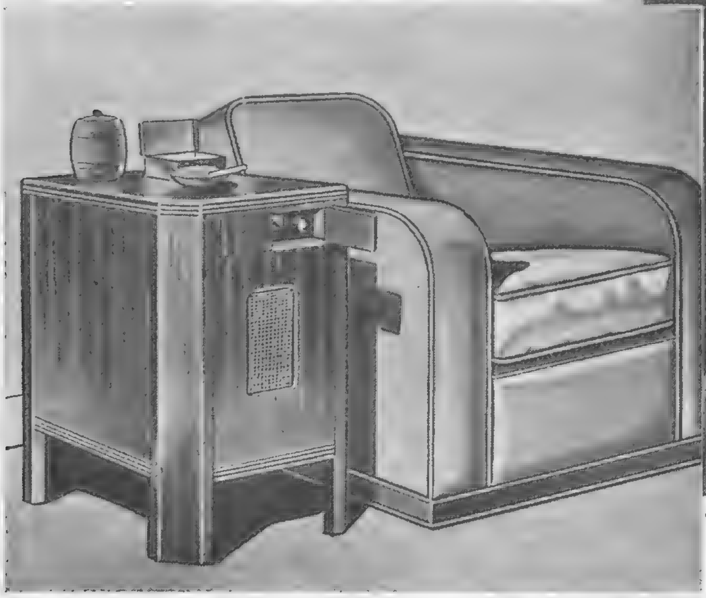
Although wireless cabinet design progresses far from rapidly, it is a far cry from the days of the megaphone loud-speaker (which was something of an eyesore and frequently also a nuisance on account of its delicacy and the awkwardness of its design) to the compact and, quite often, portable cabinet of to-day. Experiments for the improvement of wireless cabinet design lead to their improvement day by day, but we have still some way to go to achieve a satisfactory relationship with the furnishing schemes with which they are destined to unite.

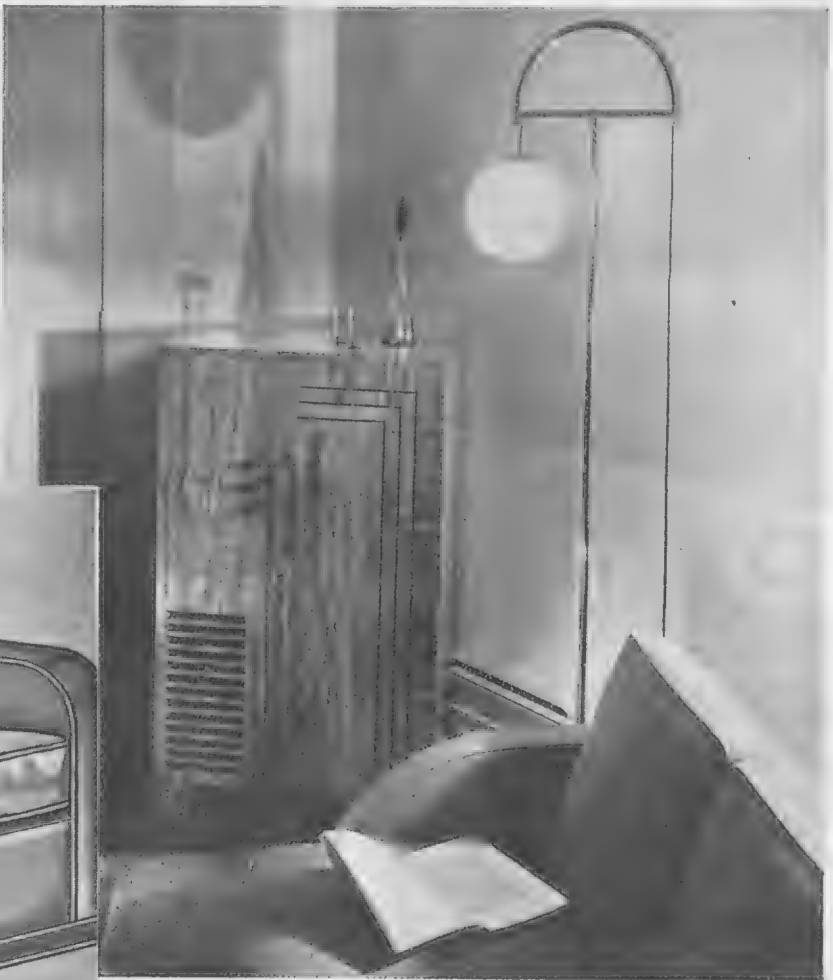
To the average man, mechanical efficiency is of supreme import and the subject of cabinet or decorative design hardly to be considered. Not so the woman of the house. However keenly her critical faculties may be bent upon the sacred subjects of selectivity or reproduction, these things are still secondary to such vital questions as the suitability of its design to a Jacobean or any other scheme of furnishing.

And there is this to be considered. The average modern sitting-room is small, calling for thoughtful planning to the uttermost detail of the furnishing scheme. The radio, then, is required to fit into this scheme with comfort and efficiency without encroaching one inch upon space that is urgently required for other things.

Built-in radio sets prove to be an admirable solution of these problems; and while it is true that the few examples so far seen are somewhat costly, that is because we are only at the beginning of the movement. Designers are turning their attention more and more to the possibilities of this expedient

SUCH a useful and unobtrusive piece of furniture as this is to be recommended for its own sake as much as for the efficiency with which it conceals the radio set conveniently at hand. This is a design that the amateur craftsman might safely attempt to copy





MAURICE ADAMS has here succeeded in combining a radio and a cocktail cupboard in this imposing cabinet, which is of polished walnut

DIO *to fit* Your ROOMS

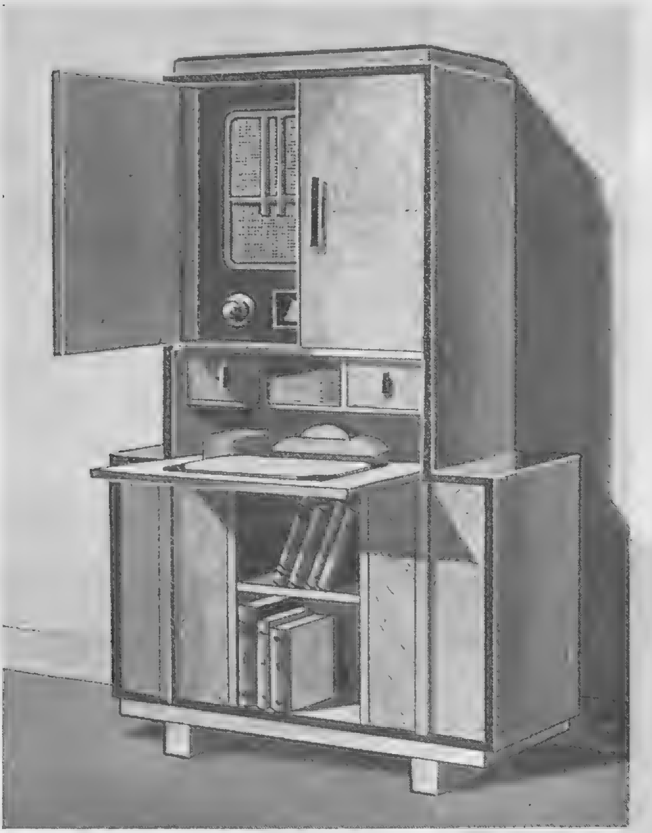
The problem—where to accommodate the radio?—occurs in every home. Here are some practical and decorative solutions of the question

By Winifred Lewis

and even amateur craftsman recognise in it a most interesting field for experiment.

Illustrated on these pages are some items of furniture which have been ingeniously adapted to accommodate radio sets whilst interfering not at all with the original function of the furniture itself. As a simple experiment nothing could recommend itself more emphatically to the average home than the cabinet radio which is also a small table. Here is a practical and useful item of furniture for the sitting-room, which can be drawn near to the fire or to an easy chair. It will serve the purpose of a tea table as well as other practical uses and, as a radio, is a source of entertainment as well.

Furniture with cupboard space suggests various practical adaptations, and then there are, of course, the frankly decorative cabinets which combine the purposes of wireless, gramophone and cocktail bar as well. Such things as these are, for the present, only for those who have the means to indulge such luxuries. Simpler adaptations are are not difficult to imagine however, and the pioneers who are venturing to branch out in this experimental field are finding it well worth while.



THE upper part of a modern book-case bureau has been utilised to house the radio above. Cupboards might be more largely used for this purpose with the aid of a little ingenuity and a good carpenter

RADIO sets for the bedroom might be more widely used if the wireless cabinet, which is not always in sympathy with the bedroom scheme, could be eliminated. Here the adaptation of a bedside table or cupboard recommends itself as a means of camouflaging the mechanism whilst enjoying its service at close quarters. In one house I have seen a bedside lamp imported from America, of which the shade was a loudspeaker in disguise. This dual purpose lamp was connected to the radio in another part of the house.

FOR those who prefer the radio cabinet as a separate unit the famous McMichael models are as satisfactory in matters of cabinet design as they are in the highly important features of mechanical efficiency. This is the Duplex Mains Four, which can be used all over the house

ANOTHER McMichael model—the Twin Supervox—a design worthy of a place of honour in any furnishing scheme

Those Egyptian Servants...

They *have* their peculiarities *certainly*, *by* way *of* Comic Relief *to the* Daily Round, *but* there's *no* denying *their* good points

By Arthur Weigall

IN ordinary, amiable conversation with people whose interests have little in common with mine I often find that the introduction of the subject of servants supplies just that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. When I have been talking about my life in the land of the Pharaohs, for example, I have observed that some stray remark of mine about my domestic staff has kindled the light of interest in eyes that were rolling upwards with boredom; and, therefore, I offer no apology for making this my present theme. Like illnesses and operations it has an almost universal appeal.

What happens in Egypt, of course, is outside the scope of everyday experience in the West; yet servants are servants wherever they be, and certain of their qualities —such as that of smashing things with a light heart— are common to the whole species.

On the care-free banks of the Nile, I must explain, any one of the higher officials stationed in a provincial town has far more native servants in his household than he would ever dream of employing if he himself had to foot the bill; but fortunately an easy-going Government makes him a liberal allowance for the maintenance of its dignity in faraway places, and he is usually only responsible for the wages of his personal servant, his cook, and a boy or two.

My own sun-bathed, sleepy-looking residence at Luxor, with its tree-shaded outhouses and stables, and its paradise of a garden going down to the river, always seemed to be full of blue- or white-robed people dreamily wandering about like all God's chil'un in heaven. Some of them I did not even know by name, and to this day I have no idea what they were doing—if anything; but in general they contributed to the drowsy air of peace which characterised the place and which was very welcome when I came in, hot and tired, from my work.

A TYPICAL servant from the Luxor district

There were two or three languid and rather Biblical-looking doorkeepers—men who, in accordance with the old Egyptian custom, sat all day on a bench at my gates, yawning and scratching themselves, or talking in tired monosyllables to friends who came and sat on the bench with them to while away the long, long hours. Whenever I passed through the gates they all stood up, and this, apparently, was their only function.

At the front door of the house itself there was a black cherub of a Nubian boy who wore a kind of white cassock with a red band around the waist, and had a red fez on his head, a gold ring through the top of one ear, and his father's enormous boots lashed to his feet. His job was to dust with a feather brush the shoes of anybody entering the clean, whitewashed hall; but he often wandered away or else fell asleep in his chair and only woke up in time to give one's heels a belated flick.

He was called Abd'-el-Aziz, but he was so often either missing or in a dead sleep that I used to call him Abd'-el-As-Was.

Inside the house there was my pussy-footed personal servant, Hassan—a sort of butler-valet—dressed in a Zouave jacket, an embroidered vest, and baggy Turkish trousers, which is the regular uniform of his calling. He was a ghost-like and silent personage, of a religious turn of mind, who used to go up onto the flat roof of the house two or three times a day to say his prayers, looking towards Mecca in the east and prostrating himself with such devotion that his forehead was grey with the dust of the floor when he returned to his duties.

To assist him there was a man who floated around

in white, and did housemaid's work with the detached air of a somnambulist.

IN the kitchen, which was separate from the house, was the cook who went home at night unless I had a late party, in which case he slept on the kitchen table, where also he took his daily siesta; and there was a dish-washer whom I never saw, except on an occasional round of inspection at night when I sometimes stumbled over him asleep on the floor. There was a room for the servants to sleep in, of course, but they seldom used it.

In the stables was a happy-go-lucky groom, assisted by a stable-boy who slept most of the day in the wheelbarrow; and in the garden was an aged gardener of great piety, whose chief business, when he was not saying his prayers, was to make little channels to conduct the water from the waterwheel to the sunken beds so that each was flooded in turn, after which the flowers came up by themselves, more or less while you waited. A patriarchal octogenarian, who I think was his father, used to do the heavy fetching and carrying for him.

There was a boatman who slumbered peacefully most of the day in the bottom of the boat moored at my landing-stage, and most of the night on the roof of the boat-house; and, indeed, he was such a magnificent sleeper that he would often row me half across the river before consciousness dawned in his eyes. Then there was another dreamy fellow with a satchel, who sauntered to and from the post office with the mail, and was sent on errands when he could be found.

His brother was the leisurely and dignified laundry-man and shoe-cleaner; and a cousin of his was the lamp-man, slightly sooted and smelling faintly of paraffin, whose business in the twilight seemed to be to smear the outside of the lamps with oil, trim the wicks so that they should smoke, and touch the furniture with his oily fingers. In the mornings he was also the garbage-remover, inkpot-filler and window-cleaner.

There was a night-watchman with a gun, who from time to time walked in his sleep around the house in the black Egyptian darkness or in the silver moonlight, and, if he happened to wake up, sharply challenged anything suspicious, such as clothes on the line or the new pump or cats. If he tripped up and his gun went off, most of his above-mentioned colleagues crawled out of odd places where they were sleeping and gathered around him, loosely gesticulating and whispering, while all the dogs in the neighbourhood barked and the town-guards called to one another in the distance.

As I say, I never quite knew what the rest of the staff did; but, including my two native secretaries, there must have been about twenty persons in the household.

My personal-servant, Hassan, was the only one who was not half-asleep. What kept him awake was his pride of office; for when I first engaged him he was merely one of a crowd of servants in a hotel, and his sudden elevation to a position of dignity and trust aroused in him a very passion to please.

The first time he waited on me at table in my house, I was dumbfounded to hear the most deafening clatter of knives, spoons and forks on the sideboard, and, turning round, I saw that he was lifting up bunches of six or more spoons and deliberately dropping them on top of the forks or knives, and then picking up the forks and dropping them on the spoons. He had, in fact, collected every bit of silver and cutlery in the house, and was trying to extract the maximum amount of din out of them.

I asked him what on earth he was doing, and he replied that he was making a noise like a hotel.

In other ways, too, he endeavoured to introduce a spirit of good cheer. Once, in the early days of his service, he placed before me a flat pie with a hump on top of it like half a large Easter-egg, made of hard dough; and leaning over me, breathing heavily with excitement, he carefully cut this open with a knife. Out hopped two of the most bedraggled sparrows I have ever seen; one of them fluttered as far as my plate and there collapsed on its back, and the other zig-sagged into the sugar-bowl and thence to the floor.

SOME weeks later when I was giving a dinner-party, he appeared with a broad belt of red-flannel around his waist, upon which was embroidered in large letters of yellow silk the legend "Mister Weigall's Boy," written like that in English with noughts and crosses all round it. He had had it made at his own expense in the bazaar, so that all should know he was my servant. It was most embarrassing.

Shortly after this a middle-aged English lady of impeccable character and high social rank, who was on a visit to Luxor, came to lunch with me; but as she arrived somewhat early, and I was still out, Hassan felt it his duty to do the honours for me. He had seen the cocktail bar at the hotel, so he mixed nearly a tumbler-full of neat whisky, gin, port wine, Benedictine, and whatever else he could find, and brought it to her in the drawing-room, and apparently stood over her till she drank it.

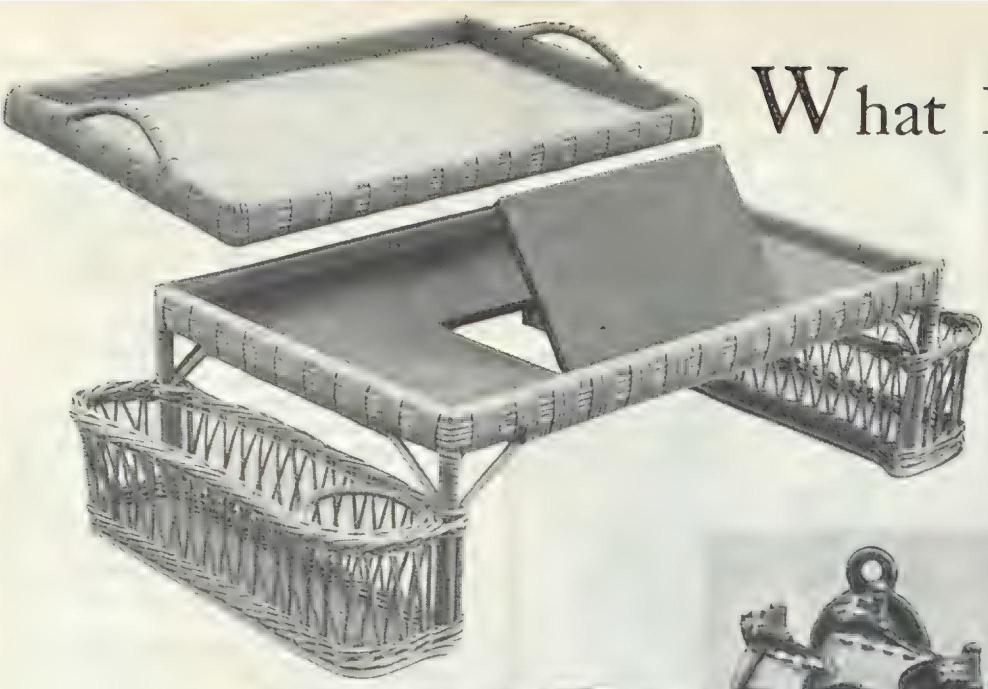
Then he brought her two balloons and a false nose to play with—relics of a gala dinner I had attended at the hotel a few nights before; and when she tired of these he fetched her my disreputable old brush and comb and shaving-mirror, in case she might like to tidy up.

She had her hat off, and was singing quietly to herself, when at length I came in.

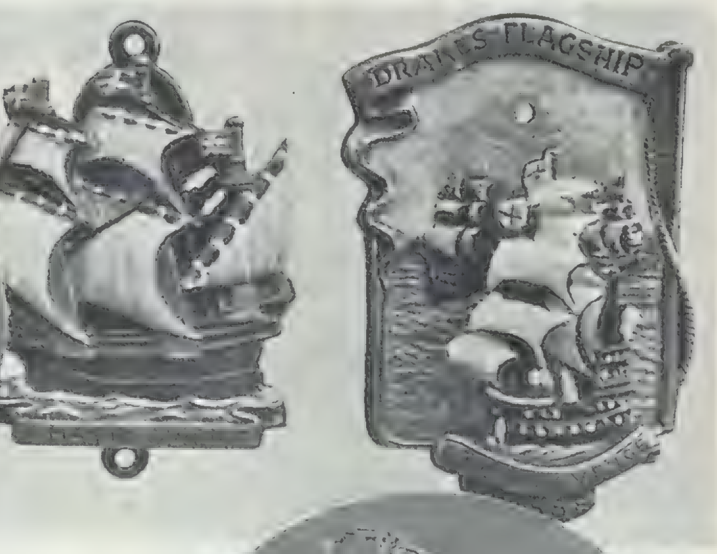
These incidents occurred when he was new to his job; but in time he became a very efficient servant, though he was rather inclined to bully the others and to disturb their happy dreams, and the cook hated him. He always wore rubber-soled tennis shoes, and his step was as noiseless as a burglar's; whereas the cook was a hearty fellow who stumped about in hard, red, native shoes when he was awake, and shook the earth with his snores when he

(*Continued on page* 83)

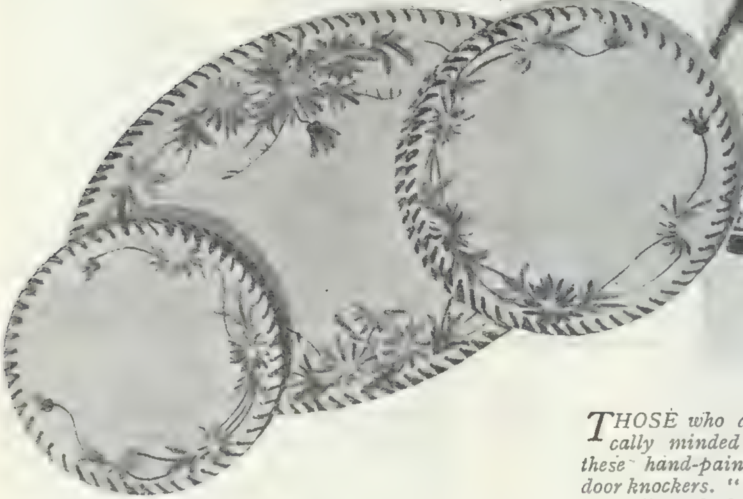
What I have Bought *this* Month



INVALIDS will appreciate this useful bed table. The stainless tray, as may be seen in the photograph, is removable, and beneath it is a green felt covered table with an adjustable book rest. The side baskets, with holders for glasses, are most useful for containing books, papers, knitting, etc. Price 39/6

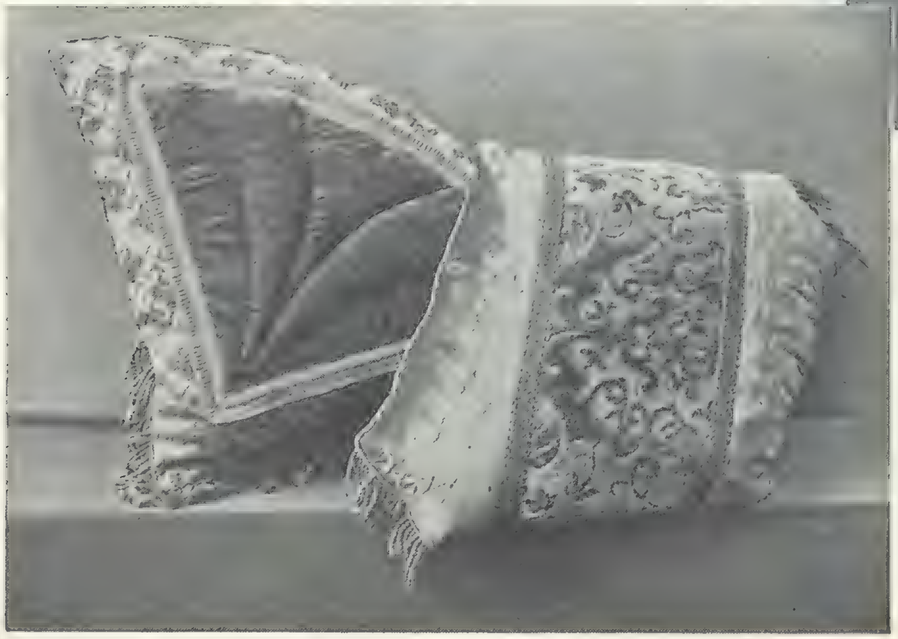


THOSE who are nautically minded will love these hand-painted brass door knockers. "The Mayflower" on the left is 5/11, and Drake's famous Flagship, "The Revenge," is 6/3



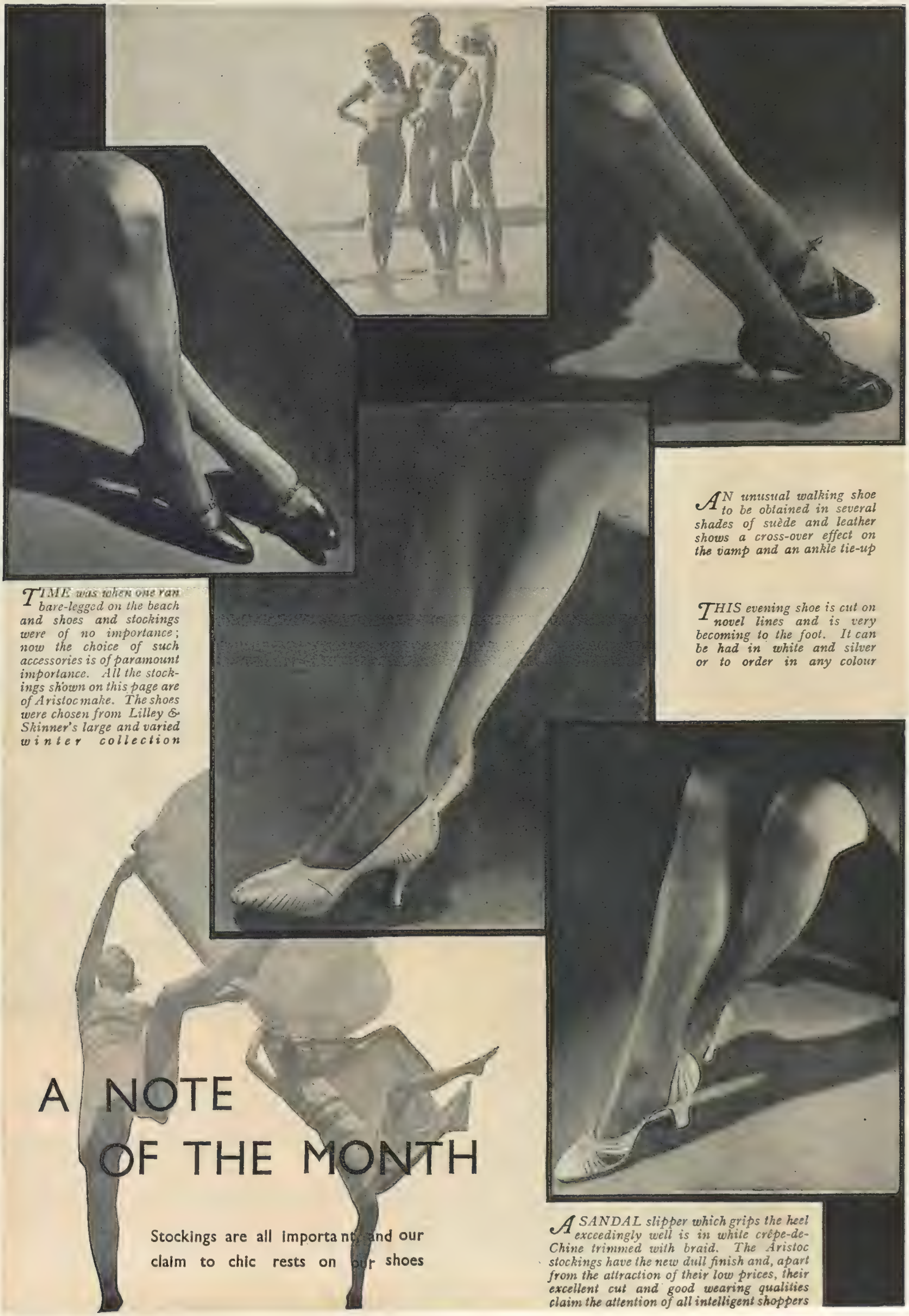
THESE parchment table mats are hand painted and threaded round the edge with bass. The set, comprising one large mat, six plate mats and six glass mats, costs 10/9, and is obtainable in many different colours and designs

WINTER comforts are uppermost in our minds during the next few months, and these model cushions, filled with the softest down and made in lovely velvets and brocades in a wide range of shapes and rich colours, are only 21/- each



HERE is an exact reproduction of and old Sheffield basket which, filled with bonbons or petits fours would make a charming table decoration. It is untarnishable and requires no powder or polish; just a rub with a soft cloth will keep it bright. Price 8/11

THE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a letter addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2. A stamped postcard must be enclosed for a reply.



A NOTE OF THE MONTH

Stockings are all important, and our claim to chic rests on our shoes

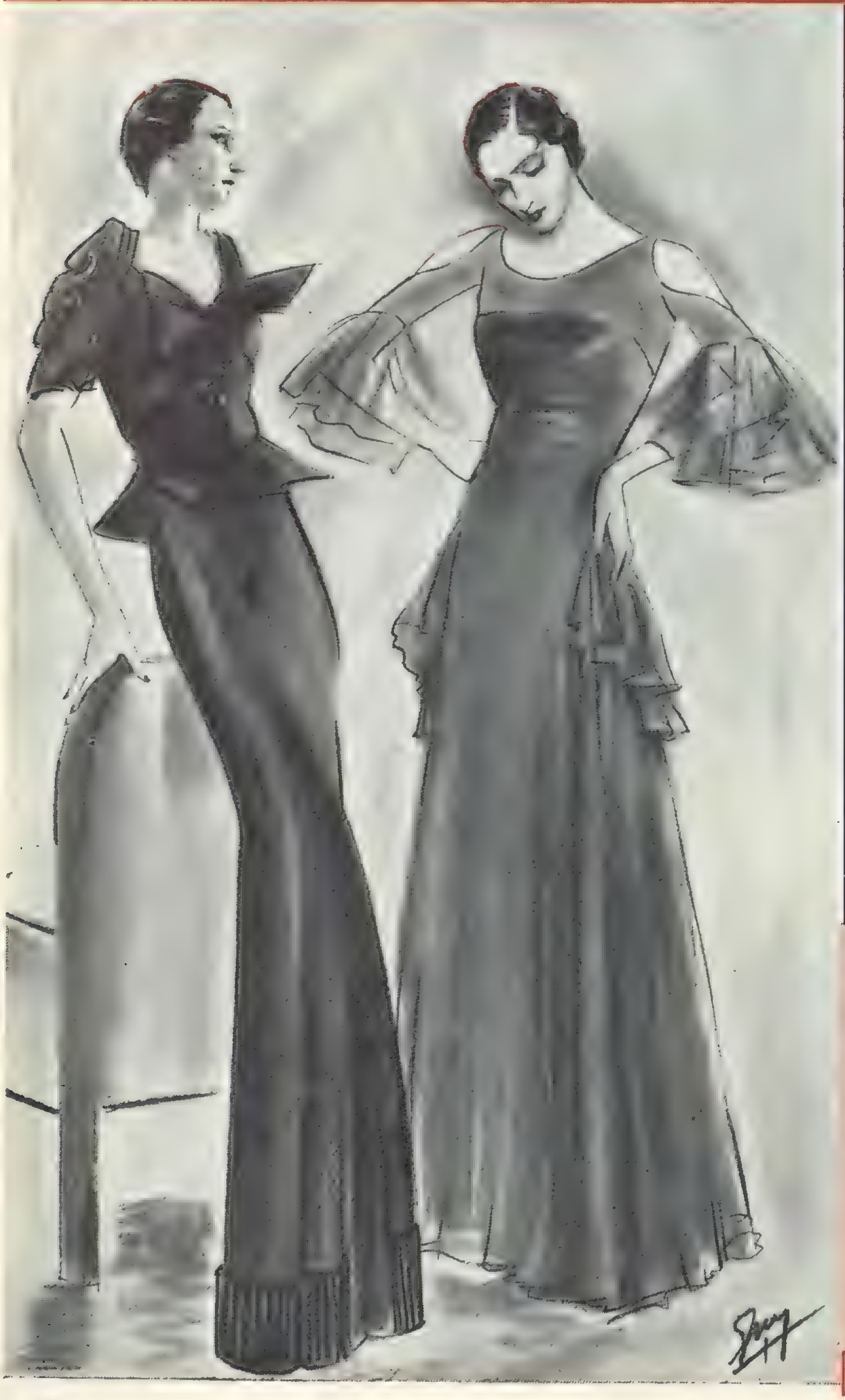
TIME was when one ran bare-legged on the beach and shoes and stockings were of no importance; now the choice of such accessories is of paramount importance. All the stockings shown on this page are of Aristoc make. The shoes were chosen from Lilley & Skinner's large and varied winter collection

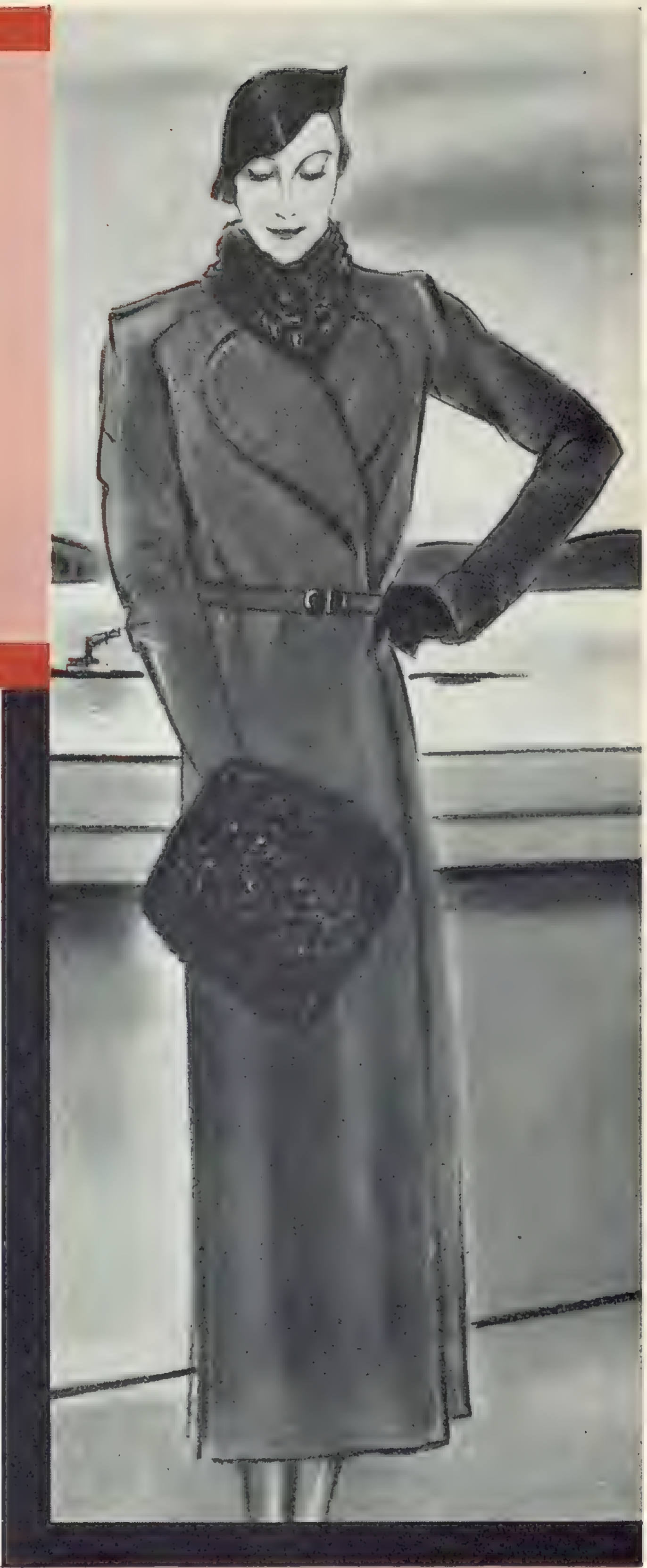
AN unusual walking shoe to be obtained in several shades of suède and leather shows a cross-over effect on the vamp and an ankle tie-up

THIS evening shoe is cut on novel lines and is very becoming to the foot. It can be had in white and silver or to order in any colour

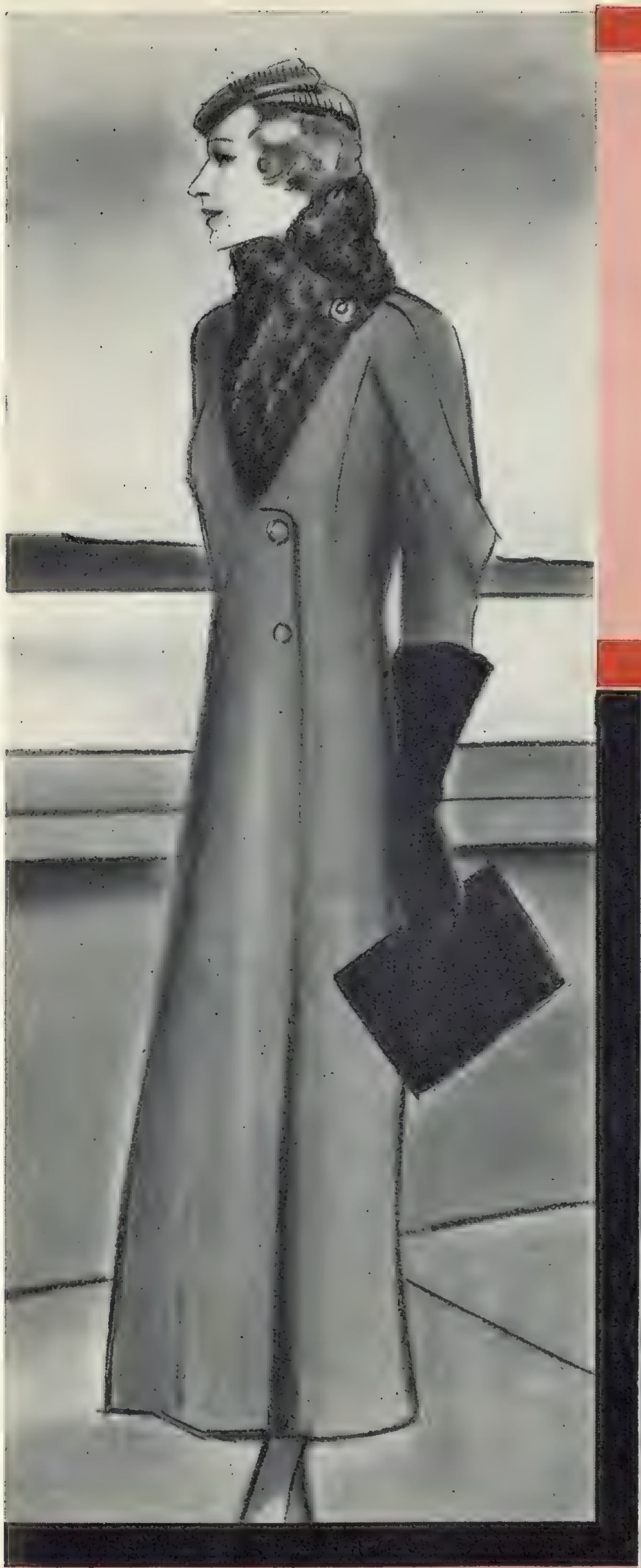
A SANDAL slipper which grips the heel exceedingly well is in white crêpe-de-Chine trimmed with braid. The Aristoc stockings have the new dull finish and, apart from the attraction of their low prices, their excellent cut and good wearing qualities claim the attention of all intelligent shoppers

THIS season's two sharply divergent silhouettes for evening wear are well illustrated by the two gowns sketched below. On the left is the tight fitting gown which clings to the figure until the knees (sometimes even lower) and then flares slightly while its interest is concentrated on the hem line. Here it is accentuated by cartridge pleats of the material; in other models pleats or frills of the material flare out around the ankles and often lengthen into a moderate train. The material of this gown, which may be obtained in the model gown department at Debenham and Freebody, is the new ribbed silk closely related to the ottoman silk of our grandmothers. The short coat which accompanies it has a flared basque and short gathered sleeves, and is finished by a large bow. On the right is the alternative silhouette, an immensely full hem line achieved in this case by a flared skirt and basque of black lace. The waist is fitted but beltless, and the unobtrusive décolletage is balanced by the ruffled sleeves. This bare-shouldered line with frills around the upper arm is one of the prettiest of the season's details. This gown may be obtained from the model gown department at Harvey Nichols and can be copied in various colours both in lace and net. This year our coats can be belted or not as we wish, or rather as our figures dictate; the slim will be belted, the

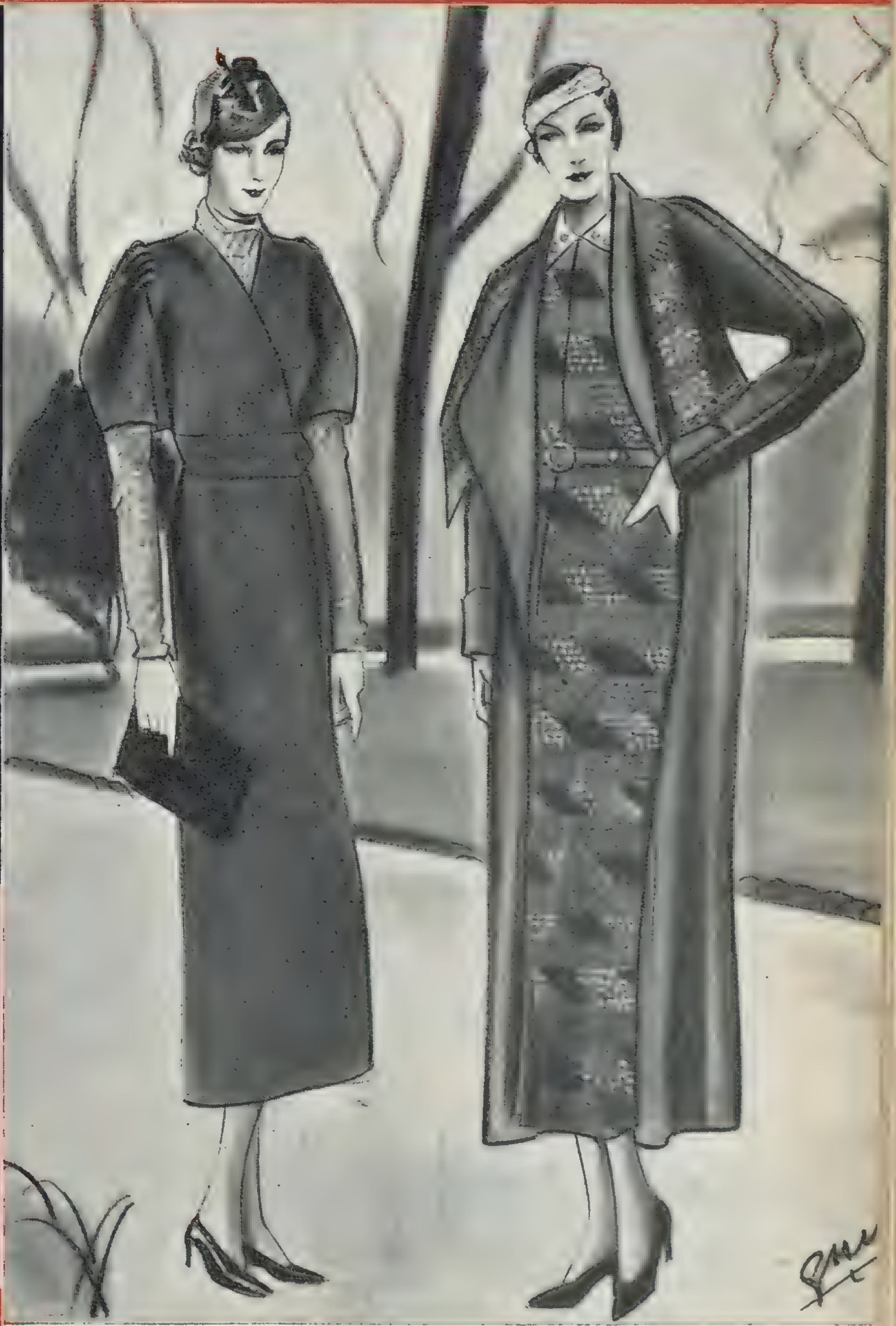




SKETCHES FROM THE OF THE LONDON SHOPS TO COMPLETE YOUR



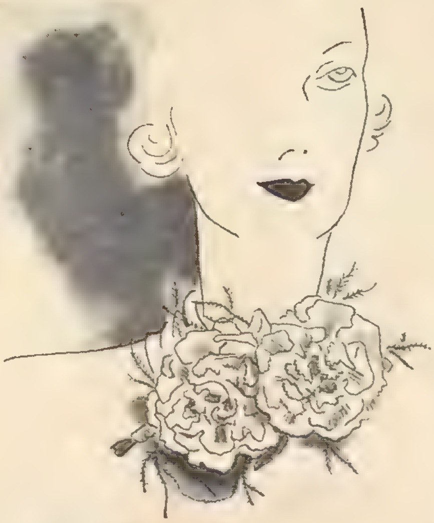
less slim will, I hope, gratefully choose a fitted coat. On the opposite page is an excellent example of the trimly belted variety which was chosen from a dozen equally attractive models at Fenwick's. It is carried out in rough black wool and has a cravat and muff of black Persian lamb. Wide revers add to its comfort and the shoulders are accentuated without being vulgar. On the left of this page is a most becoming coat for the less slender figure; it is made by Kenneth Durward in beige with a brown Persian lamb collar, but can be copied in other colours. It is tailored with all the care for which this house is famous, and the cut of the sleeves gives it a definitely 1933–4 look. Below on the right is another beltless coat, this time part of an ensemble consisting of a beige and brown jersey dress and brown coat trimmed with a scarf of the same material as the dress. Ridges of the material give interest to the sleeves and the scarf can be tied at the neck. This ensemble may be obtained at Marshall and Snelgrove's, who are also showing the most attractive velveteen suits for an extremely moderate sum. Almost more than moderate in cost is the wrap-over woollen dress sketched below on the left: Richard Sands sell this for five and a half guineas in various colours, and it looks very smart either with a scarf knotted around the neck or, as it is shown here, with a high necked jumper of a contrasting colour.



WINTER COLLECTIONS WHICH MAY HELP YOU WINTER WARDROBE

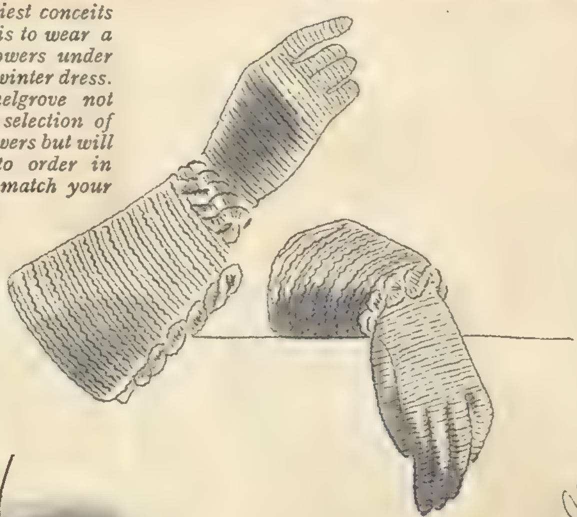
THOSE LITTLE ODDS

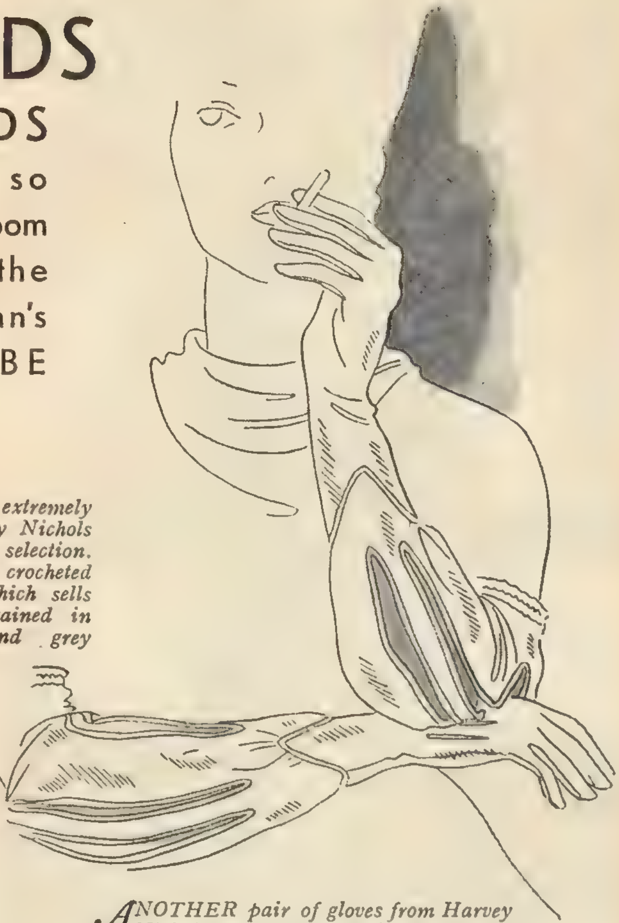
and ENDS which are so small but loom so large in the Smart Woman's WARDROBE



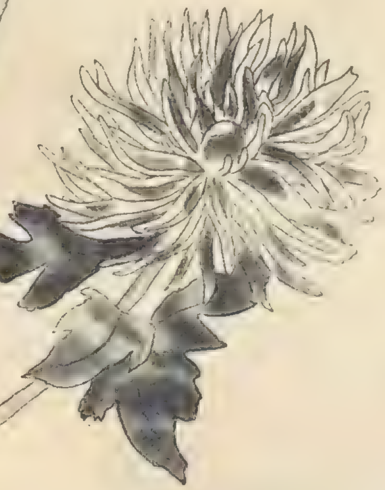
ONE of the prettiest conceits of the moment is to wear a couple of large flowers under the chin on a dark winter dress. Marshall and Snelgrove not only have a large selection of really beautiful flowers but will also make any to order in special colours to match your dress within twenty-four hours

GLOVES continue to be extremely interesting and Harvey Nichols have an exceptionally good selection. Below is an attractive crocheted woollen gauntlet glove which sells at 14/9 and can be obtained in brown, beige, white and grey



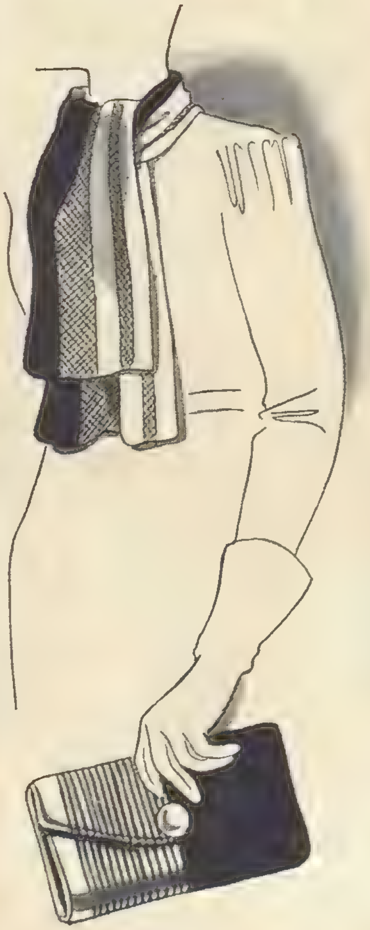


ANOTHER pair of gloves from Harvey Nichols, made of fine Milanese silk, is designed for evening wear and can be had in white, pale pink and black. Their long gauntlets, which reach to well above the elbow, are slashed like the sleeves of a mediaeval page. Price 11/9



Left:

HUGE dahlias of glowing colours are amongst the most suitable flowers to wear at the neck. These flowers are often attached to a separate triangle of material and therefore can be removed when necessary. Marshall and Snelgrove

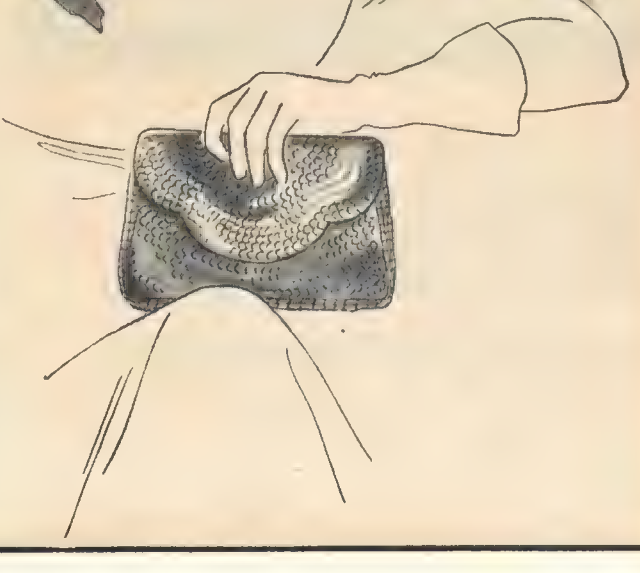


Left:

A SMART scarf and matching pochette of Rodier wool in royal blue and white costs 75/- the set. It can also be obtained in navy and white, black and white or nigger and white. Harvey Nichols

Right:

A CHARMING novelty this season is the sequin bag, which apart from its moderate cost has the advantage of suitably accompanying almost any dress. This one, which can be had in gold, silver or red, costs 21/- at Harvey Nichols



Madam, Did You Know ...?

Household hints which HELP

WHITE HARD VARNISH

SMALL scratches on a polished table or other pieces of furniture can be either removed or made less noticeable if they are painted in with a transparent varnish. Use a small brush, and polish with furniture polish when dry

The Piano

POLISH which has become dull or gloomy, and requires to be freshened up may, if otherwise quite sound, be treated with a reviver. There are several alternative recipes for this, all of which are equally effective. Two popular recipes are as follows :—

(1) Sweet oil, 4 tablespoons.
Turpentine, 4 tablespoons.
Lemon juice, 1 teaspoon.
Household ammonia, 10 drops.

This mixture is well shaken, applied with one silk or flannel cloth, rubbed in with a second, and the piano finally well polished with a third.

(2) Raw linseed oil } equal parts
Lime water
Turpentine

A RUB over with turpentine will considerably extend the life of your rubber hot water bottles

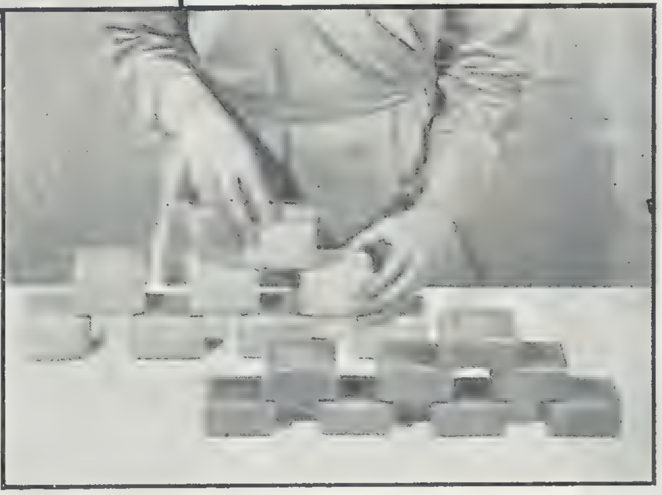
To make this mixture, the lime water and oil are first thoroughly mixed and then the turpentine added. The polishing is finished off with a clean cloth made very slightly damp with methylated spirit.

Cleaning Metals

The following methods of cleaning brass and copper and silver are less troublesome than those commonly employed.

A mixture of salt and a mild acid, such as vinegar or lemon juice, should be used on brass or copper. Even highly chased and ornamental articles can quickly be cleaned if the salt-acid mixture is rubbed on with a small (and not too stiff) nail-brush. Articles of copper and brass which have been cleaned in this manner must be washed immediately in hot, soapy water, rinsed in clean, hot water and finally polished with a dry cloth.

To clean silver, a piece of scrap aluminium is required. To use, dissolve two ounces of washing soda in a quart of hot water, using an enamelled bowl, place all the silver articles in the bowl, so that each touches at least one other, and then touch one of them with the piece of aluminium. All parts of the silver being cleaned must actually be covered by the washing soda solution. Next rinse the cleaned silver in hot water and dry with a soft cloth. The aluminium becomes black, but is easily scrubbed clean.



WHEN storing soap stack it as shown in this illustration, so that the air circulates round each section

The action is a chemical one. The hot soda solution acts on the aluminium, producing hydrogen, and this hydrogen attacks the thin film of black silver sulphide, which is the tarnish of the silver, and makes it soluble in the water.

Loose Knife Handles

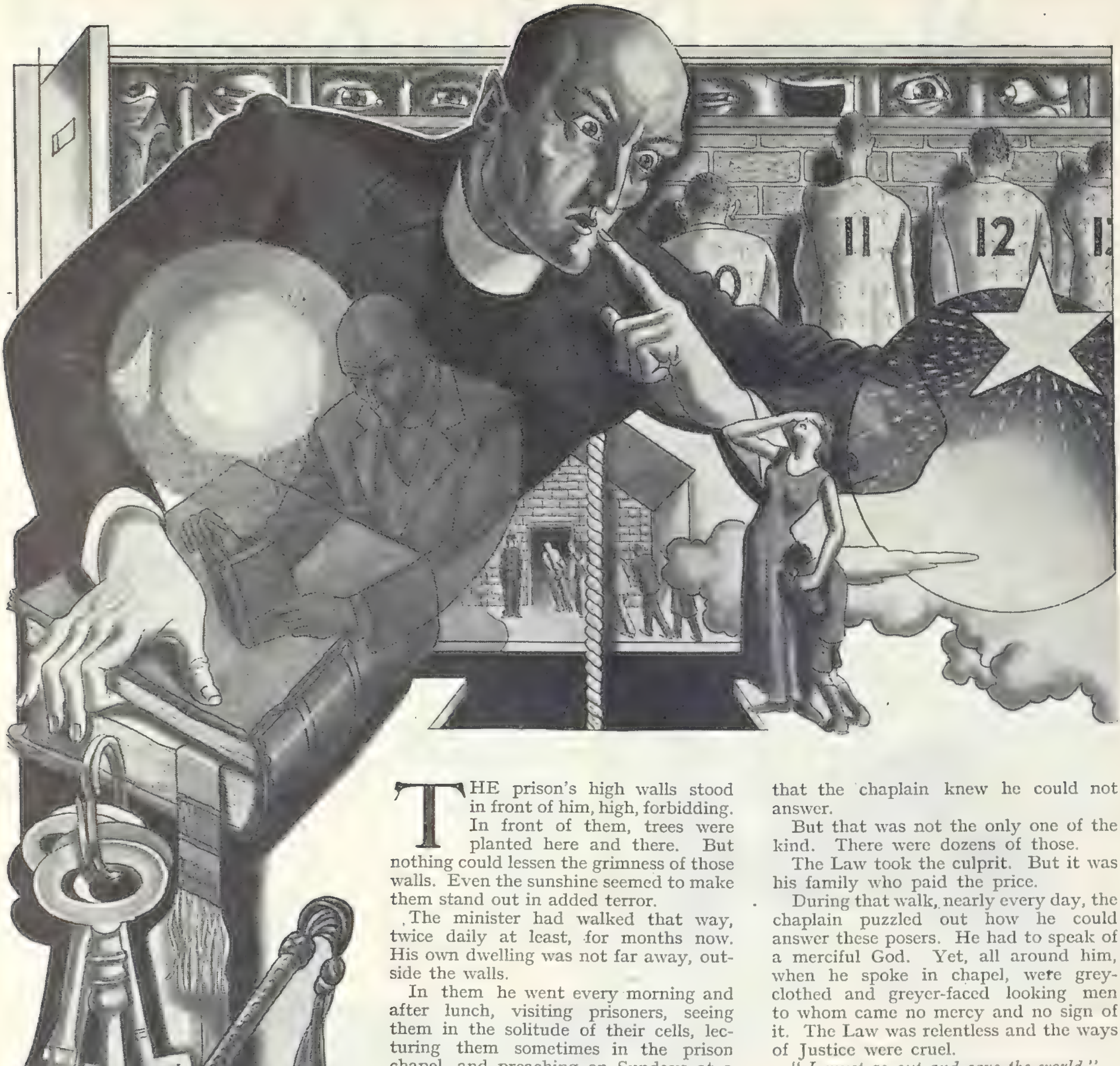
A knife with a loose handle is very irritating and may also be dangerous. There are several alternative methods for fixing them. In one method silver sand and alum are mixed in equal proportions, the mixture melted over a flame, the liquid poured into the hole in the handle, the tang pressed home quickly and the repair allowed to cool gradually.

A second method is to use hot melted resin. This is poured into the hole as before, the tang inserted, any surplus resin which oozes out wiped off, and the knife cooled down immediately by placing it in cold water.

When loose handles have been refixed, the affected knives should not be used for a few days, in order to allow the fixing mixture to become really hard.

Linoleum Scraps

Pieces of linoleum left over after a floor has been covered may be put to many uses. Some pieces must be retained in case patching becomes necessary, but others can be used in a variety of ways. Thus a shabby draining board in the kitchen or scullery can be renovated by glueing or tacking on a strip of linoleum, and a worn-out knife board can be treated in the same way. Small linoleum mats will protect a polished table from damage by hot dishes, while larder shelves covered with lino can be easily kept clean. A firmer stand is obtained for a hand-sewing machine by nailing a strip of linoleum on the sewing table, and this provides at the same time an excellent cutting-out background, entirely unaffected by the scratching of pins.



THE prison's high walls stood in front of him, high, forbidding. In front of them, trees were planted here and there. But nothing could lessen the grimness of those walls. Even the sunshine seemed to make them stand out in added terror.

The minister had walked that way, twice daily at least, for months now. His own dwelling was not far away, outside the walls.

In them he went every morning and after lunch, visiting prisoners, seeing them in the solitude of their cells, lecturing them sometimes in the prison chapel, and preaching on Sundays at a special service for those who were neither Anglicans nor members of the Romish faith. Almost every day during his walk he wondered " Why on earth did I start as a prison chaplain ? "

Few occupations could be more haunting in their memories. The Governor and the warders took it all as a matter of business. It was their job to punish. They were a rigid part of a machine brutalising in the monotony of its daily revolutions from daylight to dark ; afterwards came the long, long silences of the night.

But the chaplain's job was to comfort, not to punish.

And how could that be done ? Faith might remove mountains, but not, as in St. Peter's days, make the door of a cell something through which a man could pass to freedom.

There was No. 48, for instance, in for a long stretch. He had committed a crime, and he did not mind suffering. But there was his wife outside . . . and the family of small kids.

" Why should they have to pay?" That was a question that the chaplain knew he could not answer.

But that was not the only one of the kind. There were dozens of those.

The Law took the culprit. But it was his family who paid the price.

During that walk, nearly every day, the chaplain puzzled out how he could answer these posers. He had to speak of a merciful God. Yet, all around him, when he spoke in chapel, were grey-clothed and greyer-faced looking men to whom came no mercy and no sign of it. The Law was relentless and the ways of Justice were cruel.

" I must go out and save the world."

The phrase, his own once, came back to his memory. It dated from his first week of conviction that he was destined to become a minister of God. The words had inspired his long dreary study of books on theology. He could see an end then, the winning of innumerable souls. Then the war had come, and the holocaust, and then his ordination. . . .

Then, for some reason he could not remember now, so dead he felt sometimes, had come the decision to become a prison chaplain. Soon, the iron had entered into him. The rust had come. Damped by tears shed by his inner being the rust was always spreading, eating further into the iron that stabbed his soul. . . .

He rang the bell. The first gate opened. And then, in the book, he signed his name. " The Reverend Thomas Jimson," he wrote. He saw that a dozen people had been inside since when, in the morning, he had called—officers going on duty, a visitor of two, no doubt. Some of them had signed themselves out again. Always when, twice a day, he wrote his name, he noticed that.

Studies in Psychology

No. 11 When Men talk Truth

By Hannen Swaffer

Decorations by Batt

"Ins" and "Outs"—but there were those who stayed for years. They did not sign that book . . .

YES, but all that had happened before seemed easy now. A man was to die in the morning. And he was paying him his farewell visit . . . no, not the farewell visit, for the last one, of course, was to be paid in the morning, when, walking beside him, he would recite, "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

And he wondered how he would say it . . . and whether his words would fail . . . and whether he would go on reading the words, or fall down into the pit with the other being.

Chaplains had got used even to this sort of thing, perhaps, he thought. Some had even tried to comfort a man who had just been flogged. It was all in the game.

You got paid for it. But executions were new to him. They did not belong to his faith, as a rule.

He wondered what he would say, in the morning, when he returned to his family, what they would ask at breakfast, and how he would reply.

Prisons have many secrets. But families ask. . . .

Well, he was inside the second gate by now. Then he went in, through where the prisoners entered before their long incarceration, on one side the baths, and, on the other, the doctor's office, where, one by one, convicts were examined before they were taken, in their prison suits, to begin their long solitude.

A score of prisoners stood in a corridor with their faces to the wall, as always they stood when waiting. They looked furtively round, now and then, just as, when he passed, he had always seen them look, fearing a warder's rebuke, but looking.

They were all alike from the back. The numbers, their only distinguishing mark, were all in the same place. And he wondered, when he passed them, whether it seemed to them merely a moment or a year. . . .

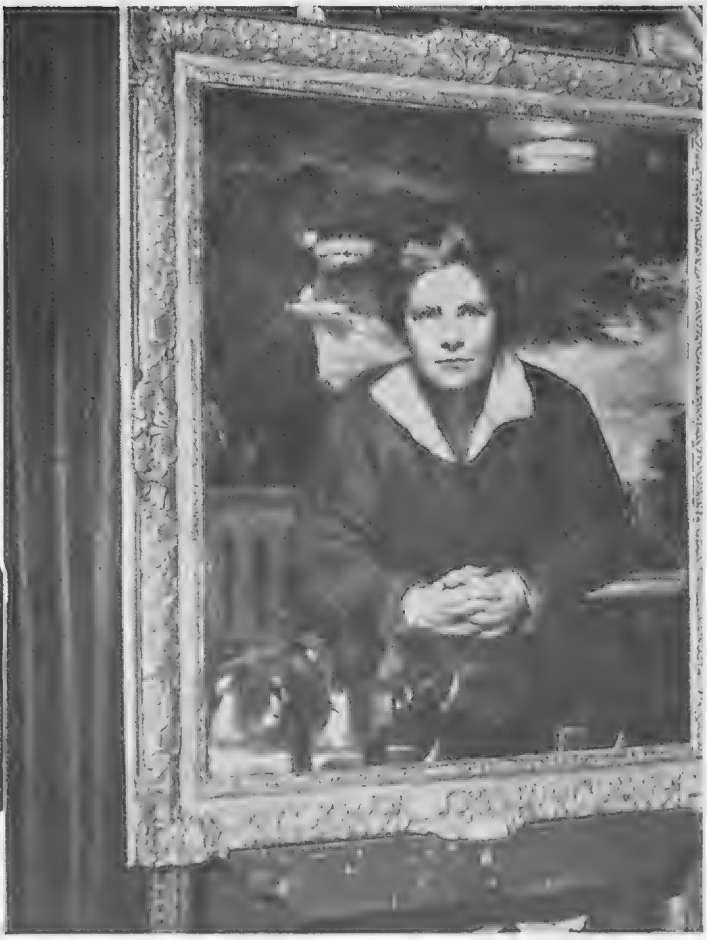
On each side were cells, and in three galleries above hundreds of other cells. Each had a number. And, in the evening, each contained a man. No. He was not a man. He, too, was a number.

You saw them peering out, sometimes . . . just eyes. . . . All else was the door. And it was so quiet you wanted to shout. . . and so solitary that you seemed to be surrounded by all the spirits of the dead . . . and it was all so grim.

(*Continued on page* 84)

PRIME
HOLY BIBLE
48

LADY RHONDDA and Mrs. Pankhurst in a procession of women proceeding to Hyde Park to demand equal franchise



By James Wedgwood Drawbell

I WANTED to see Lady Rhondda in her office. There, I thought, against a background that has been hers for so many years, I shall see something of the real woman of business; I shall be able to catch from the desks, and the telephones, and the pictures on the wall, the atmosphere in which Lady Rhondda has steeped herself through half a life-time.

I remembered that she had been at the right hand of her father as confidant, assistant and adviser; that she had helped him to make order out of the chaos of the Welsh coalfields; that she had planned with him the buying of collieries, sales agencies and other businesses on such a scale that in a single decade he had become the most powerful figure in the South Wales coal trade. I remembered also that she had on her own responsibility completed business deals involving hundreds of thousands of pounds; that she had done valuable executive work during the Great War; that after her father's death she had continued to control his affairs; and that she had found time to build up and edit one of the foremost critical weekly journals in this country. Yes, it was essential to see Lady Rhondda in her office. Not for her the quiet background of the home, or the gay background of the restaurant. It had to be the office.

A portrait of Lady Rhondda has been painted which shows her lazing under the beeches in her Kentish garden. Here, one might say, is the real woman—the essential woman behind the business mask, the woman who wants out of life peace and quietness, and the perfume of a garden. The woman who can lie dreaming under the beech tree has surely little in common with the office executive controlling the destinies of many people? There must be two Lady Rhonddas?

There are twenty. The garden-loving woman is no more the complete woman than is the office chief. But the garden is an escape, and the office is reality—fashioned out of the deepest human instincts to aspire and achieve. Only people who want to evade their adult responsibilities in life desire to spend their days sheltering in a garden, or beach-combing in the South Seas, or hermiting in a Highland cottage. Lady Rhondda seeks escape to her Kentish garden as I seek escape on an Atlantic liner or as we all seek escape in the theatre or cinema. She escapes so that she can come back to reality; she turns her back on life in order to be able to face it.

LADY RHONDDA'S office is in Bloomsbury. You go into one of these old houses that decorate this part of London, into a bare hall, straight down the hall to a little glass window for Enquiries. You look through this window for a moment at three young women making tea because you have arrived just at tea time, then you press a button and the alarm of the buzzer causes the three young heads to come up sharply and turn in your direction. The window is opened by one of the young women, and when you tell her that you have an appointment with Lady Rhondda, you are taken up two flights of stairs to the office of Lady Rhondda's private secretary, who, of course, is also a woman, and a very charming one. She flashes you a smile as she makes a telephone connection for Lady Rhondda, and tickles the receiver for a moment or two. You look around the bare room and discover with a shock of surprise a copy of your latest novel lying on a table. Hullo, you think, this is a pretty good office. They want you to feel at home here, and they choose this nice, tactful way of doing it. Dear little novel!

" Nice to see this here, among so many women," you say, touching your novel tenderly with your finger.

" Oh, that? " answers the secretary with not too much enthusiasm.

" Yes, mine, you know."

" Oh . . yes." A bit vaguely, you think. Can it be that she hasn't read it? Perhaps it just happens to be lying around here after all. With no one interested in it; no one taking any notice of it. Poor little novel!

" That's Lady Rhondda's copy," she says, as if to explain why she cannot immediately embark on a glowing eulogy of the thing herself.

You wait for a minute or two while the unseen Lady Rhondda finishes her telephone talk. Then the secretary takes you out into the passage down one of the flights of stairs, taps at a door, opens it, stands aside so that you can go through into the room beyond.

A woman in black offers you her hand.

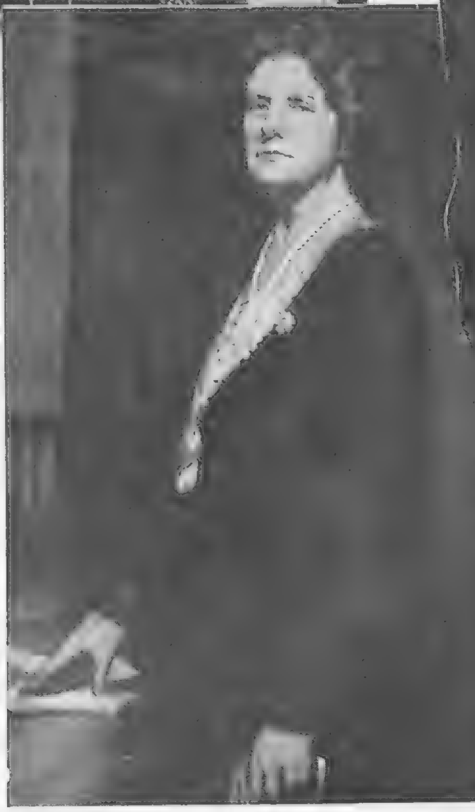
" Hello, Lady Rhondda," you say. " So this is your office."

It is a large, lofty room with cream walls, a big desk at the far end of the room near the window, and with an

A Gallery of Women

Contemporary Portraits:

No. 7, Viscountess Rhondda



A PORTRAIT of Lady Rhondda painted by Miss Alice Mary Burton. (Above) Lady Rhondda standing beside a presentation portrait painted by Miss Alice Mary Burton

open fireplace with a very happy fire in it. Except for the desk and the few papers upon it, and the two telephones, there is nothing at all in the room to suggest that it is an office. It is, in fact, the most un-officy office I have ever been in.

Through the window, and the black skeleton branches of winter trees beyond, we look at an old grey building. It is familiar.

(Continued on page 80)

BOOKS: Reviewed by Arnold Palmer

Ll. G. *and* H. G.: The *Awful* Past, The Worse Future

The Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, *whose War Memoirs (first volume) is reviewed in this article*

ANYONE who has the time and the wish to refresh his memory of English history during the last thirty years and to study the chances of our national future might do worse than settle down to the four or five new books which I have just been reading. He could begin with *The Post Victorians* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 10s. 6d.), a collection of short, critical biographies of 40 celebrities by 40 different writers. These range from Marie Lloyd, by Mr. James Agate, to Joseph Chamberlain, by Sir Fabian Ware; from Keir Hardie, by Mr. James Maxton, to Lord Fisher, by Mr. Herbert Sidebotham; from Sir Thomas Lipton, by Mr. William Blackwood, to Mrs. Pankhurst, by Miss Rebecca West. I particularly enjoyed George Moore, by Mr. Humbert Wolfe; Earl Haig, by Mr. Henry Nevinson; and Arnold Bennett, by Mr. Robert Lynd; but almost all the essays are first rate, and I confidently recommend the book. Dean Inge has contributed a good Introduction, but he is not, it seems, the editor. Whoever is responsible for the collection has performed a difficult task with much skill. Some of the subjects, like Joseph Chamberlain and Lord Roberts, are distinctly more Victorian than Post. A few, like Sir Henry Segrave, are positively Georgian. But they all earn their welcome.

Having thus cleaned and varnished the background, the reader is now ready for the War. Since the trouble began with Austria, it would be fitting to draw attention to *A Caged Bird*, by Maureen Fleming (Selwyn and Blount, 10s. 6d.). But this "romantic biography of Elizabeth, Empress of Austria," is far too romantic to be good biography. Serious work, moreover, lies ahead. Of all the leading figures in the World War, Mr. Lloyd George has refrained the longest from (*Continued in column* 4)

Adventure

"The Jungle in Sunlight and Shadow": *by F. W. Champion*
(Chatto and Windus, 21s.)

"Far Vistas": *by Sir Percival Phillips*
(Methuen, 12s. 6d.)

"Rolling Round the Horn": *by Claude Muncaster*
(Rich and Cowan, 15s.)

"Amateur Pilot": *by The Earl of Cardigan*
(Putnam, 7s. 6d.)

READERS who recollect *With a Camera in Tigerland* will be to some extent prepared for the interesting matter and the really wonderful photographs of Mr. Champion's book. His 96 close-ups of leopards, tigers, pythons, etc., are the result of years of patient labour. The text is well adapted to every kind of reader, including those who have never been to India or learned to handle a rifle or a camera. Mr. Champion shows us the wild animals of one country. Sir Percival Phillips shows us the wild men of all. From his newspaper articles he has selected 40; he moves easily from bull-fights to bandits, from Marseilles to Shanghai, and he, too, takes his camera with him. His book is like those news reels which take you round the world in an hour, and may be relied upon to amuse without unduly disturbing you.

THE EARL OF CARDIGAN

CLAUDE MUNCASTER

DO you know how many ocean-going sailing ships still fly the Red Ensign? The answer is none. So Mr. Muncaster, the painter, who wished to round Cape Horn in a windjammer while it is still possible and he is still young, had to go all the way to Australia in a steamer and trust to luck, when there, in finding a vessel and a skipper who was willing to engage an inexperienced foreigner. By his energy and enthusiasm he got himself enrolled as a member of the crew of the Finnish four-masted barque *Olivebank*, Captain Lindgren. Four and a half months later, after endless risks and sufferings, he was discharged at Cardiff and handed his earnings—£9. This book deserves a page all to itself. It is great reading. Don't miss it. There is the same sort of spirit in Lord Cardigan as in Mr. Muncaster. His *Amateur Pilot* is meant for the man or woman who would like to take up flying but is a little diffident about starting. It is written with great clearness and unfailing common sense, and appears to do precisely what it sets out to do. It contains a number of plates, yet costs no more than an ordinary novel.

New Novels

"Bencomo": by Cunliffe Owen
(Rich and Cowan, 7s. 6d.)

"Folly Field": by Adrian Bell
(Cobden Sanderson, 7s. 6d.)

"The Gowk Storm": by N. Brysson Morrison (Collins, 7s. 6d.)

"A Child in the Theatre": by Rachel Ferguson (Benn, 7s. 6d.)

"Lost Horizon": by James Hilton
(Macmillan, 7s. 6d.)

IN their various ways, these five novels all deserve attention. *Bencomo* tells, in three hops—1450, 1765, 1940—the history of the island of Teneriffe and its inhabitants. *Folly Field* is by the author of *Corduroy* and other quiet, enchanting stories of farm-life in East Anglia. In this age of hurry Mr. Bell's books might easily have been overlooked. Their popularity is very gratifying, and reflects credit on the public's love of nature and appreciation of good work. *The Gowk Storm* is another quiet story—the scene a lonely manse in Scotland, the time any time except (surely) the present. Here is a Romantic novel, as Romance was understood 100 years ago—lochs, hills, melodrama, and dying for love, a narrative of prim prose and theatrical imagination. It might easily have been ridiculous; it is, instead, real. Beneath its old-fashioned exterior run strong and deep emotions. Miss Morrison is one of those people who can wear an out-moded gown and make other people look not smart, but a little common. It needs an inner distinction to do that sort of thing.

Miss Ferguson, with her accustomed air of fine frenzy, returns to an old love in *A Child in the Theatre*—life behind the scenes, or debunking the stage. It is good fun, if at times a trifle forced. Last, but best of all, *Lost Horizon*, by that quite admirable but still underrated writer, Mr. James Hilton. He has produced four previous novels, all of them extremely good and utterly different from each other; yet not one of them has really "rung the bell" of public approval. *Lost Horizon* is a story of two Englishmen, an English woman and an American fugitive from justice, who are kidnapped and taken to a Thibetan monastery. The tale moves swiftly and without a moment's pause; but some readers will enjoy even more than the excitement the lamas' philosophy of moderation in all things, including truthfulness. A delightful novel.

N. BRYSSON MORRISON

(*Continued from first column*) publishing his memoirs. In some ways he has been wise to wait until his companions and his rivals have shown their hands. He gets the last word. But in other ways his prudence has been disadvantageous to him. The other fellows have got in first, and we read him now with rather doubting minds. *War Memoirs of David Lloyd George*, Volume I (Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 21s.). It is a big book. It might have been *the* book. Instead, it reveals to our curious eyes a man bent on reminding us that the War was his heyday. There used to be a story, probably untrue, that Clemenceau complained that the work of the Peace Conference was greatly complicated by President Wilson's belief that he was the Messiah and Mr. Lloyd George's conviction that he was a second Bonaparte. As one reads these memoirs one often recalls that story.

AS early as January 1st, 1915, Mr. Lloyd George was composing and circularising to the War Council long memoranda on strategy. His confidence was supreme, and perhaps superb. And there is no doubt that the services he rendered to the country were immense. If he had not been available to tackle the problem of munitions (the story takes up nearly half the volume and is swollen by much repetition), the result of the war would probably have been different. He has certain qualities which made him invaluable. But if we try to tabulate his qualities, with the idea of analysing a great man, we soon find ourselves uncertain what to put on the credit side and what to put on the debit. (1) No vestige of self-criticism, beyond an occasional uneasy anxiety to shift blame. (2) Keen eye for others' faults. (3) Exceptional mental quickness and ingenuity. (4) Boundless mental and physical energy. (5) A turgid style, borrowed from the Sunday newspapers with the largest circulations. (6) In the words of Colonel House, a "something dynamic"—no actress ever treasured up good notices more carefully than Mr. Lloyd George. (7) A profound lack of interest in, and absence of ability and even the wish to portray, the characters of eminent men

(*Continued on page 83*)

Comic Relief

"A Wandering Minstrel": by Sir Henry Lytton
(Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.)

"Looking Back on Life": by George Robey (Constable, 7s. 6d.)

NOBODY knows, presumably, which of these two comedians has the bigger following. Sir Henry Lytton's publishers estimate that there are 3,000,000 lovers of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas in Great Britain alone. Messrs. Constable don't even try to guess the number of people who never miss a chance of seeing Mr. Robey. But it is doubtful whether many readers will be drawn to more than one of these volumes. In other words, the two publics are probably as distinct as the authors. Sir Henry and the Savoyard entourage—one cannot think of them apart. "George"—one sees a battered cleric above the footlights, solitary and undefeated, a lonely cork bobbing in the sea, a single figure against an unnoticed background. It is evident, says Sir James Barrie in his introduction, "that he has that moment escaped from a just captivity. He always arrives on the stage with an air of triumph, as if he had eluded people who were waiting in the wings (I think they are called) to intercept him. Every time he goes off I expect they are at once after him, for when he returns he looks more elated than ever." Yes, and how surprised he is to find that, after all, he isn't alone, that there is an audience; and how suspicious he is of that audience, how careful to keep it at arm's length, to check any undue intimacy! A lonely figure, by choice, you feel, as well as by misfortune.

And yet it is Sir Henry, and not Mr. Robey, who has known the bitterness of failure, the despair of being down and almost out. Sir Henry, in his early days, had a long and painful struggle. Mr. Robey, the son of a civil engineer, was educated at Dresden, Leipsic and Cambridge before entering his father's profession; it was as a successful amateur that he got his first chance on the stage, and his success was immediate. These two books, both so enjoyable, are full of contrasts. There is one contrast too many: Sir Henry's volume badly needs an index.

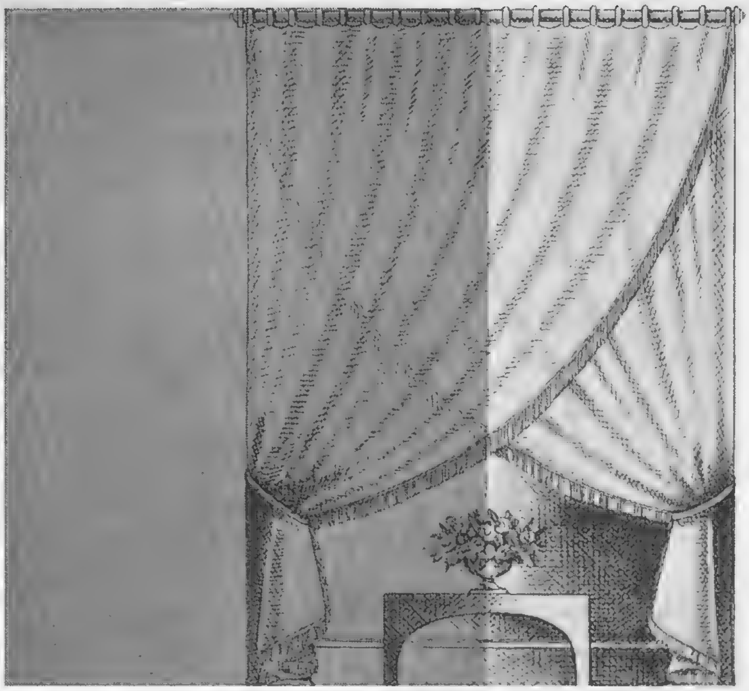
SIR HENRY LYTTON

GEORGE ROBEY

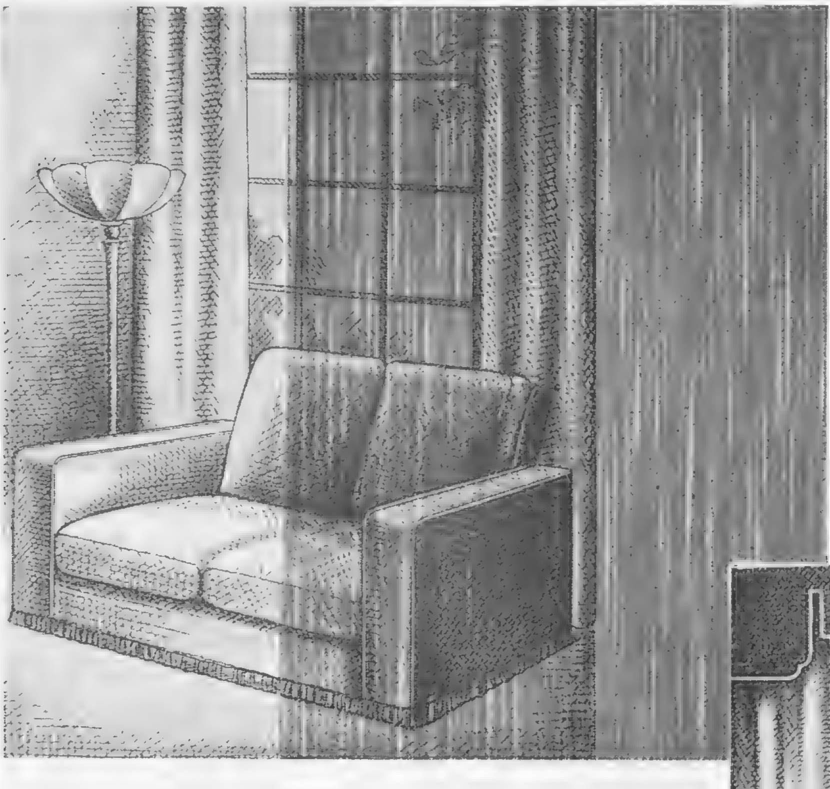
New Weaves suggest New *forms* of Decoration

I HAVE had occasion recently to visit several manufacturers of furnishing and dress materials, and the vast improvement both in taste and execution which has taken place in this country within the last few years amounts almost to a revolution. The excellent and restrained taste of the Georgian era, which has left an indelible mark on the domestic life of the country and given us the reputation of extreme good taste in our interiors, was perilously near to being swamped by the flood of cheap machine-made goods manufactured during the latter part of the last century. The back-to-nature handicraft attempts of William Morris and his followers, good though many of them were, were doomed to failure. Evolution is too strong for any isolated group of people to resist, no matter how right their principles and how excellent their work. The solution lay, not in reviving the handcrafts suitable to another age and its conditions, but in improving the quality of the manufactured article which, whether we like it or not, has come to stay. This is exactly what is happening. A few years ago the Royal Society of Arts got into touch with some of the most distinguished artists in the country and tried to utilise their knowledge and good taste for the benefit of the manufacturers. Unfortunately, the gulf between designer and executor has, with the growth of machinery, become wider and wider and the task of bringing them together again is not an easy one, but the better understanding that is gradually growing up is manifest in much of the material manufactured to-day. A great many people are under the impression, erroneous, I am convinced, that "the public" have bad taste and like ugly things, but it is well to remember that until recently they have had little or no choice in the matter. There were the palaces, which democracy has thrown open to the people, full of ancient treasures, which even if they could be copied were totally unsuited to the conditions of the masses, and there were the hideous manufactured goods which alone were within reach of their purse. That it would be possible for them to possess lovely things, suitable to their requirements and *cheap*, seemed improbable, but already this desirable state of affairs has come to pass. Two factors are responsible: the closer alliance between artists and manufacturers, which is gradually resulting in many beautiful things being made by machine, and the even closer alliance between the manufacturer and that modern wizard, the scientist. He it is by methods too complicated and mysterious for the lay mind to comprehend, who has made a silk purse out of a sow's ear and brought beauty within the reach of all.

M. G.

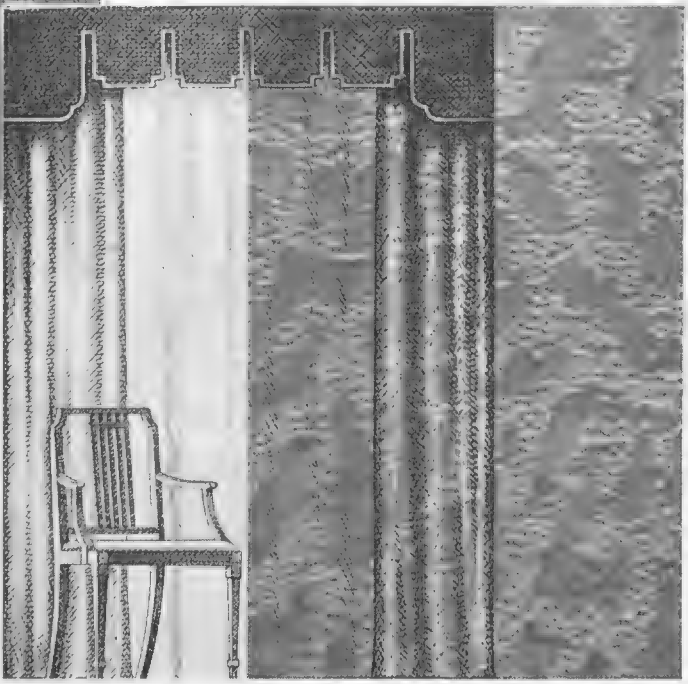


AN EXQUISITELY fine Celanese silk net in palest cream colour would look enchanting draped cross-ways across the window of a young girl's bedroom. It should hang from a thick wooden rod and be edged with silk fringe. This Celanese net practically never gets dirty as its smooth surface does not hold the dirt and careful brushing will be all that is necessary to keep it clean for many, many months



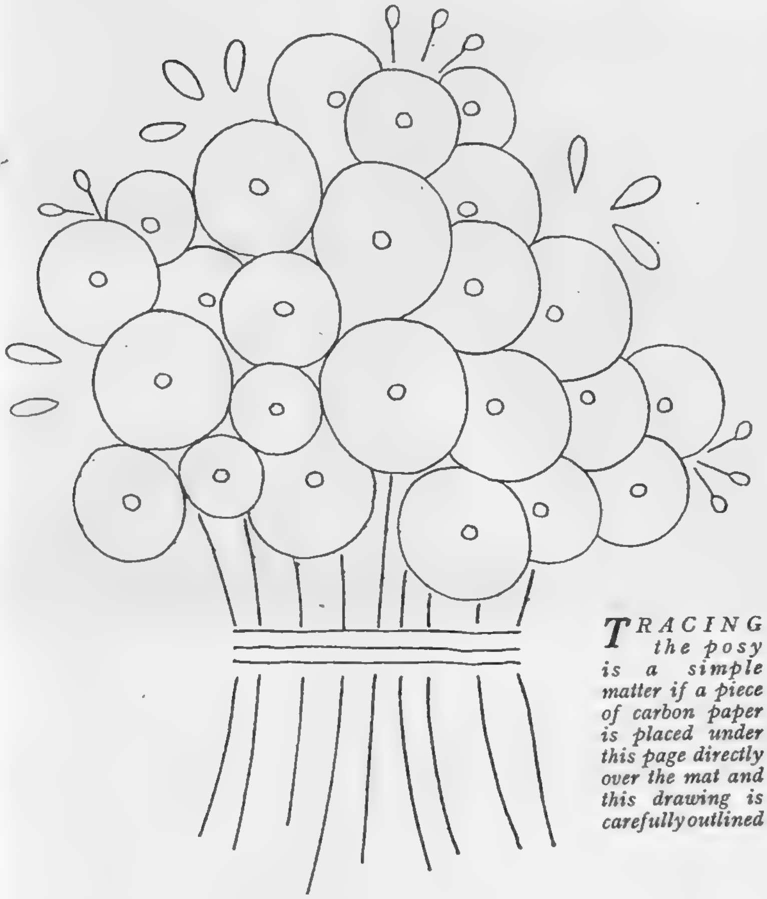
THIS new type of Celanese ripple velvet is particularly in harmony with the severe geometrical lines of contemporary furniture and its deep pile gives depth and softness to what might otherwise be an inhospitable style. It can be obtained in a wide range of colours in a series of lovely shot effects

A LOVELY version of antique velvet, but one which is eminently suitable for modern decorating schemes, is made by Celanese and is sold at such a remarkably low figure that it is well within the reach of all. It would look equally well for curtains and chair covers and wears practically for ever



A Flower *Embroidered* Mat *in* Natural *Crash*

A suggestion which may help to solve the Christmas Present problem



TRACING the posy is a simple matter if a piece of carbon paper is placed under this page directly over the mat and this drawing is carefully outlined

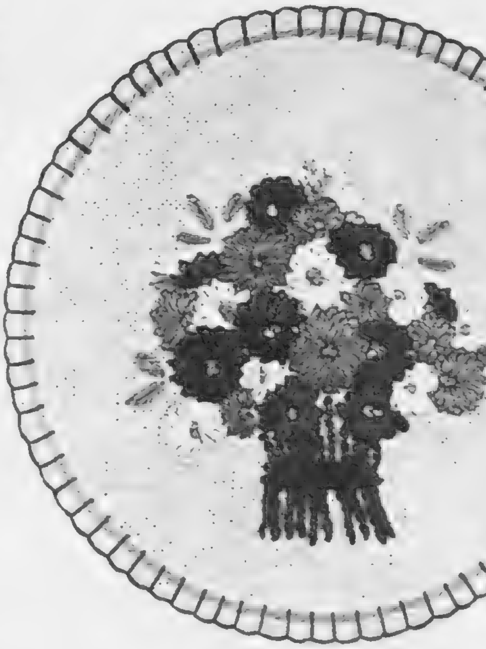
THE choice of colouring should be dictated by the decorative scheme of your room, but there is hardly a shade which is not to be found in the colour-range of "Anchor" Soft Embroidery Thread

PEOPLE nowadays have tables made of such lovely woods that they are often loth to cover them under cloths and, therefore, welcome the alternative of mats which protect the polish while setting off the grain. An excellent Christmas present would be a set of these mats embroidered in gay colours such as the one illustrated here, which is of natural crash embroidered in Michaelmas-daisy colours in "Anchor" Soft Embroidery Thread.

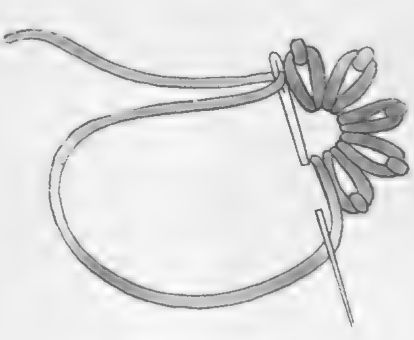
This is a new thread only recently put on the market, and has the double advantage of being as soft and fluffy as wool but, since it is composed of cotton, it washes excellently and never shrinks. The colours, of course, are fast.

To make, draw a circle seven inches in diameter on two thicknesses of natural crash and cut out. Trace the posy on to the centre of the mat (if you have drawn your circle with a compass you can mark the centre with a pin), and embroider all the flower-heads with a "lazy-daisy" stitch as shown in the diagram. Fill in the centres with French knots, the stems in stem-stitch, and keep the embroidery flat and firm. When you have finished the embroidery, tack both circles of crash together, buttonhole the edge and make a running-stitch in a contrasting colour between each buttonhole-stitch.

Wine colour was chosen to embroider the darker flower-heads shown above, with lilac and pink for the lighter ones, green for the leaves and French knots, and brown for the stalks and buttonhole-stitch. The mat would look well in crimson, royal-blue and white on natural crash, and charmingly autumnal in wallflower colourings of madder, orange and yellow on coarse, jade-green linen. The wide range of colours in "Anchor" Soft Embroidery Thread will suggest to you an infinite variety of colour schemes.



HERE is the finished mat with the posy embroidered in wine, mauve and pink, colours which would particularly suit the delicacy of a rosewood dining table



SIMPLE but effective, the "lazy-daisy" is worked on the principle of the chain-stitch. "Anchor" Soft Embroidery Thread should be used, as it works well, wears well, and its colours are fast

THIS charming picture of perfect womanhood, entitled "Meditation," is the work of Walter Bird, and was exhibited in the London Salon of Photography

Fashioned So Slenderly . . .

WOMEN have been rated soundly by the doctors for undermining their health and nervous system by drastic slimming cures, and there is no doubt that semi-starvation, with the complimentary title of "dieting," and exhausting exercises and baths, may have a deleterious effect, while the drugs to which the victims of adiposity resort are often actually dangerous unless used under strict medical supervision.

The especial danger is the feminine tendency to exaggeration; women are seldom content to *do* things, their impatience inclines them to *over-do* things. Nearly all the quack cures and quack religions have been inaugurated or publicised by women. Still, the modern ideal of beauty is synonymous with slenderness. The film stars, who set a standard of beauty to-day, are limited to a certain weight, avoirdupois. No woman can do justice to the lovely lines of contemporary fashions unless she is slim—but not scraggy.

Emaciation, which contradicts that other very potent fetish for vitality and fitness, essential to the strenuous modern life, is definitely unæsthetic, as well as pathological; and it must be admitted that drastic and rapid reducing courses are debilitating and *unbecoming*.

On the other hand, doctors are agreed that superfluous adipose tissue is unhealthy. The difficulty has been to dissipate fat without reducing the vitality of the "patient." At last there is a solution to this ever-present problem.

Slimming with safety: a natural & scientific method of attaining health and symmetry

In the past, wise men and women placed great faith in the beneficial effects of herbal infusions, and to this day, on the Continent, especially in France, where women have mastered the art of keeping their health and "verve," their figures and their charm more thoroughly than the women of any other country in the world, the *tisane* (a herbal decoction) is considered as almost a panacea, and an *infusion de camomile*, digestive and blood-clarifying, is more often seen on the tables of famous beauties than the conventional cup of coffee.

The latest and most scientific slimming cure is literally an infusion—a tea made from bark and vegetable essences, carefully and scientifically blended. Actually, it contains forty-two ingredients, brought from all parts of the world, and combining tonic vitamins, metallic salts, such as strychnine, iron, and arsenic, derived from their natural sources, and also glucose; this herbal "tea" is, therefore, not only useful in dissolving fatty tissue, but is beneficial to the digestion, nervous and debilitated conditions, and anæmia. Its purifying action on the blood makes it of very definite value in the treatment of all toxic conditions, including the accumulation of uric acid, which produces rheumatism, gout and skin affections due to acidity.

This slimming treatment is, as far as I know, unique in being also a tonic, with medically acknowledged curative qualities, with high vitamin content and containing valuable mineral salts which assist natural metabolism and the elimination of toxins, and its effects are discernible, after a few days, in a general feeling of well-being, increased energy, and clearness of eyes and skin.

The simplicity of the treatment also commends itself. You make the infusion as you would tea, by pouring boiling water on the prepared herbal leaves.

The strength of the infusion and the frequency with which it is taken must be regulated by your particular needs. If it is desired to reduce twenty to forty pounds in six weeks, a teaspoonful, infused in a cup of boiling water for five minutes, should be taken after meals three times a day. For normal reduction, a small teaspoonful infused for five minutes is prescribed for fourteen days, followed by a cup of the herbal tea at morning and evening meals only.

Apart from slimming, a course of the infusions improve a run-down nervous system, headaches, biliousness, and their attendant ills, including sleeplessness.

This scientific preparation has been named "Slendene Valetta Slimming Tonic," and can be bought in packets containing sufficient of the herbal tonic for a six- to ten-weeks' treatment.

—and BEAUTY

YARDLEY'S Oatmeal Soap
YARDLEY ... TALC BORATED
YARDLEY'S Fine Oatmeal Soap

YARDLEY'S excellent products include not only a series of particularly pure soaps and powders for Baby, but also such luxurious perfumes, powders and other toilet requisites as those shown below. Many of these are packed into attractively designed coffrets and make the most charming gifts

By

"Chrysis"

Fragrance and Beauty: The Ineffable Alliance

WITH his peculiar talent for expressing the profound in superficial terms, Wilde said that there were people who knew the price of everything and the value of nothing, and this is more true to-day than it was at his own moment. Tradition and epicurean education, if not dead, are suffering from pernicious anæmia, and there is a kind of desperate and ignorant resort to evaluation by cost. I am afraid that this is particularly applicable where the "spending" classes are concerned. There is a modern tendency to believe that what is expensive must be good. There is another curious fetish, most remarkable in an insular and "patriotic" people, to respect and applaud alien extraction and nomenclature. (I need not reiterate the fact that English artistes find it necessary to assume Russian and Italian aliases to obtain recognition.) This perverted or inverted snobbery applies to art, fashion, and even to cosmetics and perfumery.

This is no place for Political considerations, but economics inevitably play their part, and of necessity many people have been forced to investigate the merits of native products. (Is this an article on beauty culture ?)

Forgive me the preamble! I have two points to make. The first, that the most costly article is not, necessarily, the best. The second, that the essentials of beauty culture and the loveliness and fragrance which have always been, and will always be, essential to the fastidious toilet, have been the preoccupation, scientific and commercial, of at least one English firm, for hundreds of years, and have now reached a pitch of perfection which is admirable—and interesting.

There is romance in the origin of the famous firm of Yardleys, in 1770, their adoption of the beautiful print from Wheatly's series of "Street Cries of London," and it is interesting that the poster founded on the original print gained the largest number of public votes at the recent advertising exhibition at Olympia. But what should interest any woman who desires exquisite perfumes and really good toilet accessories, beauty products and cosmetics, at prices which, astonishingly, are a quarter, sometimes a fifth, of the price of some Continental products with which they compete on equal terms as far as quality is concerned, is that Yardley's have kept "abreast of the times," and are offering delightful and exotic toilet accessories in modernist and æsthetic form.

I would like to write an article exclusively about their scents. Apart from the well-known and inimitable Lavender, there is the Freezia, April Violets, and Red Roses, incomparable in their way as floral essences. Their most recent products are the subtle, modernist "Orchis," and the gay, lovely and evocative "Fragrance," really delicious perfumes, equal in quality and prestige to the most expensive scents.

These two perfumes have been incorporated in a series of delightful and chemically sound toilet preparations. The face-powders are fine, pure, and made up in an appropriate variety of "fashionable" colourings. The Yardley Face Cream, which cleanses and nourishes, is the perfect toilet preparation. Their new foundation cream and cream rouges advance the art and science of cosmetics.

The presentation of even invincible goods is of importance in this æsthetically conscious age; the silver box, so simple and satisfying, in which their powders are encased, is an ornament to any dressing-table. The colour of the rim denotes the various scents: black for Orchis, green for "Jessamine," red for "Freezia," mauve for "April Violets." The new "Fragrance" series has a distinctive and attractive design of its own.

One of the most interesting departures is the charming compactums, making ideal presentations, with luxurious effect, at almost ridiculously low prices. That awful problem—what to give a man as a Christmas present, is solved by the boxes containing shaving-cream, brilliantine, after-shaving lotion, and the unique invisible talc, or the neat, flat leatherette travelling cases in which are shaving cream, after-shaving lotion, and invisible talc. The latter really represents a brain-wave, as most men use a talcum powder after shaving, and it seems never to have occurred to anyone before that the powdery appearance which men hate could be avoided by making a pure and fine talc of natural flesh colour!

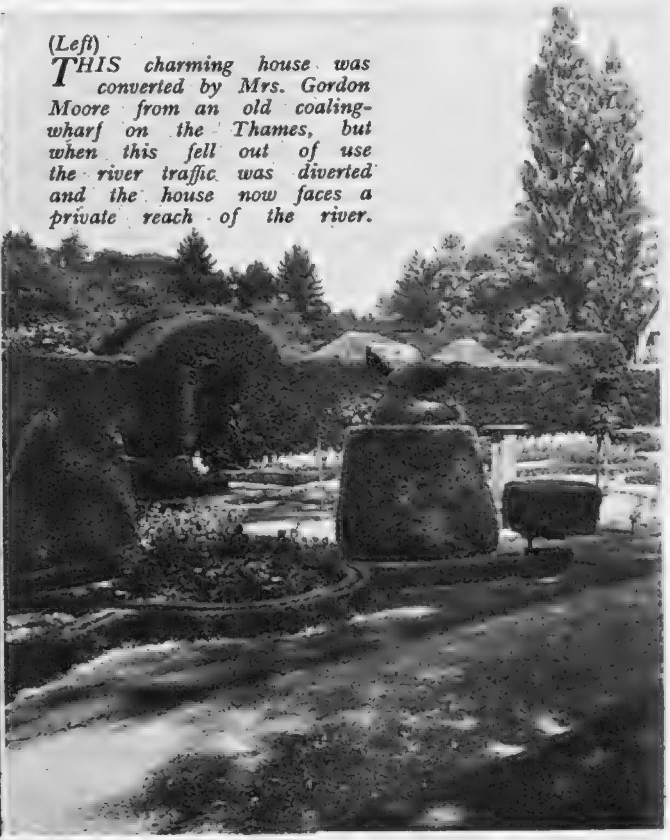
ORCHIS TALC
YARDLEY
ORCHIS
YARDLEY

Hedsor Wharf,

The delightful riverside home of Dr.

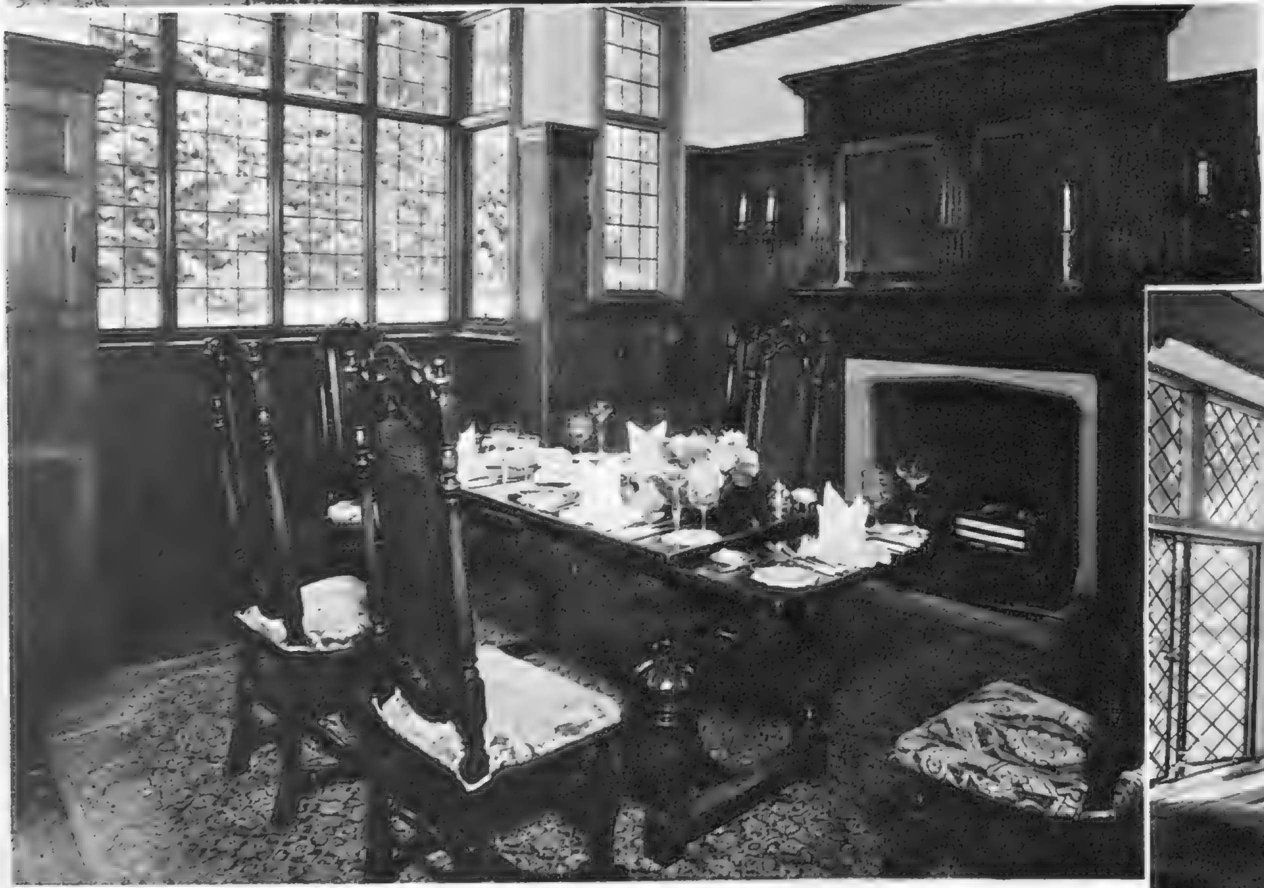
Dr. Gordon Moore is Physician-in-
one daughter, Peggy, one of the prettiest

(Left)
THIS charming house was converted by Mrs. Gordon Moore from an old coaling-wharf on the Thames, but when this fell out of use the river traffic was diverted and the house now faces a private reach of the river.



THE beautiful gardens include some fine examples of topiary and the smooth, green lawns run down to the river.

Specially photographed for "Britannia and Eve" by "Sasha"



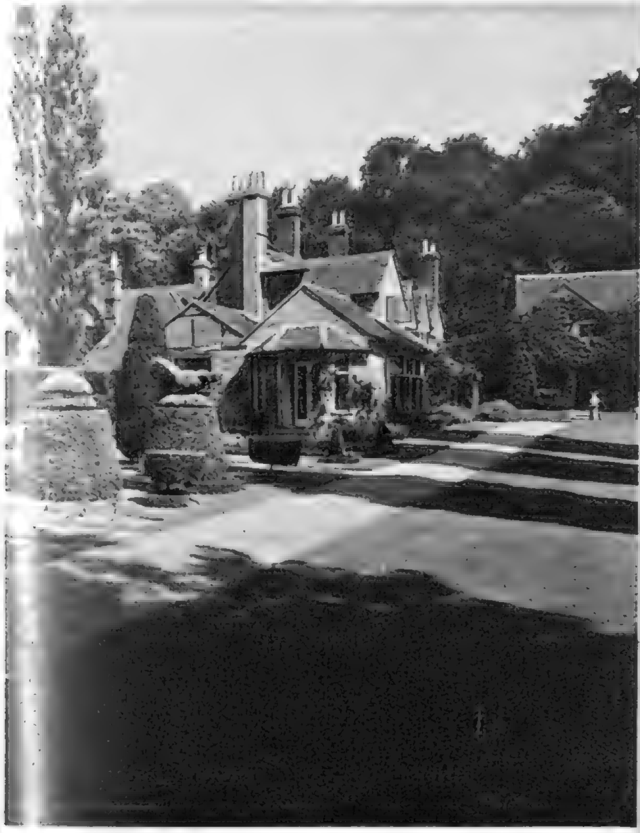
THE dining-room is panelled, and the furniture includes a splendid carved Jacobean table and set of chairs

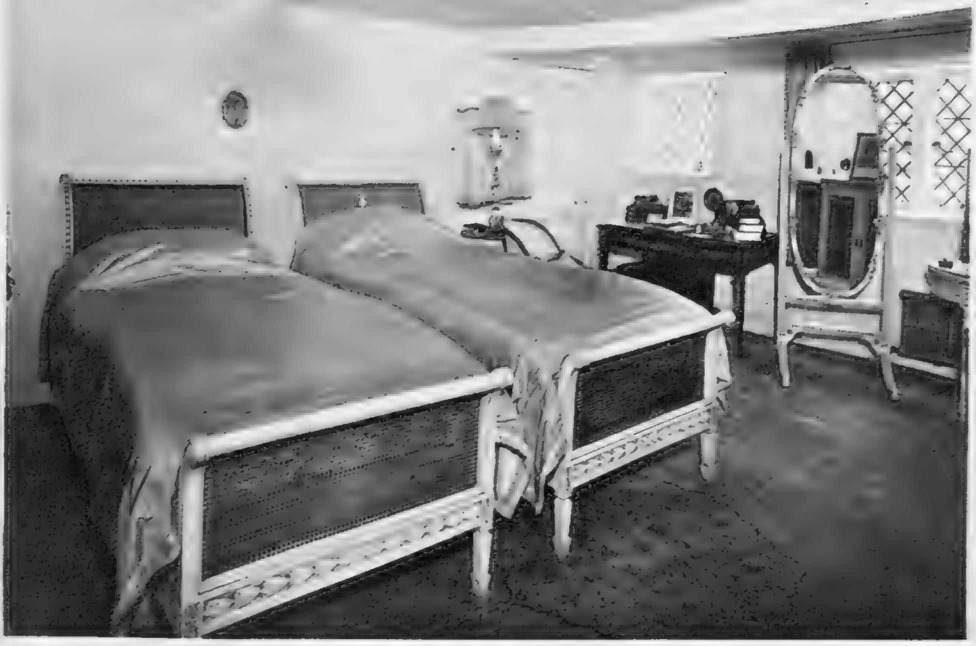
ON the right is shown a view of the charming music room, which is decorated in light pastel shades

Hedsor, Bucks

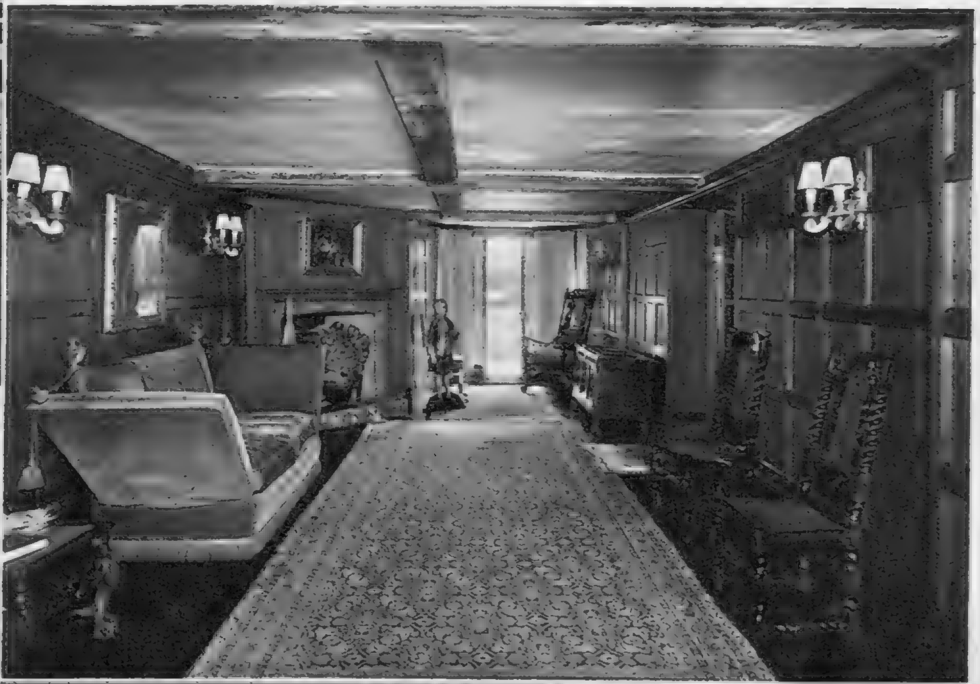
and Mrs. Charles Gordon Moore

Ordinary to Princess Beatrice and they have and most popular of the younger set



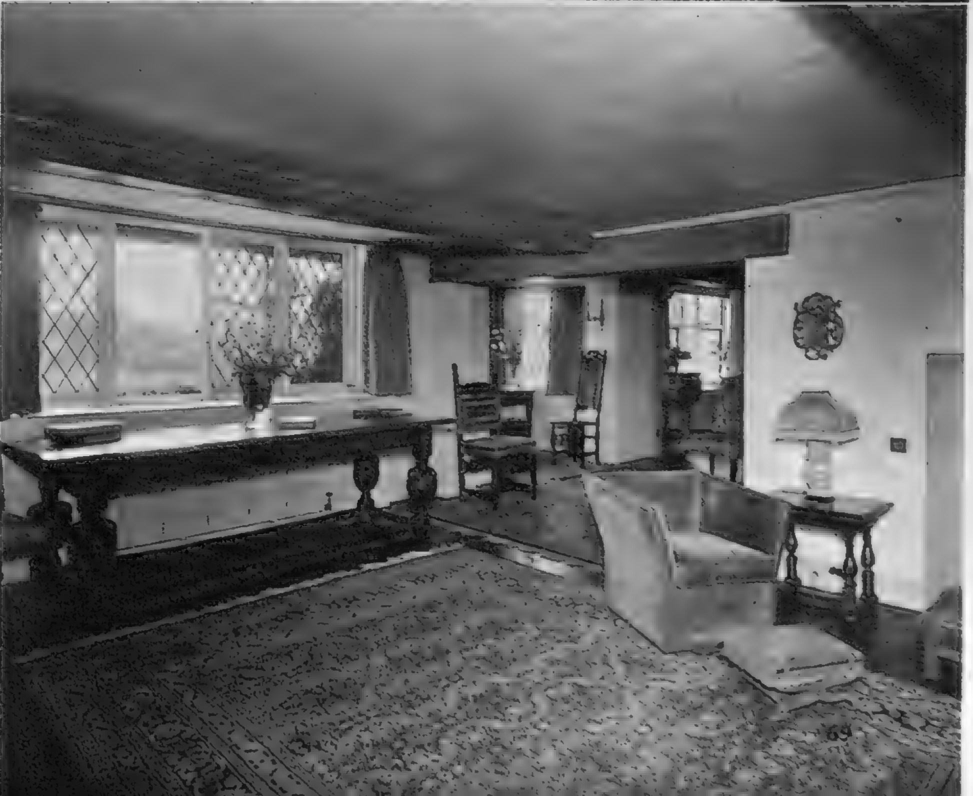


SIMPLE walls washed in light colours give space and light to the rooms, and character is added by the low diamond-paned windows



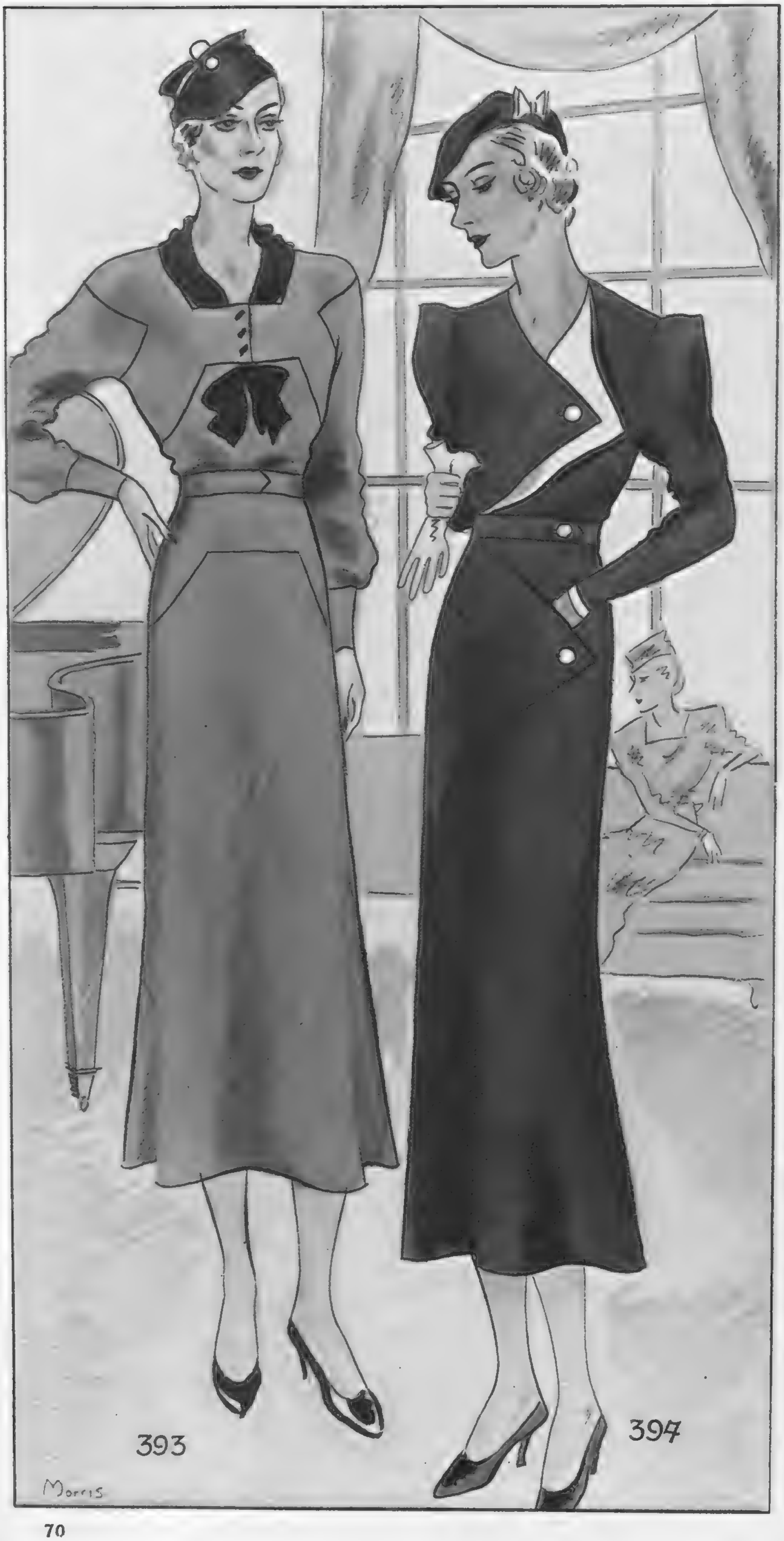
(*Right*)
THE hall is a really welcoming apartment, large and light and comfortably furnished. A Knowle sofa is covered in antique velvet and the walls are panelled in dark oak

(*Bottom, right*)
THE living-room has long windows overlooking a stretch of the river, and its plain white-washed walls form an excellent background to old oak beams and furniture



OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE

Two Useful Dresses to Wear Beneath our Winter Coats

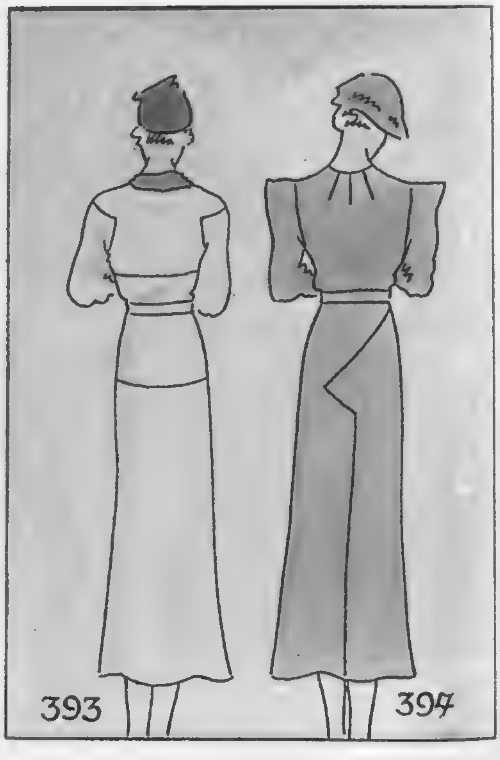


How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post

393. A stone-colour woollen dress has a becoming yoke and shoulder line which is repeated by the hip yoke of the skirt. The cut of the shoulders make it exceptionally easy to make and the wide sleeves are comfortable to wear. The separate scarf is of navy blue crêpe de Chine; 3¼ yards of 50" material are required for the dress, and ½ yard of 36" material for the scarf

394. By an ingenious arrangement this becoming white rever can be removed and replaced without any effort: a few press studs are placed beneath the cross-over line of the dress and the rever is turned over and held in place by one large button. The dress, with its smart, pointed shoulder-line is made of navy blue or dark brown and the skirt is of the wrap-around variety. 3¼ yards of 50" material are required for the dress and ⅜ yard of 36" material for the rever

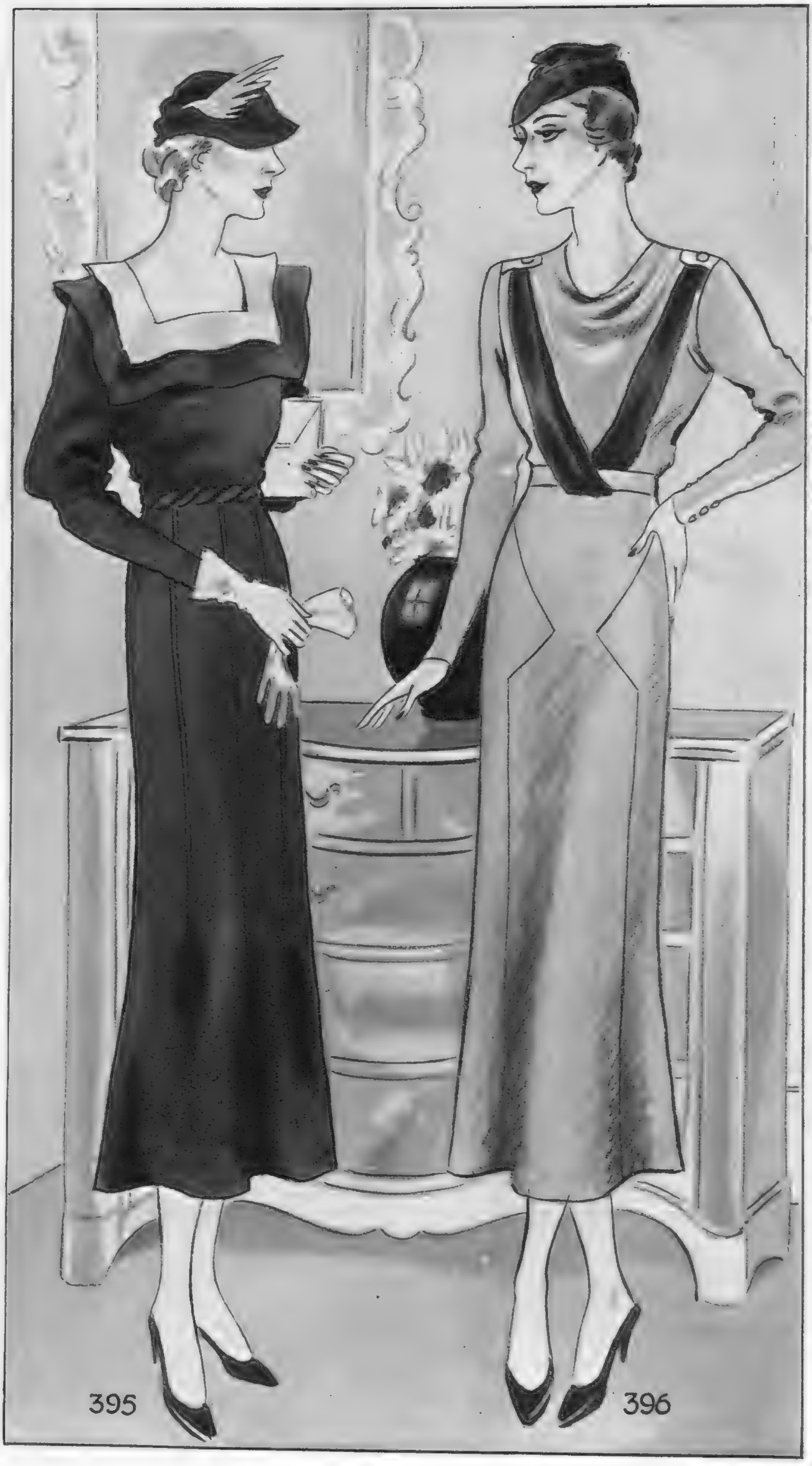


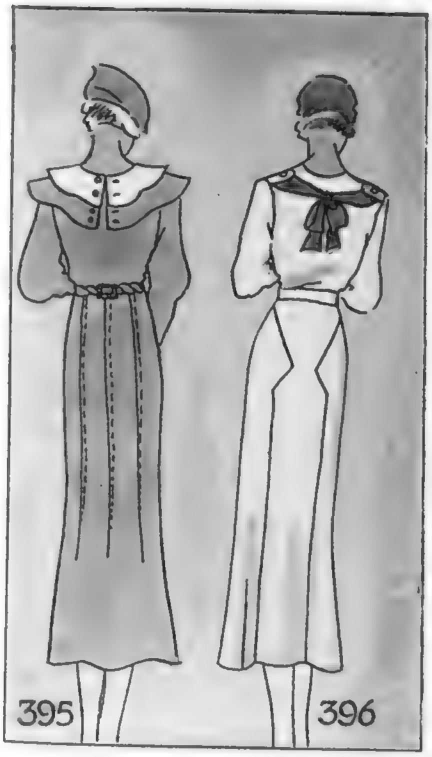
for the HOME DRESSMAKER

Styles which the Amateur will find Easy to Make

396. For the older woman this gown of wine colour crêpe de Chine with a scarf of navy blue would look most effective. The cowl neck-line is becoming and the scarf, which is caught on either shoulder by buttoned tabs, is tied in a bow between the shoulders at the back. The skirt is cut on slender lines and is as easy to wear as it is to make. 4¼ yards of 39" material are required for the dress and 2 yards of 3"-wide ribbon for the scarf

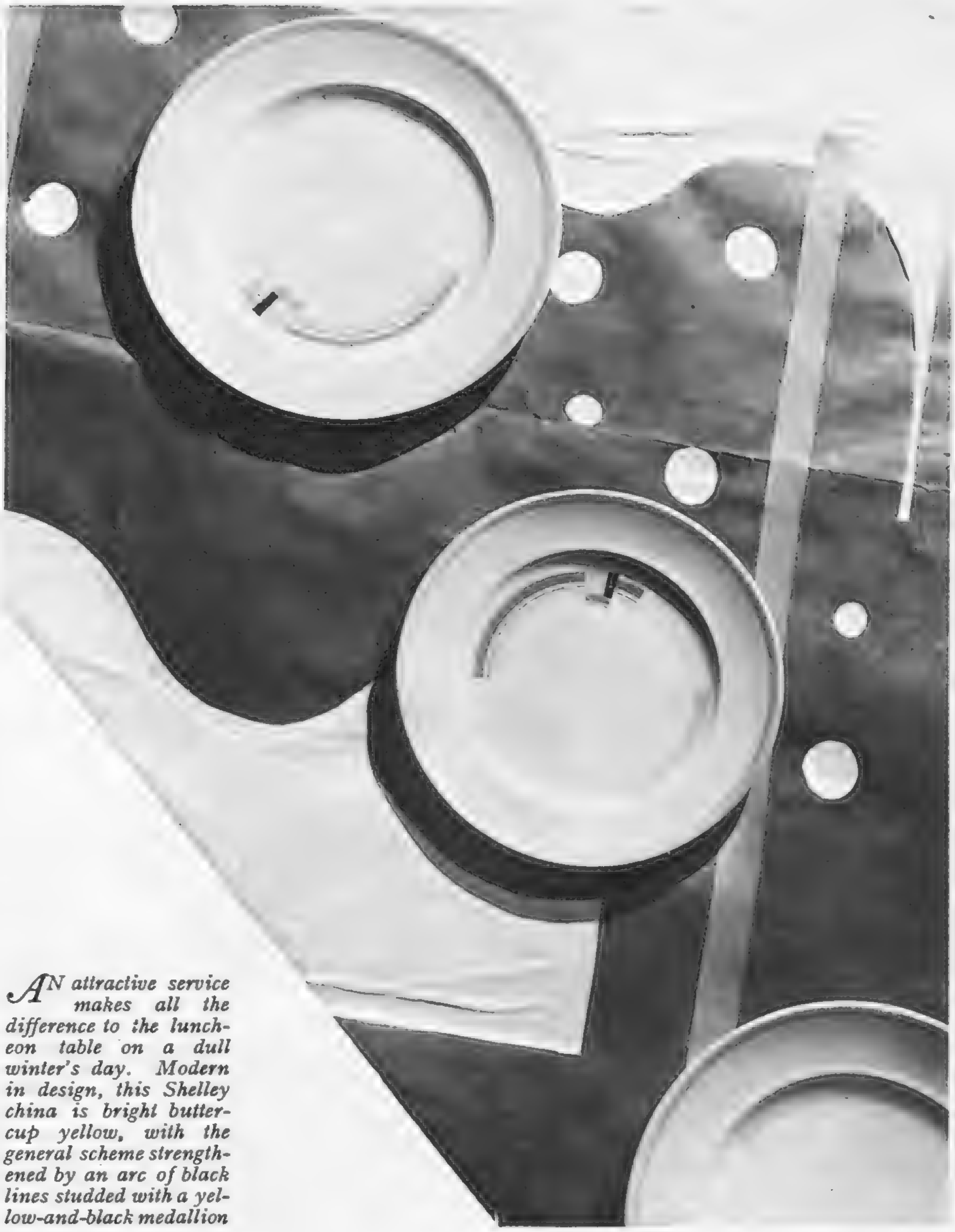
395. This is a wearable afternoon gown which would look equally well in black velvet or any of the artificial silk and wool materials now procurable. Celanese are making a new crinkly crêpe, which would be charming. The skirt is shaped by means of tucks which are let out just above the knees and the square collar is of white ottoman silk. 4¼ yards of 38" material are required for the dress and ½ yard of 36" material for the collar





Winter *Luncheon* Dishes

which contains good news for the hurried or harassed housewife, and a simplification of many of her difficulties



AN attractive service makes all the difference to the luncheon table on a dull winter's day. Modern in design, this Shelley china is bright buttercup yellow, with the general scheme strengthened by an arc of black lines studded with a yellow-and-black medallion

By A. H.

IT is, perhaps, more difficult to vary the day's menus during the winter months, when we all need heavier and more substantial meals. During the hot weather all sorts of light dishes and salads can be improvised, and fruit and vegetables are plentiful and varied. But now our supplies are greatly restricted and we have to look to other sources for inspiration.

Fortunately, the modern store-cupboard can be as full of a variety of good things as a country market, and it is amusing as well as awe-inspiring to realise that from the products of one great firm alone we can produce a delicious meal; varied, appetising and giving complete satisfaction to the guests who eat it and no worry at all to the woman whose "job" it is to prepare it.

Here is an example of a menu composed entirely of dishes whose chief ingredients are from the famous firm of Foster Clark. Nothing could be more varied and, although the dishes are simplicity in themselves, we can still have the fun of putting a little of our own personality into the preparation of each dish.

Tomato Soup.

Peel and chop finely one onion and brown it lightly in a little butter. Meanwhile put one Foster Clark's Tomato Soup square into a bowl, break it up and add enough hot water to make a smooth paste, then add the remainder of one-and-a-half pints of hot water, stirring all the time. Add this to the onion, with salt and pepper to taste, also a *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and a bay-leaf tied together. Bring to the boil and simmer for ten minutes, then strain the soup into a clean saucepan. Bring the soup to the boil again and throw in a handful of vermicelli, broken into small pieces. Boil until this is cooked, which should take about eight minutes.

Toulouse Beans.

Peel and chop finely one onion and brown it in dripping or bacon fat. Put it to one side of the pan and then brown one or two pork sausages and about the same quantity of pieces of mutton. When cooked, cut the sausages into pieces matching the pieces of mutton. Add one tin of Foster Clark's Cooked Beans, salt and pepper to taste, and two tablespoonsful of tomato sauce. Mix well together and put the mixture into a buttered fireproof dish or pie-dish. Sprinkle the top with bread-crumbs and a few tiny pieces of butter, and brown in a quick oven.

Petits Pois à la française.

Put a tablespoonful of sugar into a saucepan with a teacupful of cold water. Dissolve the sugar and bring to the boil. Add half-a-dozen button onions carefully peeled. Boil fiercely until the onions are cooked and glazed, by which time practically all the water will have disappeared. Now put in a tin of Foster Clark's Garden Peas, well drained. Add a good piece of butter, salt and pepper to taste and make thoroughly hot.

Banana Custard.

Take (for six people) six bananas, peel them, cut them into pieces and mash them with a fork. Then beat them in a bowl until they are quite frothy. Add sugar and lemon juice and mix with one pint of Foster Clark's Cream Custard. Serve very cold.

Cheese Rolls.

Beat two ounces of butter to a cream, add two ounces of grated cheese, and the same quantity of Foster Clark's cream custard powder. Add a teaspoonful of baking powder and one of salt. Mix well together and break in two eggs previously beaten. Work the dough and form it into little rolls, which should be painted with beaten egg and baked in a hot oven until brown. Serve hot, dusted with a very little cayenne pepper.

CHILDREN do love gay china and they will be sure to fall for the original handles of this Shelley china. The dinner service is in shaded yellow, with oyster grey borders and white centres to the plates. A twenty-six-piece set costs £2 18s. 9d.

For the Children's Party

Adair

THE great problem of arranging the catering for a children's party lies, of course, in combining dishes which are at the same time "exciting" for them without being too rich and indigestible. They expect at a party the kind of food which they do not get every day, hoping also to be allowed to eat rather more than is normally good for them.

But the difficulty is by no means insurmountable if we remember that appearances count far more even than taste, and if we are careful to devote a great deal of thought to the looks of the good things, the rest will follow naturally.

Among other things, children love small things: sweets served in individual glasses, small cakes, pretty and full of colour; bridge rolls instead of ordinary bread used for sandwiches; all these little details are very important and the clever hostess will manage to introduce things which children will not only like but which will be definitely good for them.

Floating Island.

First make a good custard, using either of Foster Clark's vanilla or cream, and let it get cold. Meanwhile beat to a very stiff froth the whites of six eggs, mixing in some icing sugar. Have ready a flat greased tin, put the white of eggs on it and put it in a very quick oven, just long enough to brown lightly the surface.

Put the custard into a large shallow bowl and slip the white of egg into it, when it will float lightly on top of the custard. A further effect can be obtained by sprinkling some hundreds and thousands over the "island."

Prune Custards.

Cook some prunes in the usual manner, having first well soaked them. When they are quite soft remove them, take out the stones and pass the prunes through a sieve. Measure this *purée* and take the same quantity of Foster Clark's almond custard (prepared according to the directions). Mix the two well together and when quite cold put into individual custard glasses, decorating the top of each one with chopped almonds.

Raspberry Jelly Cream.

Dissolve one pint packet of Foster Clark's raspberry jelly in half a pint of hot water and when it is cold add one pint of cream custard, previously prepared according to directions. Mix well together and pour into a jelly mould swilled round with cold water. Put the jelly to set in a cold place and turn out into a pretty dish. Decorate the top with whipped cream and preserved cherries cut in halves and a few little pieces of angelica.

Poached Eggs on Toast.

Have ready some neat rounds of sponge cake made with Foster Clark's Vanilla Sponge Mixture and spread each piece with sweetened whipped cream. In the centre of each, place half a tinned apricot.

The pieces of sponge should be cut according to the size of the apricots, that is to say, they should be about 2 in. bigger in diameter.

Fruit Cup.

Put into a large jug one piece of barley sugar, a few pieces of pineapple and, if you are using them for anything else, a few canned raspberries and strawberries. Add the strained juice of two oranges, and let all this stand to soak for one hour. Just before serving add sufficient Eiffel Tower lemonade, previously prepared according to directions, and properly cold, together with a good splash of soda water.

Hot Punch.

Breaking up the party is not always a very easy matter, especially if it has been a very successful one; as, of course, ours has been. The children, excited and thoroughly worked up, are not at all anxious to leave.

This is where a little surprise in the way of a parting drink (to be served after coats and shoes have been put on) will restore order, help to make the good-byes less tragic, and, which is more important, protect over-heated little bodies against the damp chill which may await them outside.

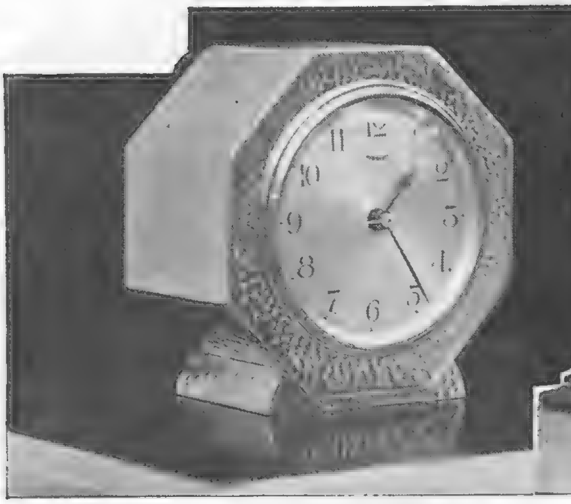
The proportions for this Hot Punch are, for eight people, one pint of prepared Eiffel Tower lemonade, half a pint of dry ginger ale, one orange, a few cloves and sugar to taste.

Stick the oranges with cloves and put them in a large bowl. Add the required quantity of Eiffel Tower lemonade boiling hot. Then pour in the dry ginger ale and stir the mixture well. See that the drink is sweet enough and serve it out with a ladle into glasses.

In the case of a party for older children, a little dash of rum would not do any harm; they would certainly prefer it!

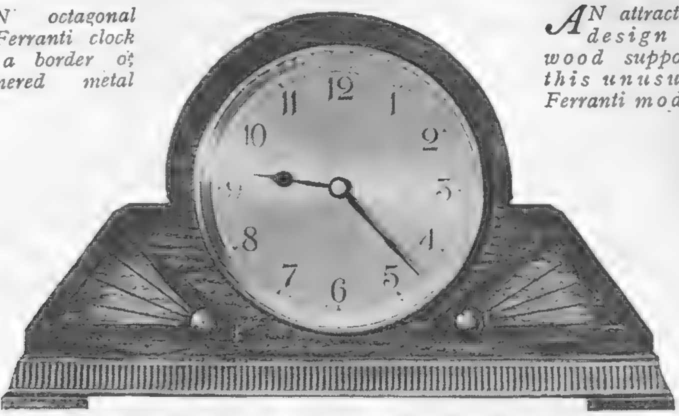
Keep "*Electric*" TIME

By Shirley Darbyshire

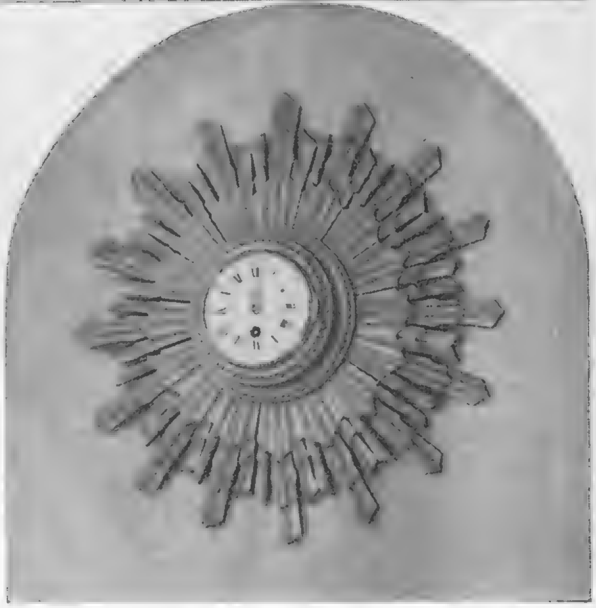


AN octagonal Ferranti clock has a border of hammered metal

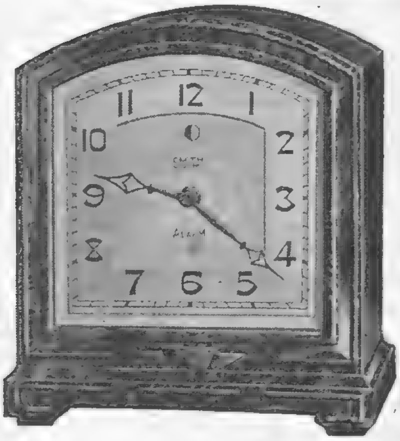
AN attractive design of wood supports this unusual Ferranti model



PERFECT synchronisation is assured by the choice of a Smith electric clock



ALMOST any type of existing clock can be reconditioned and made to function by electricity



SMITH models may be obtained in a wide variety of styles. This clock has an alarm attached

ELECTRIC clocks literally keep us up to the minute in modernity, for they never get out of order and they always tell us the right time. Once they are plugged into an electric point the pulsations of current keep the clocks true to Greenwich time without any further attention on our part. Nor do they need plug points to themselves; other domestic appliances, such as kettles, irons and vacuum cleaners, can be used from the same specially adapted plug without in the least interfering with the working of any clock.

The latest types are a great improvement on the earlier models. For one thing, they have lost that irritating habit of jerkiness which used to keep us poised in suspense until each minute had signified its passing with a clear and defiant click; with the new designs, the hands move smoothly and there is no sound of ticking. Nor are they as impressionable as the wireless, for they are not affected by atmospherics.

It is not necessary to make a clean sweep of all our clocks just because we have become converted to the labour and worry-saving habit of preferring electrical contrivances. In a number of cases existing clocks, which we treasure for a dozen sentimental or æsthetic reasons, may have an electric movement fitted to them quite inexpensively.

Some of the new electric clocks are of contemporary design, for instance, one of the most attractive of the Ferranti clocks has been made especially to fit into the front panel of a radio receiver, where it looks very well indeed, while others are made especially to harmonise with period schemes of furnishing. Even grandfather clocks in tall oak cases are now run by electricity, but one must admit that one model designed by Smith's English Clocks, Ltd., at least lacks entirely the Victorian sentiment, since in its 1933 desire to save space, the case includes bookshelves and a cupboard for cocktails! Bakelite wall clocks for the kitchen are to be recommended for they look pretty, are so easy to keep clean and can be obtained in many gay colours.

Where electricity is a halfpenny a unit, an electric clock costs the infinitesimal sum of a penny a quarter to run. In houses now being built or in houses that are being thoroughly reconditioned, special clock plugs are now fitted as naturally as are points for electric radiators and other household appliances. But it is quite an easy matter to adapt existing sockets to electric clocks. Once the clock is connected, the hands are set and the starting spindle at the back is gently twisted, the clock promptly starts to run on time and will cheerfully continue running without any further attention. The only thing that can interrupt its placid course is a breakdown on the part of the electric supply, but once this has been remedied the clock simply needs resetting and starting in the usual way.

One would not, of course, buy an electric clock without first seeking advice on one or two important technical points, but these clocks can be seen and demonstrated at most leading jewellers, electricians and radio dealers throughout the country. A synchronous electric clock, for instance, is suitable for use only on what are known as alternating electrical supplies, having a time controlled frequency of fifty cycles. Owing to the National Electricity System, time controlled supplies are being liberally extended and the supply power stations regularly obtain throughout the day the exact time from Greenwich. Synchronisation is so perfect from Greenwich to the power stations and from the power stations to one's own home that the greatest error a synchronous clock can fall into is seldom more than 10/15 seconds fast or slow at any time.

So it looks as if we are entering upon an era when cold incredulity will meet the time-worn excuse that the clocks were wrong, and punctuality will become a virtue of our age.

"I am as plain a woman golfer—

as ever held up a men's foursome. Anyway, it was rude to shout "Use "BP" Ethyl and tread on it." I am sure it is against the rules to tread on your ball, and anyhow my name isn't Ethel. But they explained afterwards they meant that special kind of Ethyl that has British Petrol in it; they use no other . . . they would as soon think of playing with a gutty ball."

Ask for

"BP" ETHYL

("Not just Ethyl")

Bye-Ways *in an* Eastern Bazaar

(*Continued from page* 27)

Have you an enemy? You can buy, from this old woman, a spell to cast upon his cow that she go dry, or on his first-born, that he peak and pine, or his wife, that she be childless. Or, should he have cast a spell on you first, a stronger spell to counteract it, though this will cost you more.

There are also potent charms to bind, with certain tattooings, upon the arm and about the wrist, which make the wearer gun and knife proof—in other words, immortal! They are much in favour with those young bloods who make up the bands of dacoits that roam the jungle. The police often lie in wait at the little door round the corner beside the mat weaver's hut, but, since the mat weaver always hoists at these seasons a certain sign, they do not do much in the way of making arrests.

A little Hindu girl is kneeling beside the old woman, is whispering in her ear. Look at her, and she will hastily draw her veil across her face. She has money tied in one corner of her sari, to pay for the spell that will in due course give her a child, a son. There is no reproach as bitter as the reproach of childlessness.

Her eyes are frightened; though she cannot be more than fourteen years old.

A Burmese girl with a baby on her hip, a flower in her hair, comes swaggering gaily along in her loose shoes, with that smackable waggle so typically Burmese.

She dumps the baby down on the empty stall where the old man sleeps, and says, in effect: "How much you give?"

The old man examines the baby thoughtfully. The uproar that ensues is not a mother's heart breaking, but an argument about money. Later the baby is removed, stoic and uncomplaining, with the air of never having expected anything else, on a strange hip. The Burmese girl swaggers gaily away.

Would you care to hear what she has to say about it?

"I Ma Hla, cheroot worker, lady. What I going to do with small baby? Too much trouble, lady. Ma Hla doesn't want. In bazaar I can get good price for fine boy. Girls verree cheap. Nobody want prettee girl . . ."

The baby, unless it is adopted, for a consideration, by a childless woman and passed off as her own, will probably gravitate to the hire department.

You can get anything in the hire department, they say, including a murder charge complete with corpse, circumstantial evidence, and witnesses ready and willing to witness anything that may be required of them.

Garments for a wedding, a brass bedstead for a smart laying-out and funeral party, children to lend poignancy to a beggar's tale of woe. Servants' chits, or characters, and letters of recommendation.

Servants retiring, pensioned, to their country, find a ready market here for their no longer wanted recommendations. A young man, obviously in the early twenties, will barefacedly produce a letter setting forth that he has been in the employ of the undersigned as cook for the past thirty years, and given every satisfaction.

Faced with it, he will say, plaintively: "Ladies always asking for good chits."

There is a demand—there is a supply!

Housekeeping is not easy, in the East.

The young man whose sole stock in trade is a battery of fountain pens and some foolscap is the bazaar writer, scribe of the unlettered, mouthpiece of the poor man, and he who can only affix his mark, or sign. He also makes up the daily bazaar account for innumerable cooks to astonish their employers with later in the day. From their percentage he also takes his percentage.

There is a marriage bureau behind the bazaar, ready and able to supply wives, temporary or otherwise, to newcomers and those without friends in the town. It is cheaper to hire a temporary wife for the duration of a job in a far country, than to pay travelling expenses for the home wife, her children, goats, and cooking pots. These transactions are arranged daily, and in many coolie barracks, which accommodate very poor men, one wife to seven is the recognised plan, in this present year of grace.

The coolie gangs are broken up and dispersed at the end of the season—the men return to their country, the women go off to join up with other gangs . . . Only the children are left.

This is a grim problem, and one on which young policemen work overtime. And all this goes on, secretly and silently, behind the big bazaar, beyond the fruit-seller's stalls, where the cement floor has never come and the tourist does not penetrate.

Yet come there any day, and you will see nothing. All the children will run away at a stranger's footfall, and there is only the Chinaman, bland, inscrutable, his hands in his sleeves; the old man asleep upon his stall, all mixed up with his long beard; an old woman, grinning a toothless and friendly grin from an immense mound of gnarled ginger roots and scarlet chillies; a Burmese girl swaggering gaily by, a flower in her hair, a baby on her hip; a little Hindu girl, her sari drawn over her face, carrying away a little bottle, with frightened eyes.

Someone is grinding spices in a stone mortar, and singing as he grinds one of those Indian songs old as the moon, that has no written music, but is never forgotten.

By the main entrance where the trams jingle, the motor cars hoot, a gramophone upon the cement floor is playing "It's a Long Way to Tipperary."

END

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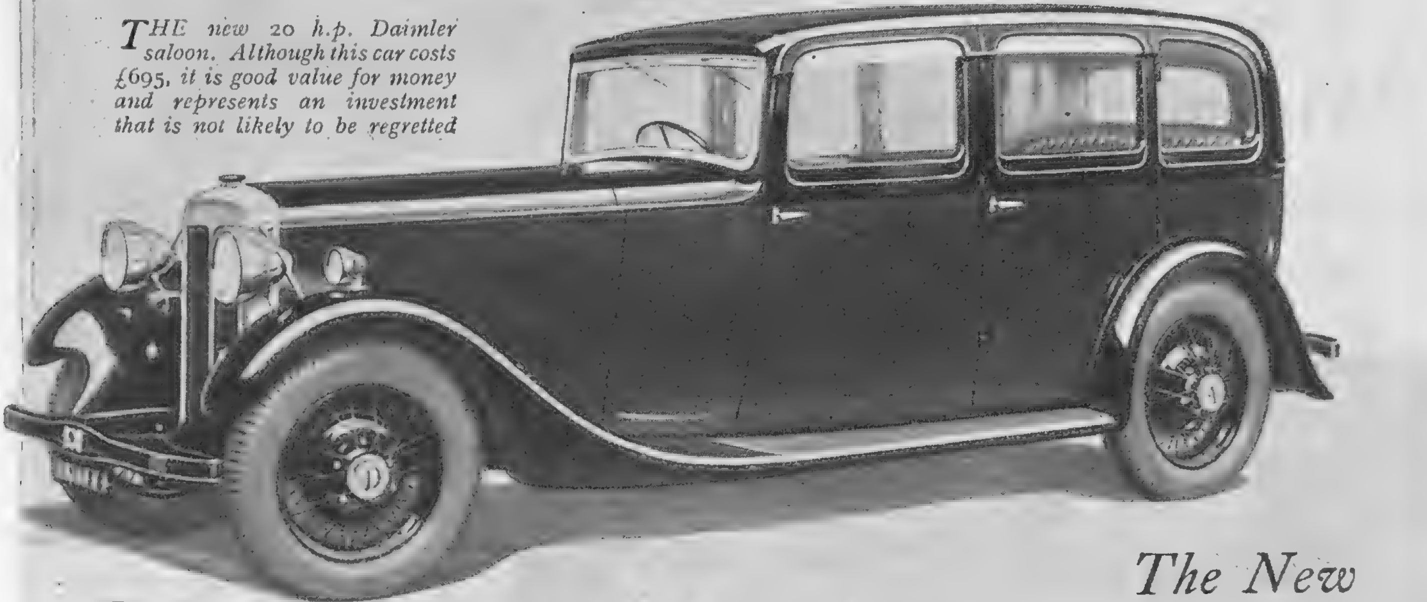
The Earl of Cardigan on Motoring



THE new 20 h.p. Daimler saloon. Although this car costs £695, it is good value for money and represents an investment that is not likely to be regretted

Speed with Docility: *The New 20 h.p. Daimler*

IF one were to attempt to express in one word the salient characteristic of the new 20 h.p. Daimler, I think that "docility" would necessarily be the word selected. As regards its other qualities, the car undoubtedly compares very favourably with most; but it is in the matter of docile running that it stands apart, almost in a class by itself.

It so happened that, during my recent test run, I had occasion to call at an office in the heart of the City of London. For several miles, I had to negotiate traffic which was hopelessly congested, at the wheel of a large car with which I had only just become acquainted. In spite of all this, I doubt if I have ever made such a journey with so complete a lack of all sense of mental or bodily fatigue.

Naturally, I made full use of the advantages which the Daimler fluid flywheel transmission had to offer me. For the most part, I kept third gear engaged, and for long periods touched neither gear lever nor clutch. I merely used the foot brake when I had to stop, and pressed the accelerator when I was able to move on.

I must emphasise that this in no way represented "freak" driving. Had I wished I could have made the entire journey, stops and all, in top gear. It merely happened that third seemed to be the most convenient ratio. Making no effort at all, I was easily able to keep pace with other traffic, and there was absolutely no strain imposed on engine, either real or apparent.

THE fluid transmission has always, within my experience, functioned admirably. (I once made a test of it across the Pyrenees and back.) In this Daimler model, however, it seems to have been still further refined. The "slip" at low speeds is less perceptible, and the operation of the entire mechanism has become astonishingly inconspicuous. A passenger now would find it quite difficult to distinguish between the different gear ratios, or between the conditions of slip and no-slip. He would be conscious almost exclusively of the general smooth movement.

Needless to say, this new "Twenty," loaned to me by Capt. Hewitt of Car Mart, Ltd., soon proved to have many other, and perhaps more virile virtues. With its overhead-valve engine, of the admirable Lanchester pattern, it achieved a really fine performance on the open road. It may come as a shock to some people to hear of an overhead-valve engine under a Daimler bonnet—but the fact is that such an engine, thanks to recent research, is now quite as smooth and silent as any former sleeve-valve unit.

AS to speed, I should put the maximum of which this car is capable at an honest 70 m.p.h. In third gear, I actually registered 50 m.p.h., and could evidently have obtained a few m.p.h. more had I so wished. Acceleration proved very lively, and at no point was there any trace of vibration. On the contrary, I found it possible to cruise consistently at relatively very high speeds without any sensation that the engine was being over-driven. At 50 m.p.h., the car seemed just to be getting comfortably into its stride, and at 60 m.p.h. it still appeared to be "taking it easy."

Naturally, one requires something more than merely a smooth engine if one is to drive an unfamiliar car at 60 m.p.h. with perfect confidence. In the case of the Daimler, that "something" was forthcoming. Although built as a comfortable saloon, the car struck me as being well above the average in its road-holding qualities. To demonstrate this fact to a friend, I was able to take both hands off the wheel when travelling at a mile a minute on a wet, but otherwise good road—nor did I feel that in so doing I was taking unjustifiable liberties. A few years ago, such behaviour in a large closed car would have seemed idiotically rash!

Good road-holding, of course, implies several individual good qualities. It presupposes faultless steering—and, in fact, the steering of this car was excellent, with just a nice amount of self-centring action. The same may be said with regard to springing. At all speeds I found the Daimler springing to be firm, yet admirably comfortable. As an aid to fast and steady driving, the brakes also deserve to be mentioned. These are of the hydraulic type, very light in operation, and yet so agreeably progressive in action that only a very clumsy driver can pull the car up otherwise than smoothly.

THE coachwork, as one might expect, is roomy and extremely comfortable. In particular, the driving position has obviously been very ably and carefully worked out. Although not everyone nowadays has £700 (£695, to be precise) to spend, there can be no doubt at all that the new 20 h.p. Daimler really does offer good value for the money, and represents an investment that is not likely to be regretted.

The New Dunlop Tyres

IN a sense, the tyres of a motor car are not particularly inspiring adjuncts—yet the very fact that we think so little of them is a tribute to the amazingly reliable service which, nowadays, they invariably render us. Undoubtedly, we ought to be much more grateful for modern tyre efficiency than we are.

It need hardly be said that, where progress in tyre building is concerned, the Dunlop Company still keeps itself very much to the fore. For 1934, we are offered examples of the Dunlop Fort, Standard and Clipper tyres, better and sturdier than have ever been turned out before. An extra low-pressure tyre, designed to fit small-diameter wheels, has been developed, and this new type will no doubt commend itself very strongly to those who desire the maximum of resilience and comfort.

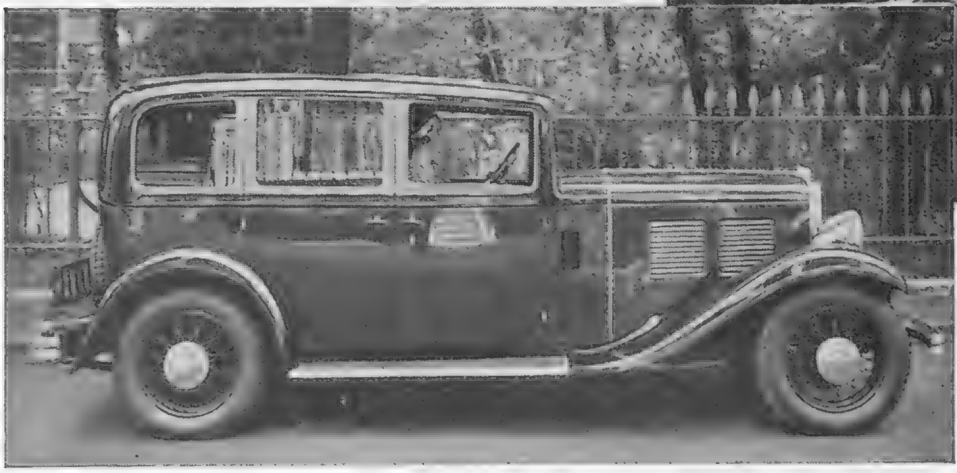
APART from tyres, the Dunlop Company caters now for many motoring needs. Wheels of all sorts are manufactured, and are fitted to many diverse makes of cars. There are Dunlop jacks, designed to give the high lift that modern balloon tyres demand, Dunlop pressure gauges, and Dunlop cushions, devised to give luxurious and restful seating. Altogether, it is very evident that the company which first gave us the pneumatic tyre is by no means content to rest on its laurels, but remains undisturbedly in the van of progress.

The Austin "Whitehall" Saloon

A Luxurious 20 h.p. Model

By The Earl of Cardigan

THE lay-out of the instrument board is novel and good. All instruments are neatly grouped in front of the driver, leaving space on the near side for a cubby-hole of really useful dimensions



THE 20 h.p. Austin looks just what it is—a large, comfortable and handsome car. This "Whitehall" Saloon on a short chassis is designed primarily for the owner-driver

OF recent years, owing to the immense popularity of the "baby" car, the name of Austin has been, in the public mind, chiefly connected with 7 h.p. motoring. Other highly successful Austin models have been of 10 and 12 h.p., so that one has been apt to forget the very real successes of this firm in the medium- and large-car markets. The Austin "Twenty," in particular, has enjoyed rather less than its fair share of the "limelight."

It was on the "Twenty," none the less, that a great part of the Austin Company's post-war success was founded. The slogan, "as dependable as an Austin," is particularly well deserved by this old-established model. Austin "Twenties," when their days in private hands are ended, are hardly ever "scrapped." They are invariably in demand for high-class hire work, being valued for their roominess, economy and strict reliability. When one comes to think of it, this is a very real tribute to the breed.

THE new Austin "Twenty" while inheriting all these traditional good qualities, is, in addition, a most attractive car for the owner-driver. Of the "Whitehall" saloon, for instance, one's chief impression is the extreme smoothness and easiness with which it achieves its very creditable performance. The driver is seated in great comfort, and enjoys the genuine "big-car" sensation of latent stamina and power.

The new six-cylinder engine is actually of 23·5 h.p. It is remarkably free from any trace of vibration, and no less remarkably silent in its running. It is no exaggeration to say that, at any ordinary road speed, the chief sound audible to anyone inside the car is not that of the engine, but rather the swish and hum of revolving tyres. There are comparatively few cars for which this can truthfully be claimed.

Without being by modern standards especially fast, the "Twenty" is quite capable of keeping up a good average speed on the open road, the maximum is about 70 m.p.h., but one of its few defects becomes evident when 60 m.p.h. is exceeded. For no very obvious reason, road-holding somewhat deteriorates. At 50 m.p.h. or more, however, the car "handles" perfectly, giving a comfortably high cruising speed, which should more than satisfy the average driver.

The top gear ratio, at approximately 4 to 1, is admirably chosen. While moderately high, it permits of great flexibility, so that the car will crawl quite happily through traffic without demanding any change of gear. An excellent third gear is provided, none the less, and is appreciated on the rare occasions when its use is needed. Speeds up to 50 m.p.h. can be reached in this latter ratio.

Did You Know

that skidding nearly always marks inefficient driving?

IT is hardly possible to read a novel, wherein a motor-car plays any conspicuous part, without learning of some occasion when the hero, or the elusive villain, "skidded the great car wildly round the bend," "went slithering and swaying down the steep incline," and "pulled up with a protesting shriek of tyres."

The novelist, of course, wishes us to infer that the villain or the hero was driving this car at the utmost speed. Actually, judging by the phenomena quoted, the latter must have been making rather indifferent progress. The plain truth is that to "skid wildly" round a bend is an extremely inefficient way of cornering. A first-class racing driver is never seen to indulge in such antics. He takes his corners at a speed just *below* skidding point, thereby achieving clean, fast turns.

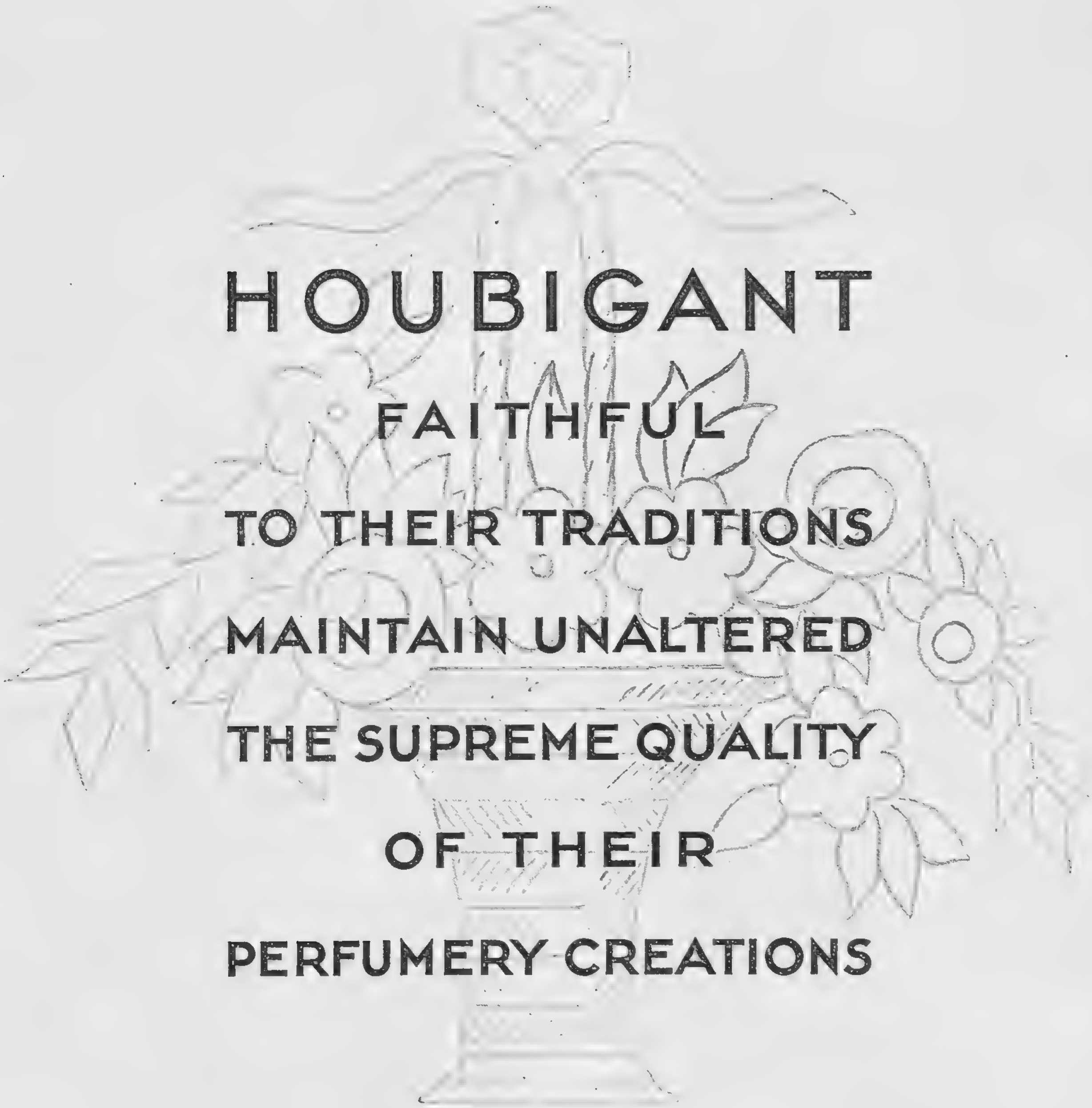
Similarly, it is a known fact that a car does *not* pull up most rapidly when the brakes are used so as to lock the wheels. The maximum rate of deceleration occurs just *before* the wheels lock, and the real racing expert is therefore at some pains to avoid any actual skidding of the tyres. In short, the "spectacular" driver of the novelist's fancy makes mistake after mistake. Continually losing road adhesion, he would stand no chance at all against a really competent exponent of conventional driving methods.

ALL the new Austins, of course, are now fitted with the "synchro-mesh" system of easy gear-changing. This means that a "crash" change is impossible between third and top gear, no matter how casually the gear lever is handled. In the case of the "Twenty," three out of the four gears are also designed to run practically noiselessly, so that only when starting in first gear is there any hum audible from the gearbox.

Altogether, there are few cars which can be driven with less strain and sense of effort on the driver's part. The steering is very light, and the angle of steering lock is an ample one—a feature particularly welcome in a car of this substantial size. The brakes likewise are light in operation, very efficient, and yet free from the excessive abruptness which is the chief defect of many modern braking systems.

THE springing is extremely smooth and easy, and is made noteworthy by the Austin method of zinc interleaving. This, in conjunction with "Silentbloc" non-lubricated spring shackles, means that the owner has practically no greasing to do so far as the springs are concerned. Since the majority of owners are apt to be lazy in this matter, it is most satisfactory to know that the suspension system, at any rate, is able to "carry on" for an indefinite period without calling for attention.

Being a big car, the "Twenty" naturally carries more than ordinarily luxurious coachwork. Leg-room is unstinted, and four or five passengers can take their ease in the comfortable seats. Being an Austin model, the "Whitehall" saloon is naturally very reasonably priced, and in every way conforms to the standard of value for money which we have come to expect from the Austin Company.



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Lady Rhondda

(*Continued from page* 61)

I cross to the window.

"Don't say you overlook the British Museum, Lady Rhondda!"

Yes, she overlooks the Museum. When she turns her back on the glowing fire, on these cream walls, she gazes at the back of the British Museum.

We walk about the room; we stand warming ourselves against the fire; we look at the pictures. There are half-a-dozen only. One of Bernard Shaw with an inscription in his own writing: "This is an aspect of me which I particularly dislike." One of St. John Ervine—a very spirited thing—which Ervine also dislikes. And one hanging over the fireplace which dominates the room. It is a picture of her father, Viscount Rhondda.

I look at it. It is the link between this room and all the struggle and achievement in the life of a great man and his daughter. I forget the tree outside the window and the so-safe and so-secure British Museum in the background. I remember that this man set out with high hopes of winning a political fame which his own integral honesty and sincerity prevented him most from gaining. He had not the make-up of the politician. I remember that, coming from Wales, he was up against Lloyd George in most of his political career, and Lloyd George—in Lady Rhondda's own words—took the view that there was no room for two kings in Wales. The two men fought each other for twelve years, until Lord Rhondda (then D. A. Thomas), after eating out his heart in a House that had no place for him, realised that there was little chance of his climbing the political ladder.

I remember, too, that even in the business to which he then turned his attention, he had to face bitter antagonism from the other coal owners in his attempts to improve the South Wales coal trade. He set out to get his own way by securing such a hold on the industry that he could dictate his own terms. In ten years' time, with the help of this woman in black standing by my side looking at this same picture, he had won. And won not only industrial success, but political recognition as well.

I come back to Lady Rhondda.

"Here is tea," she says quietly, and we sit down at the large desk, she with her back to a shelf containing the bound volumes of her weekly, *Time and Tide*, I in a comfortable armchair facing her.

Her dark hair is streaked with grey, and her blue-black eyes this afternoon are a little tired. If you saw this woman anywhere you would like her shy, shrewd face. A bit of a mouse, you might think, and the last thing you would imagine is that she is a bit of a business woman. She is very quiet and very motherly, and I know that you would have the feeling that she needs to be "taken out of herself" a little. You would see her as one of those mothers who do so much—far too much in most cases—for their children; doing it with a minimum of fuss and the maximum of devotion and self-sacrifice.

Like all people who live a great deal within themselves she does not say much except on subjects in which she is keenly interested. She has never had any ability or desire to sustain a futile social conversation and will frankly confess so.

I remark on the success of her autobiography which has just been published and she smiles shyly. She has always been shy—"devastatingly shy" she says. As an only child, without brothers and sisters to play with, she was thrown back upon herself for much of her playing. She longed for the company of other youngsters, prayed for a little sister, dreamed of a time when she might have twelve children of her own. Even when she Came Out she went with her mother unwillingly to parties, found it difficult to get on with strangers, could talk to dancing partners of nothing but the weather, had a disconcerting capacity for forgetting faces, and was a complete social failure.

I have sunk so deep in my comfortable chair that I can see only Lady Rhondda's head from where I sit. She has said what she wanted to say, quietly and crisply. The head is still now. Her tired eyes are a strange mixture of shyness and determination and this face that is so friendly can be so firm.

I mention women's suffrage. Of course, when she got out of her teens and grew to womanhood and found England in the throes of the militant suffrage movement, she saw a chance of activity and self-expression that life—and a comfortable, childless marriage—had denied. She went into the suffrage movement with all the accumulated vitality and determination of her age. She embraced the cause as so many other intelligent women of the period embraced it. It was a chance to do something at last, and to do something worth while.

Those dear dead days! I remind her of the Mr. Asquith incident and she laughs softly.

"I've always felt a little guilty about that," she confesses, "because I don't know whether I achieved what I set out to achieve."

"But you gave Asquith a fright!"

She chuckles.

"Yes, I think I did that."

Mr. Asquith, then Prime Minister of England, was to address an election meeting in St. Andrews. She had gone there to interrupt him and to remind him of the women's demand for votes. It was her task to do anything that would further the cause.

"There were three of us in the town," she says now, the dark head quite motionless. "And we were puzzled how best to remind Mr. Asquith of our existence. You see, St. Andrews had decided to keep all women out of the Town Hall where the meeting was to be held, and there were scores of police guarding the building. The night of the meeting came and we divided forces, each playing a lone hand. I decided that the only way to get at Mr. Asquith was to jump on the running board of his car as it came slowly down the street to the hall."

I watched her eyes. The tiredness has gone out of them as she re-tells the incident. But her voice has not changed in any way.

"It was quite an easy thing to do really. The car slowed down and before I knew what I was doing I was on that running board, my heart going like an engine with excitement. The Prime Minister shrank back as he saw me. I suppose it must have been a bit of a shock to him to see one of us firebrand suffragettes within striking distance of him. He went very pale and got as far away from me as he could. He probably thought I had a weapon of some sort. I hadn't, of course. All that was required of me was to call out 'Votes for Women!'—the reminder that we uttered whenever and wherever we could."

"And you didn't!" I taunt her.

"I don't know. I don't think I did. But I cannot actually say. I was so excited at seeing him in front of me that I think I forgot all about it. I hope I didn't fail," she breaks off and then adds: "Before I could do anything else I was pulled off by the angry crowd."

We laugh together.

"It was no laughing matter then," says Lady Rhondda. "That crowd behaved in anything but a decent way, and I had to seek shelter in a friendly hotel."

She went to prison later for trying to destroy letters in pillar boxes, but she does not talk about that now. The reminder of the days of violence has made her restless, and she rises and crosses the room to show me a picture on the wall behind me which has a small silver pencil attached to it. It is a fortune-telling idea, a picture divided into sections in which are pencilled predictions of your fate.

"You take the silver pencil in your hand," she tells me, "shut your eyes, turn round once, and put the point of the pencil against the picture. Then we read your fate."

She persuades me to go through this idiotic procedure in this room looking out on the wise old British Museum. My fate is a bit obscure.

"What about you?" I ask.

"Oh, I'm not superstitious. Let's try yours again."

I close my eyes. She guides my elbow. As the pencil goes back to the picture, I remember that this is the office of Lady Rhondda. I have wanted to see this office for a long time. I have wanted to see Lady Rhondda immersed in business, making these decisions that mean so much to many people. And here I am having my fortune told, shutting my eyes, turning round and blindly tapping at a mocking picture. Lady Rhondda at my side, is aiding and abetting.

Can this really be that famous woman who became D. A. Thomas's right-hand man? Yes, this is the woman who was Margaret Haig Thomas, who went down to the Cardiff docks with her father, who was present at all interviews and conferences, who drafted all "D. A.'s" letters, who took over control of his newspapers, and who finally was responsible for the conduct of all his interests. This is the same woman who, in 1915, went with her father to America and on the return voyage in the *Lusitania*, was torpedoed by a German submarine. The *Lusitania* went down, but "D. A." and his daughter were saved. She says of this experience that it was the experience that at last gave her confidence in herself and destroyed her fear.

She goes back to her chair. An odd thought strikes me as I glance above her head. The desire for babies has always been with this woman. When she was ten she wanted to have twelve babies. She still wants them. Above her head now are the bound volumes of *Time and Tide*. I know, of course, that this journal is the thing nearest her heart, the consuming interest of her life, and I smile a little sadly at my thought, because by some singular chance this afternoon these red bound volumes number twelve.

"Your baby is coming along very well," I say.

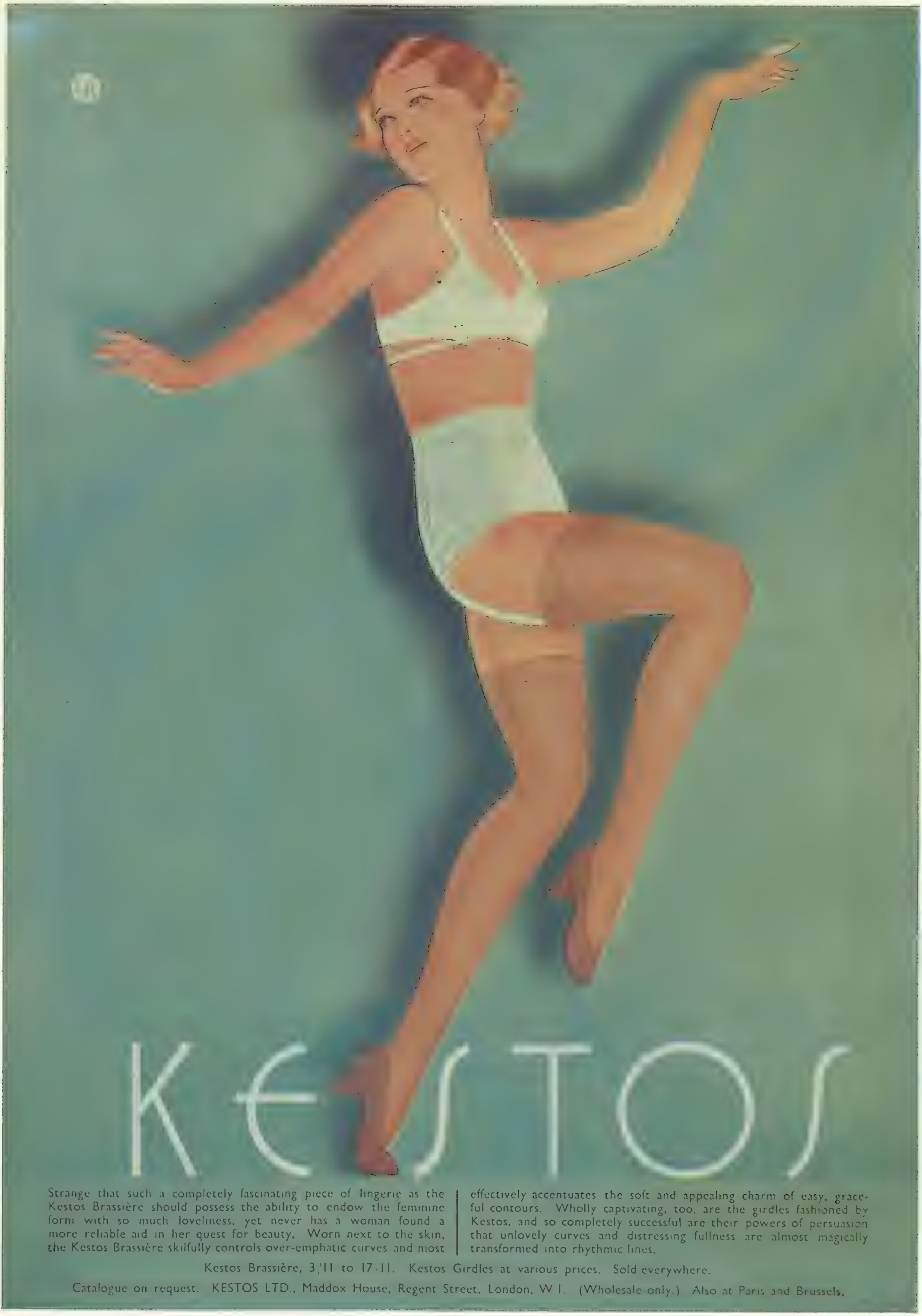
She knows what I mean and glances up affectionately at the volumes. Very like a mother. This is indeed her baby. In shaping and moulding and loving a paper, Lady Rhondda is fulfilling herself. I know the experience so well. A paper is something for which you willingly renounce and surrender self. Into a paper you put all the love and devotion that you would give to a child, and like a child it gives you great pleasure and sometimes great suffering. You tend the frail thing as a parent tends his young, fighting for it with every instinct of your conscious and subconscious self. If it is a weakness of yours to start awake in the middle of the night you are either a new parent or an old editor.

"But a paper differs from a baby," I say, "in that you are never satisfied with it. Don't you think that's true, Lady Rhondda? The fond parent of a baby thinks it's the most marvellous thing in the world and that there is nothing wrong with it. The parent of a paper is perpetually discontented. It is never so good as he feels it ought to be. I know no man connected with the running of a newspaper who leans back contentedly, looks fondly at his product, and says: 'Isn't it perfect? It couldn't be bettered.' He always believes that it can—and will—be better tomorrow."

She nods in agreement. We sit for a while in this pleasant room. Then she has to leave for an appointment elsewhere, and she goes to a door in the cream wall which conceals a cupboard. She takes her hat and cloak from the peg. I offer to give her a lift, but she is going in the opposite direction, and says she will find a taxi in the street. We go down the stairs together.

We stand together a moment longer, chatting in the doorway. There is no sign of a taxi-cab. We go out on to the pavement. Lady Rhondda turns away in her direction, I in mine. We are both looking for taxi-cabs. I glance right, left, backward. She is still walking away along the pavement, and the men and women in the street, closing in on her, are taking away her identity. A motherly woman you would say. A little tired, you might think, with so much work at home. She ought to be good to herself once in a while and go to the pictures. Maybe, like so many of the people around her, she is going there now. Maybe.

END



Strange that such a completely fascinating piece of lingerie as the Kestos Brassière should possess the ability to endow the feminine form with so much loveliness, yet never has a woman found a more reliable aid in her quest for beauty. Worn next to the skin, the Kestos Brassière skilfully controls over-emphatic curves and most effectively accentuates the soft and appealing charm of easy, graceful contours. Wholly captivating, too, are the girdles fashioned by Kestos, and so completely successful are their powers of persuasion that unlovely curves and distressing fullness are almost magically transformed into rhythmic lines.

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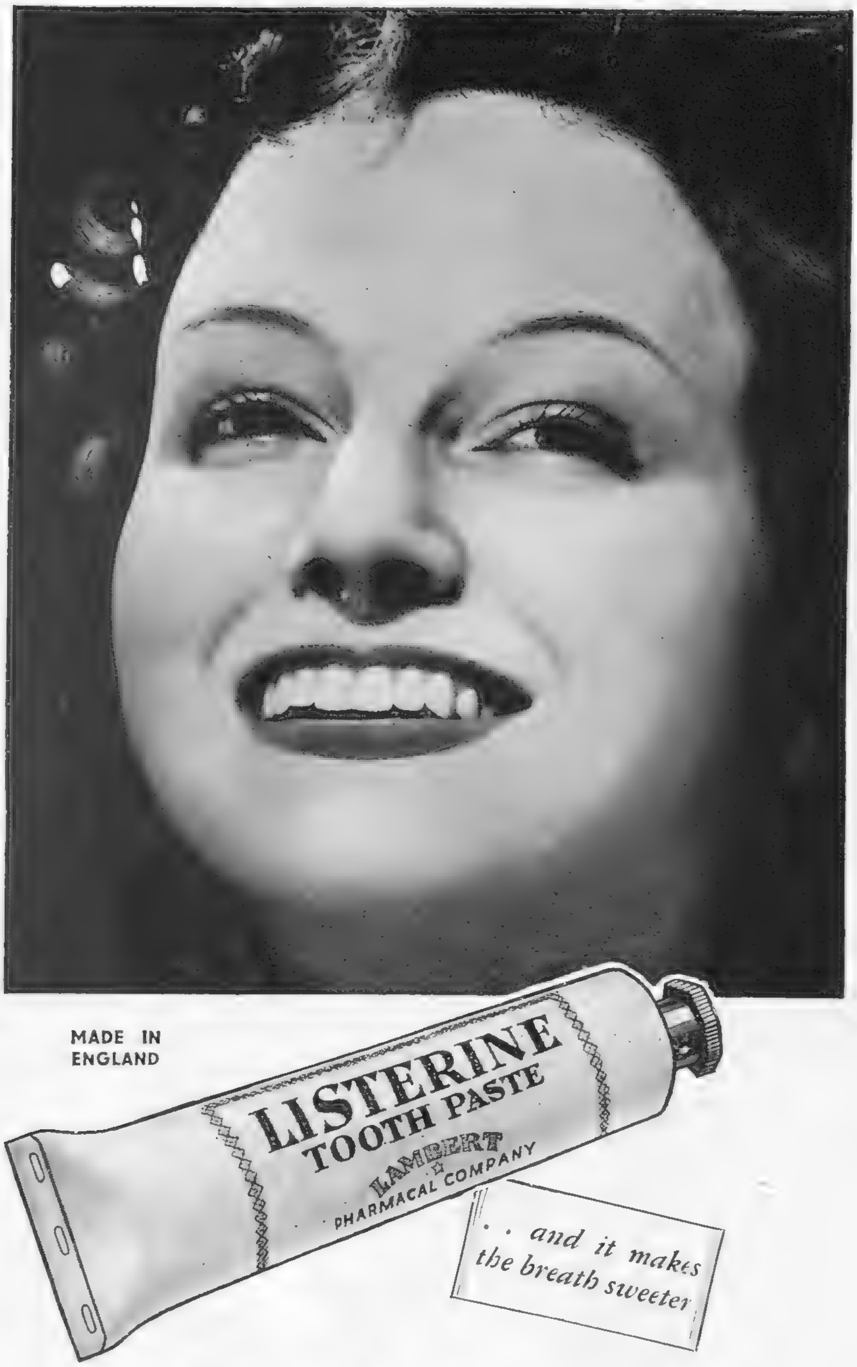

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Those Egyptian Servants

(*Continued from page* 51)

was asleep. Obviously their temperaments were fated to clash.

My work obliged me to travel about the country a good deal, and wherever I went Hassan accompanied me. If I took an exploring expedition into the desert in search of lost cities or forgotten gold mines, he rode behind me upon a camel with clattering pots, pans, kettles, cooking-stoves, and so forth hanging around his saddle, so that he sounded like an armed rebellion. If I was on horseback riding from village to village to inspect the ancient ruins, he followed me on a donkey likewise laden with kitchen utensils, while the dogs barked behind him and the villagers rushed out of their huts in alarm. Or if we went by train he took his entire field kitchen into the carriage with him, and from time to time fought his way through to my compartment to know whether I was in need of food or drink.

He had a quite fantastic idea of my importance, and hence of his own. One hot, summer's evening, for instance, he had gone ahead to a certain village with instructions to prepare my camp somewhere near the railway station, because I wanted to take the early train next morning; but when I arrived after dark I found he had commandeered the station itself.

My bed, neatly made up, was standing in the middle of the platform, outside the station-master's office. Beside it was a table with a book, an alarm clock, and candle and matches upon it; a jug and basin and certain other bedroom articles were grouped around; and my pyjamas were laid out on a chair, with my slippers near by. The sight was weirdly incongruous: it was like one of those dreams in which you find yourself undressing in church or somewhere.

A few yards away, outside the ticket office, was another table spread for my evening meal, with a deck chair ready for the after-dinner cigar; and farther along, near the waiting-room, Hassan himself was busy cooking a chicken over an oil stove, surrounded by plates and dishes and pots and pans.

The station-master was wringing his hands, declaring that it was most irregular; and his relief was great when I said I was afraid I should be disturbed by passing freight trains and what-not, and would prefer to remove my camp to a field on the other side of the station yard.

On another occasion, during a night journey by train, I came back from the restaurant car and found Hassan ordering an irate Frenchman, who was travelling up to his sugar plantations, to leave my compartment, to which, of course, he had as much right as I. The Frenchman was on the point of braining him with a camera tripod when I intervened.

At Luxor, of course, he had not so many opportunities of showing off; but he dearly liked to buttonhole my guests and take them round the house, proudly opening cupboards and wardrobes and pointing out the merits of my boots and shoes or collars and ties, or asking them to feel the texture of my awful old dressing gown or something. Once when a certain English clergyman and his strait-laced wife had come over from the hotel to call, I returned to find Hassan in the bathroom with them, forcing them to smell the soap; and while I was stammering an embarrassed "How d'you do," he went into the corner of the room, and with a quick movement, flushed the drains as a parting demonstration.

Neither Hassan nor anybody else ever took visitors to see the kitchen, for kitchens in Egypt are definitely *not* show places. My cook, whose name was Ibrahîm (Abraham), was as clean as any other native servant; yet there were aspects of his work which it was well to ignore. Ibrahîm kneading pastry on the floor with his foot, or rolling it on the table recently used by him as a bed, or chasing doomed chickens in and out amongst the pots and pans, were things which were not conducive to a good appetite.

He was not at all a bad cook, and generally made something palatable and masticable of that tough and stringy meat of the country which so often leaves the diner searching in secret frenzy for a toothpick; but Hassan, who cooked for me when I was in camp and rather fancied himself, used always at home to bring in Ibrahîm's dishes as though they smelt, and would often make little clucking noises with his tongue to indicate how shocked he was that such messes should be placed before me.

WHAT the servants ate was always rather a mystery to me, but raw onions seemed to be the basis of their meals, and for some time after they had dined they were quite unfit for human intercourse. While eating they used to squat in a circle in a corner of the garden near the kitchen; and after the mid-day meal they crept away into obscure corners of the garden to dream their oniony dreams in the shade of the trees, while the flies crawled unnoticed over their peaceful, brown faces, and the large black ants conducted tours of exploration amongst their clothes.

In spite of this somnolent life the general work of the house was not too badly accomplished, and the rooms were kept very clean. Once or twice a month, under Hassan's supervision, each room in turn was emptied of furniture, and pails of water were swilled over the tiled floor, after which the men paddled about with mops, their feet and legs bare and their clothes hitched up. Mattresses, blankets, curtains, and rugs were all taken up onto the roof and were roasted in the sun for some hours; and every day, when things were ship-shape once more, the gardener brought in a great bunch of flowers for Hassan to distribute about the house.

Once, when a particularly large bunch of roses had been sent in one evening when I was giving a dinner party, Hassan placed the flowers in a cheap enamel receptacle, which was part of some new camping equipment I had just bought, but which, in his eyes, was an elegant vase; and on entering the dining-room my guests and I were astounded to see this homely utensil standing in the middle of the table. But he seldom made mistakes of this kind, though I remember an occasion on which the cook mistook a newly purchased garden watering-can of small size for a novel kind of teapot, and served the tea in it just when I was wanting everything to be at its best for the friends from England who had come to call.

Egyptian servants are charmingly childlike, and, in spite of a tendency to drop off to sleep before your eyes, are fairly intelligent. On the whole they are honest, and though Ibrahîm, who went to market every morning, brought me back a rather garbled account of what he had spent, at least he did not allow other people to cheat me; while Hassan's only dishonesty was his habit of stealing the sugar. Punctuality, however, is not the Egyptian's strong point.

But whatever their faults, the whole staff somehow succeeded in preserving a dignified and profoundly peaceful atmosphere within my gates; and this is the chief memory I retain of my home at Luxor. It was a place of happy dreams and sweet repose—which is more than can be said of some houses in the West, where everybody is wide awake, and bells are rung, and everything is on the tick. After all, in domestic matters there is a lot to be said for taking it easy.

END

Books

(*Continued from page* 63)

surrounding him. His "analysis" of Lord Grey is childish, little more than vindictive abuse of a man who had publicly refused to follow him. There were always Liberals who differed from Grey, but they did so with personal regret. Mr. Lloyd George, on the contrary, attacks him with unseemly, almost physical, enjoyment.

Like so many people who know that they can rely upon personal charm, Mr. Lloyd George is vain and touchy, and bears undying resentment towards those who have not yielded to that charm. And yet how useful, over and over again, was that charm in oiling the wheels of the war! Well, I do not envy the historians of the future their job of summing up the true political worth of David Lloyd George. His character is an interesting one, and it has lured me from the proper description of his book. But it was hardly necessary for me to say that his pages are of absorbing interest. Volume II should be at least as interesting—to some of us, even more so, for it will contain, presumably, what we have so long been awaiting, his version of the Calais Conference. The suspense is mitigated by our knowledge, gleaned from Volume I, that Mr. Lloyd George is certain to turn out to have been right.

ORIGINALLY a lecture delivered last April in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, *The Political Madhouse in America and Nearer Home* (Constable, 2s.) reveals Mr. George Bernard Shaw continuing the retreat from Democracy which began in *The Apple Cart*. Mr. Shaw has now reached and taken up a position where he gazes in rapture over the smiling land of Soviet Russia, flowing with milk and honey. The view is perhaps a little far, even for a man who has boasted of his perfect eyesight, and Mr. Shaw has been compelled to use glasses. Unfortunately, they have a pinkish tinge. He may in all seriousness be right in arguing that the State of the future will be and must be a Communist State; but he is surely wrong in thinking that the spectacle of Russia is enough to convince the world of the excellences of communism. It is easy to make fun of English and American institutions—Mr. Shaw can do that sort of thing in his sleep. It is so easy (except, apparently, for public speakers) to be sure of the perfection of Russian institutions.

Mr. Wells's ideal State cannot be described in one word. *The Shape of Things to Come* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) is, in fact, some 175,000 words long—twice as long as *A Modern Utopia*, and half as clear. There is, surely, a limit to what may usefully be said and foretold about future ages. But Mr. Wells, if he has never been concise, has always been stimulating and vital; and we read him not only for what he has to tell us, but also for his effect upon ourselves. The new book starts as a novel, a sort of novel, in which a Dr. Philip Raven, who dies at Geneva in 1930, has a vision of a history book due for publication early in A.D. 2106. He copied out his revelation, with the result (rather confusing, but that doesn't matter) that the history is published 173 years before it is published. Much more important than this teasing thought is the horror of our immediate future, as vouchsafed in a vision to Dr. Raven. Mr. H. G. Wells, who has always specialised in the long view, finds his consolation in mankind's ultimate emergence into sweetness and light. Some of his readers, feeling that he is more likely to be right about the twentieth century than about the twenty-second, will grow to loathe their own problematical great-great-great-grandchildren. Little beasts! All the political-philosophical writers agree in giving them a perfectly lovely time, unrestricted, unrepressed, untroubled. Whereas we are condemned to a series of frightful and unavoidable disasters, compared with which the Great War will look like a rest-cure. But if even a tithe of their prophecies are true, Messrs. Shaw and Wells will not be here to say "I told you so!"—neither shall we be here to listen.

END

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When Men Talk Truth

(*Continued from page* 59)

"Our Father, which art in Heaven," he had led them into repeating, scores of times, "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done." He always wondered what it meant to them.

And then he spoke to them of the love of God, and wondered why no one ever shouted out and laughed at him. He often rebelled inside his mind. Perhaps they, too, rebelled . . . inside. . . .

"I, too, am part of the machine," he thought. "I am paid, like all the others, to punish. And yet I am punished myself."

Yet what was there to do? If he left, someone else would come along and behave, perhaps, with less pity. And outside, if he left, there would always be a memory of these dreadful months. He could never escape.

"You want to see Tompkins, sir?"

It was the chief warder who spoke to him. And, seeing his nod, the officer took him along to three cells made into two. They were the same outside as were the others. There were three doors. But he knew that you only went into one, that behind the others was the execution shed.

There was nothing to show . . . but all the prison knew. . . .

All the prisoners, as they filed past, always looked at those doors. . . .

Inside, you heard nothing. You just waited.

"Back again," said the Man inside.

That was often the sort of greeting he got from prisoners. He was used to it. Men soon realised that few of their requests could be complied with, that messages that reached the outside world were very rare, that a chaplain could do very little.

"They only come along and pray," was the sort of thing he knew the men said when he had gone.

Yes, he was back again.

"Well, I shall not see much more of you," said the Man. "Just once more after this, and that's the end of it."

The chaplain found himself fumbling for something to say. There was no formula for a scene like this. They had not taught him this at college. No annual conference ever discussed it. It was not written in a book. Not even the Bible store sold advice for such an emergency.

"I am glad you came," said the Man. "I want to talk to you."

Still the chaplain made no answer, but sat waiting.

Then he heard what he had often heard before, the Story of a Life. Men talked, often, of temptation and slipping into things, of a drunken father, or life in the slums. More or less mechanically he could conjure up some reply to all that. The other man could not argue over much, anyway. Even in the cell alone, he usually said "Sir." So that was easy.

But this Man was different. And, anyway, in the morning he had to die. Men are brave in their last terror.

"I killed him because I hated him," said the Man. "I would kill him to-morrow if he were alive now, and I were free. And I would kill him next week if we were both outside. And I would go on killing him.

"You see, they brought me up to kill. I was a butcher by trade and I killed animals all day. I grew to like it. I was proud of my skill with a poleaxe or a knife.

"Then there was a war, if you remember. Most people have forgotten now. All through those four years I killed. They hired me to kill. And I killed without complaining. They taught me how to kill with a bayonet. They taught me how to kill with a rifle. They taught me how kill with a Mills bomb.

"And I killed them, all right. I killed all the men I did not know, decent sorts of blokes I expect, with wives and families, and no grudge against me that I'd ever heard. And they told me it was fine.

"And now I've killed one swine because I hated him. Can't you have one private killing on your own? When they pay you to do it, they say it's fine. When you cannot help doing it, they hang you. You don't know how I hated that swine. Now, what would you do if you hated somebody?"

"I should pray," replied the chaplain suddenly. It was his first remark. It came easy. He had often told them that.

"They expect us to do that in chapel here," replied the Man. "What good does it do in gaol? Does it open the prison doors? Can we ever see the love of God here after we have prayed for it? We just wait a week and then pray next Sunday. Can I ask you a question, Guv'nor?"

"Yes," said the chaplain. "That is why I am here."

"What is going to happen to me to-morrow when they pull the drop and the rope tightens and it breaks my neck? I've been wondering about it quite a lot the last few weeks. Can you tell me? Now don't pull the sort of stuff you do in church. *What is going to happen to me to-morrow?* I'm not afraid, you know, but I'd like to know.

"Do I lie in a grave until a trumpet blows? Some of you say that. I'm not jeering, I just want to know. Do I go to Hell? What is Hell, unless it's here? What exactly does happen? You've studied it all your life. You pretend to know."

The chaplain looked at the walls. He looked at the small window, then he looked in the Man's eyes.

"I am going to be quite frank with you, my friend," he said, slowly, and with a strange nervousness. "You see, I have never been in a position like this before. I have never spoken to a man in the prime of health who knew he was to die the next day—a man who challenged me for the truth. You see, I do not believe what I am paid to preach."

"Gorn," said the Man. "You don't believe it?"

"No, I don't believe it," replied the chaplain. "You see, many parsons have worries like I have. They are taught things when they are young, but then they learn more and they grow wiser. They see the world in lives, not in books. Yet sometimes they're afraid they're growing less wise. For, you see, they cannot shake the faith of others. They cannot upset the people who like ideas they are used to, even if they are wrong. They cannot take away one thing unless they have something to put there instead."

And then the Man who was to die heard from the lips of a chaplain something that few men hear. A frank confession of abysmal failure of faith poured into his ears. He heard of long, long doubts and worryings, of years of strivings after Truth, and then the realisation that there was a greater truth than the one dreamed of before.

(*Continued on page* 86)

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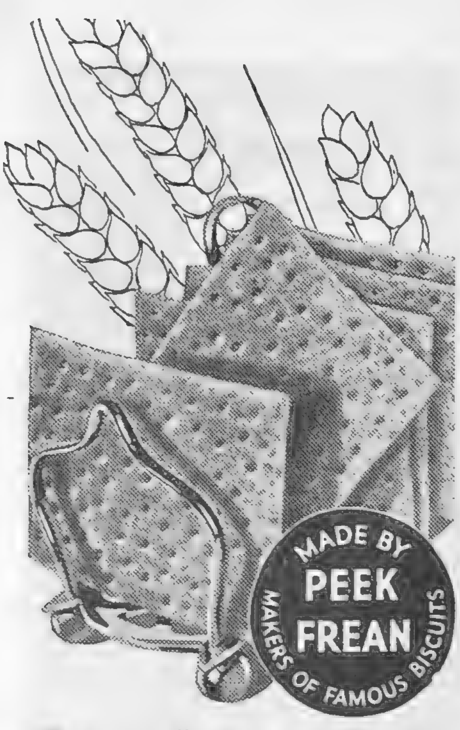

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“ You see, you do not really die at all,” said the chaplain. “ Do you know, I *see* people sometimes ? People who are dead, I mean. It's only a flash, sometimes . . . but I see them. I've never told anyone before. Our church condemns it. Yet now I know that the words I shall say to-morrow, when I walk beside you from here into there ”—and he nodded to the place behind the inner door—“ are words that do not mean anything. And yet I have to say them. We have not learned any new ones yet.

“ Lots of us parsons believe as I do, or know as I do, rather. And yet we keep our tongues quiet and we say nothing. I shall walk to-morrow morning from here into there, recite words beside you. But you won't die.

“ You will be the same when the trap has fallen as you were standing on it. People you know will meet you. And you will have a chance to make up for all that you have done. Really you are not being punished, if you only knew. You would suffer much more if you stayed here. There, you can earn progress by work. If you turn your face towards the light and climb upwards, you will be helped.

“ I will pray for you. I promise. It will help. I do not believe what is in the Book. I've brought it. Here it is, so that I could read to you. But I won't read it. But I am going to tell you the truth.”

And, for an hour, the two men talked. And then the two men prayed. . . .

Then, at last, and with a new light in his eyes, the Man stood up. . . .

“ Do you mean to say you've known all that for years and you haven't told anybody before ? ” said the Man.

“ Yes,” replied the chaplain.

“ Why, you're worse than I am,” went on the Man. “ Do you know what I would do if I had done what you have done, just kept my mouth shut ? ”

“ No,” said the chaplain.

“ Why,” said the Man, “ *I'd go and hang myself.* Why Guv'nor, when you've gone, *I'm going to pray for you.*”

Is the World Tired of Personal Liberty ?

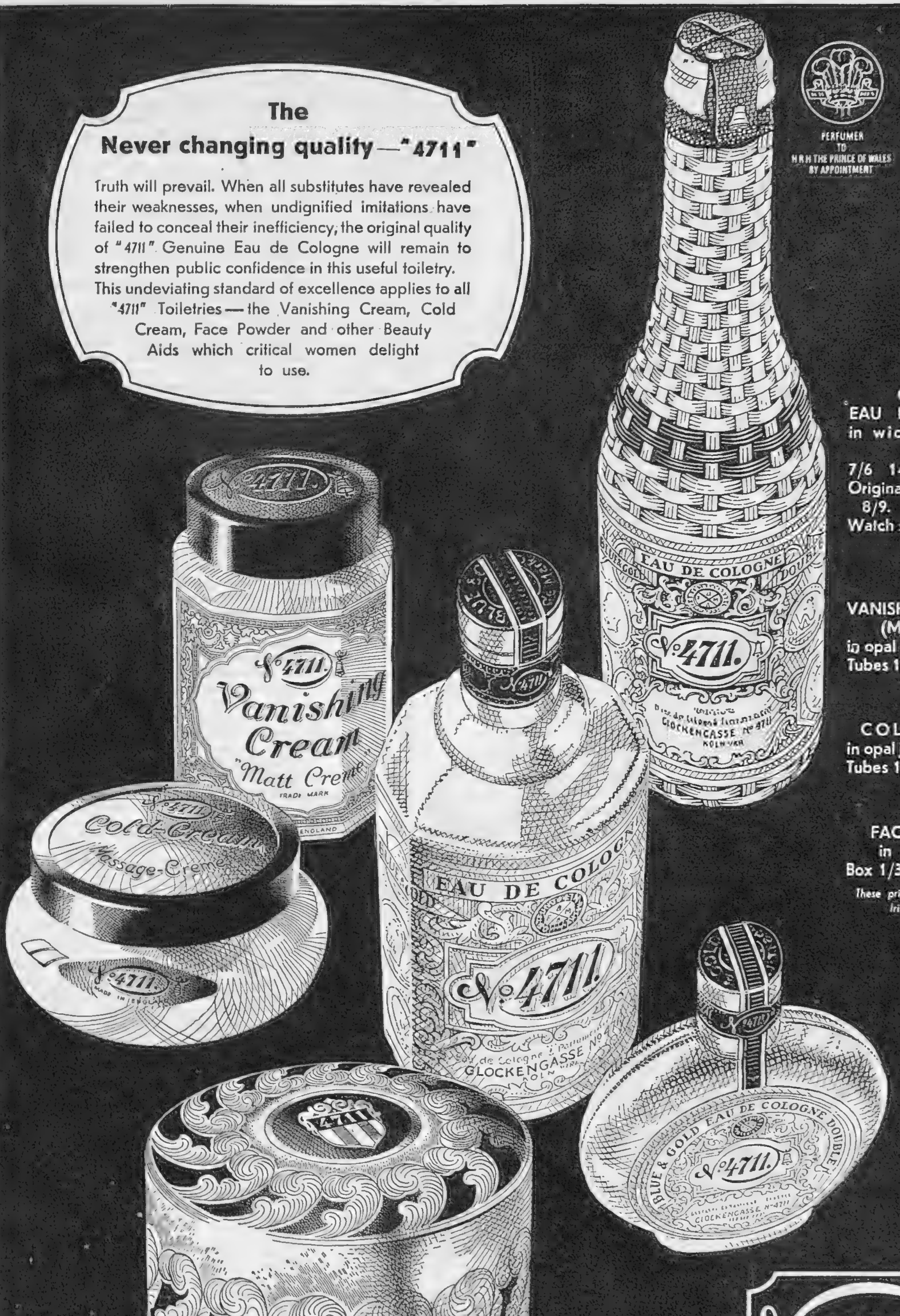
(*Continued from page* 35)

actions and likings that citizens have widely submitted to. Why, back in 1914, the only really verboten country was the Fatherland and how it used to get ragged—such as the foreign visitor reading a notice saying, “ Verboten to throw stones at this board.” And to think that that pickelhaube-ridden old Germany which used to be a byword emerges as a pleasaunce of all the permissions beside its successor of to-day. If one must go to Germany now it is advisable to make thorough self-probe first of all, not only of belongings but of mind. I had the start of this year when I opened my kit at the Dutch-German frontier station of Bernheim and disclosed lying on top the *Manchester Guardian* and *The Week-End Review.* Most fortunately the two Nasties examining were drowsy with beer and food—it was the lunch hour and hot—because, viewed in its worst light, that could have meant a year in gaol for being found in possession of literature hostile to the Hitler State. The part of wisdom is to bring nothing at all into Nazi Germany except the elementary necessities because if they don't like the look of you they'll have the lining out of your breeks in search of “ Jack London.” Once in the country, I find the most helpful attitude that of behaving as if everything might conceivably be verboten ; until one turns the key of one's room o'nights. Then one can sit on the bed and say *vile Hitler* or anything else one likes. I am sure that in so doing you would only be emulating countless private hate sessions held by Germans themselves. Seriously, Hitleria's list of prohibitions would fill pages of this magazine : they have been issuing forth in a steady stream ever since March. Goering—he is the chief one—thinks of a new thou-shalt-not and out it goes. Or if it isn't a downright verboten it is a “ recommendation ” which works out as practically the same thing. Stated broadly, it would be out of the question for an English man or woman to attempt to lead in Germany, to-day, anything resembling the sort of personal existence that they have grown used to at home. They might be able to drink beer at 4 p.m. or to buy chocolates at nine at night—but at what sacrifice. It would begin first thing each morning when invisibly across your morning paper “ verboten to print what is really happening in the world ” would trace itself. It would go on until the last thing at night when you would sit opposite your wireless with verboten ! verboten ! drumming in your brain, forbidden to listen to a darned thing except these propaganda programmes. The same at the cinema : everything forbidden that the Party considers might be bad for you. The normal life of human intelligence is verboten in Germany to-day : books and even the ordinary exchanges of conversation are also subject to strict sanction from above. Hitler having gone 1,000 per cent. biological, man is become servant to his unborn descendants and to institutions which should properly be his servant. And women, too. Dear me, yes. They are “ recommended ” not to smoke or to use rouge or lipstick or to dress other than Teutonly. They are forbidden to distract Nazi youth and dancing has been cut right down. Night life now in Berlin closes at midnight sharp and it's a pretty mouldy affair up till then. In fact, whoopee is heavily on the verboten list. And gradually women and girls are being forbidden to compete with men in the employment lists—that is the most pregnant of all the feminine verbotens ; think in England what it would mean ; basic alteration in the principal thing won by women this century. A marriage verboten code is being worked out.

As inspirer, Italy naturally shares a good deal of the above, yet somehow wine and the sun and *far niente* allow her verbotens to rest more lightly on her shoulders. However, in a land whose leader set the ball rolling by proclaiming that the world was sick of liberty you must not expect much of a survival of man's striving to be himself. All that's a wash-out now ; doesn't go with the idea of the State's benevolent straddling of the community. Perhaps no more incisive remark has been made about Italy than (I think) Osbert Sitwell's noting that Italians had ceased to sing in public. They have lost their sense of personal freedom under an avalanche of thou-shalt-nots, and they are not canaries. Many who read this will resuscitate the unique din that used to arise wherever Italians congregated over their glasses—arguing, shouting, singing, smoking, gambling, laughing, all rolled into one, garlicky but so *living.* Gone.

A species of verboten special to Italy revolves round sex appeal, no doubt on account of propinquity to Vatican City, wanting to humour this. Anyway, Mussolini has put much of a sanitary cordon round the bella signorina, protecting her from contamination by advanced foreign sisters, and it is on the dull side for her in consequence. No Paris models, films with the kick of a gnat, precious little going out with young men, as good as no jazz or dancings, beauty parading forbidden, and a good chance of having her silk stockings charcoaled if her dress doesn't come down to the regulation three inches below the knee. And the same menace existing aimed at freeing the labour market of her, eventually. Currently, only girls who show that they *must* work are allowed to. Should they be able to live at home or with relatives—employment verboten.

In Rome one is perpetually colliding with lesser prohibitions. You may only walk on one side of the (*Continued on page* 88)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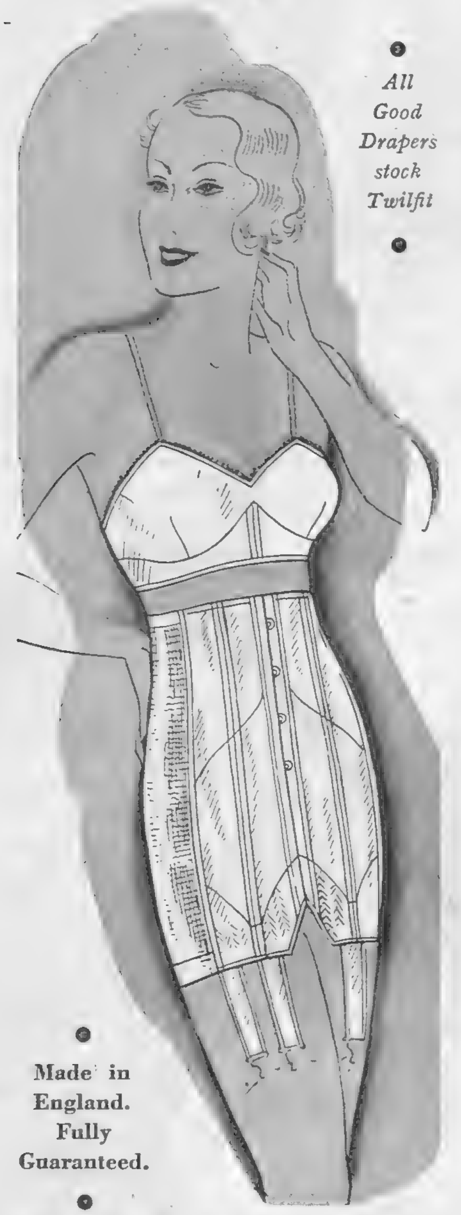

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Is the World Tired of Personal Liberty?

principal thoroughfares—and supposing Robert came up to you in Regent Street and asked you kindly to cross over and do your walking on the other side? In Roman heat-wave you may not hang on, even, to a tram in your shirtsleeves, much less enter one. Not dignified. As early as 10 p.m., practically everything is closed in Rome in the way of restaurants, cabarets, and the few bars that remain. Nor may Italians gloat over juicy columns of causes célèbres in their newspapers. All that is verboten. The Press is only permitted to publish a few formal lines. Think what a gap that would be, just of itself! Nor can the slightest gossip be retailed, either. No one ever knows what it was that so amused Mrs. Balbo, or how the Duce is getting on at table-tennis. All verboten, that kind of information, as not upholding the dignity of the régime. Probably the most difficult verboten to respect is: thou shalt not gesticulate. Yet the Duce is known to be dead keen on it. Has he not declared: "Before I came, twenty Italians collected for the afternoon over a fallen donkey. It is my greatest service to Italy to have stopped that"!

Shirts of political hue are becoming distinctly verboten. Denmark, Holland, Sweden, and Belgium are among the latest to rule them out—and also badges. Denmark forbade Boy Scouts to land and Holland ran some in because of their clasp-knives. Holland has also forbidden any more foreign students at her universities, this being in the line of self-protective nationalism, and which is extending. Switzerland forbids communistic sympathies among her 70,000 functionaries and this form of verbotenism is growing too. The Englishman who has his union, his co-operative, even his lodge, would be badly adrift in many parts of Europe to-day for all these are varyingly verboten.

Films and newspapers are freely forbidden; so are foreign artists. It is getting more and more difficult for foreigners who earn their living to stay on in foreign countries. They must get constantly renewable permits or (usually) not get them. Some countries people can't get in and out of without a song and dance. This is notably so in Central Europe where, moreover, the traveller may be immobilised for days unless in possession of a whole string of visas. Incredible, but a person wishing to fly from Paris to Istambul must collect the visas of nearly all the intervening countries though he may but brush their aerodromes. The air above is verboten, as the earth beneath and (for some) the waters on the face of the earth. Jews are forbidden to bathe in the statelier German rivers.

"But you can't do it now" has become a commonplace of conversation.

And the Customs! Each time one crosses a frontier, there's a list that high of things forbidden—although I've never seen any others present it formally as do our fellows.

Religious verbotenism is mainly Spanish: nuns and priests no longer able to teach. And the Ghazi forbids the fez, and Roosevelt forbids gold exporting, and Algeria is forbidden to plant wine, and de Valera forbids the Sunday newspapers, and the Dominions forbid emigrants, in fact, everything is most forbidding. Men seem to go round positively searching for things to forbid. And many orders disbanded or exiled.

A queer commentary on it all is the increasing license to gamble that is being given. France, Germany, Italy, Holland, are vying with one another at the gaming tables, because their Governments want the dough. So much for some of the morality lying behind verbotenism towards the second and clearly-designated phase of which we are now beginning to pass. This will be increasingly found to centre not upon what one mustn't do, but on what one *must*. Example: German functionaries of certain earning power *must* go regularly to the theatre. In fact, there's no getting away from it, we are fairly launched upon an age of verboten, so much so that surviving liberal-minded peoples may yet have to sink their differences in jointly upholding the strange and discarded notion, "thou mayst."

Her Name was Mary

(*Continued from page* 39)

And Edgar wanted Norma.

Like the sting of a nettle, Edgar's success goaded him to the writing table in the little sitting-room, and to that third act which had to be altered.

"Enter Jessica," wrote Mortimer. But she wouldn't enter. She kept dodging about in Mortimer's tired brain, refusing to produce herself in words.

Every line of this scene ought to tell, it should sparkle with the true Holt effervescence. But it didn't. "Corked champagne," said Mortimer to himself, with a dull throb of fear, and he got up and walked to the door.

Voices came to him from the kitchen. Evidently James Watts was not suffering from the loss of feminine society, or the loneliness of the country; or were they discussing him?

"A difficult gentleman . . ."

Watts's loyalty might not flinch before such a statement.

"I'm not in the least difficult," thought Mortimer pettishly, and realised at that moment that no one cared what he was.

He had heard the sound of a car a moment ago. Now, unmistakably, he heard Norma's characteristically crisp, modern voice. Up the path between the lavender bushes she came, waving to Mortimer, calling over her shoulder to Edgar Earle, who followed her. Mortimer was not at all pleased to see Earle, but he was definitely pleased to see Norma.

"You're not asked, Norma darling," Mortimer greeted her. "There's no hot water, and only one hip bath, and the cooking is grim, but I'm willing to sleep on the sofa if the case is urgent."

"We're going back to Exeter, darling, to stay with Duffy Sharp," explained Norma, "but old Humphreys is screaming for that last act, and I was wild to see you, so here we are."

"I hope you'll give us dinner, Morty," added Edgar.

Mortimer eyed him coldly, this fair, fresh faced lad who was his rival. Aggressively youthful he looked in his grey flannel suit.

"You shall share my crust," he said coolly. Then he forced himself to add: "Congratulations, my dear boy. A splendid effort!"

"Praise from you, Morty," said Earle, "makes me terribly humble," and he pretended not to see that Norma had slipped her arm round Morty's neck.

"You always were distressingly modest, Edgar."

Mortimer kissed Norma in full view of the younger man.

"Why didn't you bring food, my angel?" he said.

"We brought drink, Morty . . . Champagne!"

"You would," he said. "Women always hand one death in some form or other. That decides me, I must have my nap before dinner."

"Oh, darling, must you leave us?" cried Norma, but Mortimer was too occupied with his own recovered brightness to notice the swift glance she threw at Edgar Earle, and he turned and called Watts, who came out of the cottage with the air of a general who has directed a winning campaign.

"Dinner will be all right, sir," he said confidently.

"What makes you think so, James?" asked Mortimer, but he spoke kindly.

"You will find, sir, everything will be all right," repeated Watts inscrutably.

Refreshed by a nap on the plank-like bed, he found the other two at seven-thirty on a rickety bench outside the kitchen window.

"It's lovely here, Morty. You must stay as long as you can."

"Yes, don't hurry back, old boy," said Earle, "it'll do you no end of good."

Dinner was incredibly good. Clear soup, fragrant with sherry, a duckling with peas and tiny new potatoes cooked with mint, gooseberry fool, creamy and cold, coffee, hot and strong.

"Why, you've got a chef," Edgar Earle accused him.

"My dears, I don't know what's happened," said Mortimer. "She has suffered a sea change since lunch."

Norma gave her artificial laugh, and lit a cigarette from a candle, holding it delicately between carmine tipped fingers.

"Morty's a dark horse," she cooed. But under the table her left hand rested for an instant on Edgar's grey flannel knee.

"D'you know, Morty darling, I think we *must* go. We're really Duffy's party and she'll be yelling for us."

He saw them off, standing at the little gate. The sea was a sheet of steel now, and the boom of the waves more definitely loud. The taste of Norma's lip-stick was still on his mouth. He passed his handkerchief across it. Disgustingly barbaric, the way women smeared their lips. . . .

The kitchen door, half open, gave him the idea of thanking Mrs. Jorkins for her culinary skill.

He could hear Watts upstairs, so the woman would be alone if she had not gone.

She was there, bending over the table, setting some eggs in a plate by the light of an oil lamp.

A square-shouldered, strongly built woman, but not fat, Watts had libelled her there.

"You cooked uncommonly well," he began.

She lifted her head, turned slowly, and faced him. She was in a dark stuff dress with an apron, the bib pinned high on her breast. He knew her at once.

She was not Mrs. Jorkins. Her name was Mary.

"HULLO, Bill," she said pleasantly.

No one had called him Bill for ten years. He had treated his second christian name as his only one. The conquering sound of William had been lost in the mists of ages. It was now merely suburban.

"So *you're* the cook?"

Mortimer's immense surprise made him say the first thing which came into his head.

Mary nodded.

"Yes. Mrs. Jorkins sprained her ankle carrying up your hot water, so I came along to help. I didn't mean you ever to know."

"Do you know that I'm paying fabulous sums a week to find you?"

Mary dusted a chair.

"Sit down, you look tired."

Mortimer sank into the chair and wiped his forehead. Mary was as annoying as ever. If he hadn't stepped in to thank the supposed Mrs. Jorkins she would have come and gone as she had done long ago.

"You must let me divorce you, Mary," he said.

She shook her head, and taking a pencil from the dresser, made a mark on each egg showing the date when it was laid.

"I shall be exceedingly generous," said Mortimer, "and as you seem to be in poor circumstances . . ." he indicated the apron, and waved a hand round the kitchen, "the money arrangement I shall make will be acceptable."

Mary's eyes, large, blue and meditative in her tanned face, were fixed upon him.

"But I'm respectable, Bill," she said gently.

"Have you lived it down, as the historians say?" said Mortimer, almost chattily.

"There was nothing to live down, Bill."

"Of course there was. You eloped, scandalously, with your lover."

Mary smiled indulgently.

"I went away by myself."

"You won't get a judge to believe that!" snapped Mortimer. "You forget you pretended to be fond of me."

Mary took off her (*Continued on page* 90)

FOR THE HOSTESS

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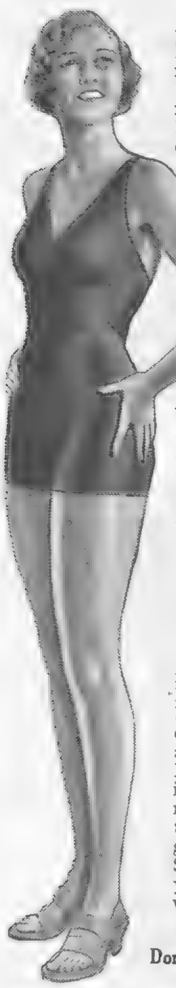

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apron, and folded it carefully. On one roughened hand there was a gold wedding ring. That touched Mortimer, or it would have if he had seen it in one of his plays.

"I was very taken up with you at one time, Bill, that's true," she admitted, "until I found you out," she added calmly.

"Found me out? I was ridiculously faithful to you!"

"I know that, Bill. I just found out the kind of man you were, and I thought I'd be happier on my own. I've sometimes regretted it, though," she went on, taking a shapeless hat from a hook behind the door.

"Put that down," Mortimer commanded. "You don't suppose I'm going to let you go till we've had this out. What did you find out and why did you regret leaving me?"

"You see, Bill, after a year. . . ." Mary turned the hat round in her hand as if it was a Paris model she was considering whether to purchase or no, "every woman finds her husband out. It's what she finds that matters. You had such dreadful faults, Bill. It seemed to me that it would have taken an angel to cure you of them, and I didn't feel good enough, but thinking about it in the long winter evenings, I've thought since I might have made something of you. You weren't all bad."

This concession filled Mortimer with a cold fury.

"All bad, indeed!" he said. "I was successful, getting rich, I bore with your stupidity like an angel. What had you to complain of, if your fantastic tale is true, that you went off by yourself."

"I didn't see it that way," she said. "A woman can put up with children being peevish and selfish and thinking of nothing but themselves, but it makes you sick when it's a man you want to be proud of. You never loved me, Bill. You never loved anybody but yourself, and nobody has ever loved you. I nearly did. That's one reason I went. I thought 'If I go on loving Bill Holt I shall fret myself to death, and I shan't sleep at night thinking about his cold heart and his mean, selfish little ways,' so I packed my suitcase, and I went, and I've slept very well ever since."

Mortimer fought with a rising hysteria.

"Ha, ha!" he said. "You're very amusing, without knowing it! Did you see that young lady? Oh, there's nothing to turn up your nose about, she's quite as respectable as you, but she loves me, and she's going to be my wife."

"So you're going to have two wives, Bill?"

Mortimer's lips were twitching, his hand was twitching. He jerked out his silk handkerchief again and passed it over his face.

"Then you refuse to let me divorce you."

"No, because you can't divorce a respectable woman. I won't be any bother to you. You've never seen me all these years. You'll never see me again, most likely, and as for that girl loving you. She may do, just as a cat loves cream, but not as a woman should love a man."

"I've got to tell you, Bill," she said. "That girl's no good. She was sitting out there, with that young fellow she came with, while I was working at this table. They didn't know I could see them and hear them, and they were kissing, and she was telling him how you were too rich to let go, how, when you'd got rid of your common wife, she'd marry you, and they'd be friends just the same. Even after all these years, it made me mad to hear her."

Mortimer moistened his lips.

"She said that?"

Mary nodded.

"She did, Bill, and the young man, he said she was backing the wrong horse, that your day was over, and the public would be sick of you soon, and then they laughed. Old Morty they called you, and you only forty-five."

"The slut . . ." said Mortimer between his teeth.

"You shouldn't take up with such people, Bill. But you were always like that. If

anyone flattered you, you thought the world of them."

"Stop your preaching," said Mortimer.

"What's the matter with your hand, Bill?" she observed.

"Nothing. I don't want anything of you now," his voice rose to something very like a scream. "Get out of my sight. Put on that loathsome hat, and never let me see or hear of you again."

And Mary went.

THE seizure came in the night.

One moment he was raging up and down the room, longing to get his hands on Norma's white throat, and hurt her damnably, or better still, hurt her with words, airy, flippant, cruel words, the kind he knew so well how to say, longing to hurl abuse at Edgar, the two of them. They amounted to nothing and yet they had this power to double-cross him, to make a fool of him. And that woman in the kitchen, the woman who had left him because she found him so contemptible, that made him gasp, sent the blood thundering to his head, and the next moment he was lying under the window, and the sea seemed to rush in at the window, and Norma and Edgar were nothing, because the world was a spinning void of blackness. . . .

Mary heard the crash from the little cupboard bedroom beside the kitchen, to which she had returned after a private consultation with James Watts.

"I'm a heavy sleeper," he confessed. "I couldn't trust myself to hear him if he called. He has done, often, he's a bad sleeper, Mrs. Hillman."

"Always was," said Mary.

James stared at her.

At two o'clock she tapped on his door.

"Help me to move him," she said. "He's had a kind of fit."

Watts sat up blinking.

"I don't believe you," he said.

"It doesn't matter what you believe," said Mary. "Take your orders from me, I'm Mrs. Mortimer Holt."

And, looking at the figure in the red cashmere dressing-gown, with the two long plaits hanging over her shoulders, Watts knew it was true.

It was only a slight seizure, the local doctor, roused out of his bed, told Mary.

"A temporary loss of power on the right side." He would soon recover consciousness, but it was a warning. No work, literary work, for at least a year. Everyone knew Mr. Holt's industry. Could she guarantee perfect quiet?

"Oh, yes."

Mrs. Holt seemed confident about that, confident about everything. Mortimer's bed was moved near the window, where the salty air blew freshly in. When he opened his eyes, Mary was sitting by his side, darning the heel of a stocking.

"What's happened?" he said.

"Not very much," said Mary, "except that I'm still here."

"That's bad enough," said Mortimer, closing his eyes again.

The next day she was still by his side.

"Her name was Mary," he said dreamily.

"And still is," said Mrs. Holt briskly. "I'm a nuisance, aren't I?"

"You might be worse," said Mortimer grudgingly.

By the end of the week he was in his embroidered dressing-gown, propped up by pillows, reading the letters and telegrams Mary allowed him to see.

"You've a lot of friends," she observed.

"Yet nobody loves me," he snapped.

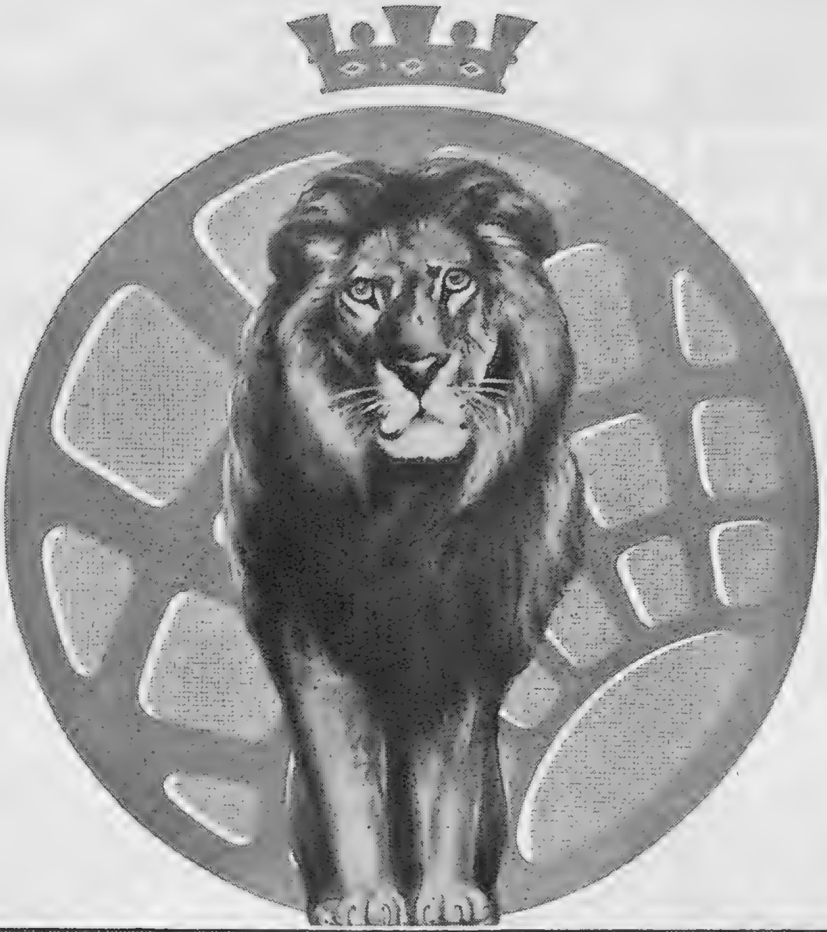
"I wouldn't say that. I'm getting rather fond of you myself."

He hardly listened. He had just picked up the paper, and seen that Edgar Earle's play had been summarily taken off, after a week's run. That was not the only bit of theatrical news.

Miss Norma Durand had unfortunately met with a slight accident, and her understudy had made a great hit in her part.

"Too bad," he

(*Continued on page 92*)



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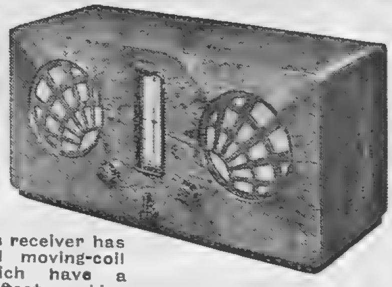

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muttered, hiding his deep gratification. He was still the same Mortimer in many ways. Not quite in all.

She handed him his letters. There was one from Lengford and Hall.

"We are able to inform you that we have now located the whereabouts of Mrs. Mary Holt," he read. "She is living at a cottage in Devonshire under her maiden name of Hillman. It will not be difficult to get in touch with her, and she will probably be willing to give you your freedom, if properly handled."

"Read this," he said, with an odd smile.

Mary's eyes travelled over the page.

"Tell me how to handle you," said Mortimer, and he moved that still rather helpless right hand towards her.

"You needn't trouble. I'll do whatever you wish."

There was a silence. The sound of the sea was infinitely soothing. A bee explored the quiet sunny room. Mortimer lay still and looked at Mary. Then he rang the bell by his side.

"Sir?" said James Watts, appearing in the doorway.

"Move Mrs. Holt's things into the best bedroom next door."

"Yes, sir," said Watts, disappearing.

"I couldn't think what you wanted," said Mary.

"Well, you know now," said Mortimer. "I want you."

Incredibly it was true. She was universal, like the sun, the wind and the sea. He had always needed her. Slowly, laboriously, he tore up Lengford's letter.

She got up and moved to the bed—slowly, awkwardly, she stooped and kissed him before she left the room.

WATTS never moved her things into the best bedroom, next door. He brought a note, instead, in Mary's laborious, careful writing.

"Dear Bill,

You mean it kindly, but it's no good. I shouldn't do in London, and you know it, so I've gone back to my own cottage now you're well enough to be left. I won't stand in your light if you want to marry anyone else, but I wouldn't advise you to, you're not the marrying sort. Hoping God will bless you,

I remain, yours truly,

Mary."

"Don't stand staring at me," said Mortimer. "Give me my writing block and a pencil, and come back in five minutes for the answer."

It took Mortimer Holt five minutes to find the answer in his own soul. He had risen to heights of incredible nobility, and she had left him again. There was no pleasing the woman. He had to fight his way through baffled fury, and a great emptiness of spirit to relief, but it came at last.

Norma was gone, Mary was gone, for now he knew he would not call her back, but his success and the fruits of it remained. His comfortable flat, his ordered life, Watts, who never forgot his Ovaltine, a few months luxurious idleness, and then the play that would stagger London and wipe Edgar Earle off the map. He couldn't have written that play with Mary's eyes watching him. Mary's eyes, kind, yet infinitely contemptuous. It was better this way.

When Watts returned, he greeted him gaily.

"We'll travel for six months, Watts," he said. "We'll drop down the Mediterranean, go to Algiers, then on to Egypt. We won't get back till next spring. We'll start as soon as I can be moved."

"The answer to the note, sir?" said Watts.

"Oh, the note." Mortimer recalled his mind with difficulty. "There is no answer."

"He's forgotten even her name," thought Watts indignantly.

But there he was wrong. One woman alone had made Mortimer Holt feel small. For that woman he had a reluctant admiration. He had loved her, lost her, regained her, been defeated by her, and every time she had been right.

Whatever he forgot, he would remember that woman's name.

50 Reasons Why I Live in England

(Continued from page 21)

he would not let me pay, and located the machine in ten minutes. It was then half past six in the evening. At ten o'clock next morning it was delivered to my hotel.

My inference is not that in America lost articles are never returned; the railways there are as conscientious about returning lost articles as they are here. But the average bus conductor, cab driver or man in the street is not, shall we say, as efficient as here. It is the exception in America to find what you have lost; here it is the rule.

3. *Servants are cheaper, more efficient and more civil here.*

To pay a cook eighty dollars a month to prepare a bad dinner and then answer you back when you correct her is the sort of thing one gave up tolerating at the age of six. Since in England it is well understood that there is nothing degrading in being a servant, that it does not imply that one is lower in the scale of human happiness—which is the only possible way to judge human beings—why, the English servants take pride in their work and do it well, and for a reasonable return.

4. *The English weather is better.*

Contrary to all reports, impressions and jokes, my experience with the climate here, during many visits, winter included, is that it is far superior to most parts of America. There may be more showers per diem, but does one have to wrap up in great coats as if about to cross the Alps, as one does in a New York winter? One does not. In the dead of winter here a top coat is ample covering for all but the anæmic of limb. And does one, in an English summer, have to sit in one's shirtsleeves, looking most unattractive, with an electric fan blowing away five cents an hour, as one does in the *cooler* sections of the States, or lie asleep from noon to four as one does in the Southern States? One does not. England has the most equable climate in the world. And for me the most stimulating.

5. *The trains are faster, more comfortable and cheaper.*

For a penny a mile one can get on the fastest trains in the world, sit in a car, not with 120 bad haircuts in pairs in front of one, but with six or eight people in the same roomy compartment; with a lavatory in which there are fresh, individual towels at no extra charge; with tea served to your seat at no supplement to the restaurant-car prices; with a track that is notoriously the smoothest in the world; and with a choice of classes to segregate travellers according to the true intent of democracy: namely, according to what each man can afford to pay.

6. *The beef is infinitely better.*

There is no getting away from it, the Roast Beef of Old England deserves every song and poem ever written to it.

7. *Of course, the good liquor.*

It is, however, more expensive here than in America (if you don't care what you get in the States). Gin here is $2.50 a bottle; in America you can get it, fresh from the bath-tub in which it was made, for 75 cents.

8. *The absence, by comparison, of billboard advertising.*

It is a relief to find the countryside relatively free from noxious signs exhorting one to buy This or That. Incidentally, advertising in England, while not as developed technically as in America, has the virtue of being more readily believed because of its old-fashioned lack of superlatives.

9. *Coffee at 11 and tea at 4 served as a matter of course in most places of business.*

A very civilised idea and one which keeps workers not only more contented but more efficient, too. However, nothing here can compare with the magnificent resting rooms installed for the girls (Continued on page 94)

47 lbs. Ugly Fat Gone!

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"I must write and thank you for the continuous benefit I am deriving from taking your Kruschen Salts. In October, 1932, I weighed 14 stone 7 lbs. I am only 5 ft. 3 ins. tall, so I looked and felt terrible. I could not do housework, I felt too breathless, and I will never forget that awful heavy feeling. Every stitch of clothing had to be made for me, costing pounds more. I read about Kruschen and decided to try a bottle. The first bottle did me good.

"As you will see from the weight cards enclosed, there has been a steady decrease in my weight ever since. From 14 stone 7 lbs. I have reduced to 11 stone 2 lbs., and my measurements are as follows:—

BEFORE.		*AFTER.*	
Bust	*44 ins.*	*Bust*	*37 ins.*
Waist	*40 ins.*	*Waist*	*34 ins.*
Hips	*53 ins.*	*Hips*	*40 ins.*

No more outsizes for me. I took a large 6 size in shoes when I was fat, now I take a small 5. My ankles were always swollen—people used to look and pity me. The strain on my heart was terrific. Your Kruschen Salts acted miraculously, and the fat melted away. I cannot thank you enough. It is such a relief to see inches roll off. I feel so grateful for youth regained, I am 43 and look 35, and get about like a young woman."

(*Mrs.*) *I. G., Bucks.*

The formula of Kruschen represents the ingredient salts of the mineral waters of those European Spas which have been used by generations of overstout people to reduce weight.

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PLAYER'S

'MEDIUM' NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
100s BOXES 4/8d · FLAT TINS OF 50 FOR 2/6d

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C.106 C

THE X-RAY
LEFT NO DOUBT—

"marked absorption of the bone . . . Pyorrhœa . . . extraction essential"

She has seen the advertisements of Forhan's for the Gums, yet still she has neglected her teeth; little more than twenty years old and her front teeth are to come out . . . Deadly Pyorrhœa, breaking down gum tissue, attacking the actual tooth-socket in the jaw! Poor child . . . her dentist would have warned her. Do *you* know the signs? Tender gums that bleed at a touch often mean that the insidious poisons of Pyorrhœa are infecting the system, undermining your health. Daily use of Forhan's for the Gums can ward off this disease. It is more than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhœa; buy a tube to-day.

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

in many American business houses. The telephone companies have been the most advanced in this sort of thoughtful "good business."

10. *The national fondness for dogs and the cheapness of buying them.*

11. *I like the slight fire hazard in England.*

12. *I like the King.*

The whole Royal Family is a marvellous institution. It gives the pageantry which every man in his heart worships, but which he is neither able to assume himself nor would wish to assume even if he could because of the terrific responsibility attendant upon it.

13. *The frequency of Post Offices.*

Every few streets in London has a P.O. for me to communicate with you in almost every way imaginable except by the sign language; here telephones, telegraphs, cables, messenger boys and even taxicabs, ready to help the man of words as well as the fastest postal delivery system in the world, are all assembled under the one roof of the Post Office. And there are branch offices everywhere. In New York there are probably not a dozen post offices all told. In London there must be hundreds.

"What a pity," I heard a man say the other day, "that girl over there would be a beauty if it weren't for two things: that untidy hair, and well, just look at her shoulder-straps." Yet with a little care these imperfections can be removed. A Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet should be put on at night after the toilet has been completed. In the morning the hair should be dampened, the waves pressed into position and held there, while one is bathing and dressing, with Ladye Jayne Wave Clips. Untidy hair will be a thing of the past if this treatment is tried. Slipping shoulder-straps that insist on peeping out of one's dress can be simply and surely held in place by the Janet Security Clip which is illustrated here and consists of a minute chain with three tiny but efficient clips.

14. *The best jazz in the world.*

Just listen to Ray Noble or Ambrose or Jack Hylton.

15. *I like living in England because I can swim here without wearing bathing tops.*

Trunks are sufficient at most beaches here. But if, in America, a man should appear without a bathing shirt as well, the rude hand of the law will filch fifty dollars from his pockets or thrust him in prison for thirty days. Hollywood included.

16. *I like the street musicians.*

17. *The love of flowers that is a national trait.*

18. *I like the coal fires.*

Nothing is more devitalising nor efficient than steam heat, as we have it in America.

19. *I like the surgeon-like apron with sleeves in which the hairdresser envelopes you, as if for a major operation.*

And it is a relief to find that the average barber is a good barber. In America only the most expensive can be trusted with your hair—the rest are really Greek restaurant keepers.

20. *I like the English complexion.*

21. *I like the scarlet coats of the Guards against the green of the Parks.*

22. *Early morning tea.*

Do not confuse this with 11-o'clock coffee or 4-o'clock tea. It is pretty marvellous when, after a bad night, one lies tossing and looking at the bald face of day and there suddenly sounds upon the carpet the comforting steps of a maid bringing me tea; and when I hear the clink of saucer against teapot as the tray lands on my bed table, I feel that life may be again worth living.

23. *Chemists' shops that are chemists' shops.*

And not combination ice-cream parlours and Woolworth stores jazzed up in cellophane and high prices as they are in America.

24. *I like the credit system.*

We have credit in America on a large scale too, but you have to account for the sins of your fathers unto the third and fourth generation back before you can get it.

25. *The traffic is better handled.*

It is probably due to the smaller number of cars on the streets, but it seems to me it is due to the larger number of streets that makes it possible to go from the City (or Wall Street in New York) to Kensington in fifteen minutes at rush hour and, arriving at one's destination, to be able to park almost where one pleases.

26. *Of course, I like the absence of skyscrapers in England.*

I hate the tall buildings in New York. Of course, this is entirely a personal opinion, but they shut out light and air, they fill the streets with people, and, I feel, they tend to minimise the individual character exactly as does a human pyramid on a vaudeville stage.

27. *The system of payment on 'buses, trams and underground.*

28. *Men's clothes.*

I like to live in a country where it is pleasant to look upon my fellow-beings for æsthetic as well as for Christian reasons. After all, if one is going to bother to brush one's hair at all or put on any sort of a necktie, it is because one wants to look decent. If, then, one is not well dressed it is simply because one lacks taste—and there's no getting away from it. Englishmen, including 'busmen on holidays, are infinitely better dressed than Americans.

29. *I like the cream you get here. It is cream.*

30. *I would live in England for the Underground, alone, if my business required me to go to a financial section every day.*

31. *I like the night clubs better.*

In the first place, everyone is dressed. In the second place, one does not go for the leg show or to get drunk. With one or two exceptions, New York night clubs are a pretty sordid excursion; without chic, without élan and without respect.

32. *I like the English hotels.*

Hotels, like night clubs, depend entirely on their personality. In America they have none. With two exceptions: the Plaza in New York and the Fairmont in San Francisco. And they are of 1890.

33. *I like the " stalls " and " pit."*

In America the whole downstairs part of the theatre is called the " orchestra," and the last six or eight rows of this orchestra cost as much as the fifteen rows ahead of it, except the first six rows. It is, to my mind, much fairer to divide the orchestra into stalls and pit.

34. *British justice.*

While almost too famous to mention, I am thrilled, when a big case comes up, to see the rich man get his just deserts, just like an Horatio Alger " dime novel," and the poor man triumph.

35. *I like the English motor cars.*

Not only are they, grade for grade, better-looking, but they are more advanced than American cars.

36. *The bands in the parks of almost every city.*

37. *I like, too, the system of chairs in the parks.*

In America there are only hard benches in rows and fastened hard to the ground.

38. *I like taxis that can turn on their axis.*

39. *Of course I like the castles.*

You may say what you like about capitalism, but the poor people adore their castles too.

40. *The permanency of England.*

It is a comfortable feeling to go out of one's house in town, or country, with a reasonable assurance that upon returning one will not find a riveter or (*Continued on page* 96)

Baked Jam Roll.

'Atora' makes the nicest Baked Jam Roll you ever tasted—crisp, delicious, most nourishing. And it's very simple to make — only three-quarters of an hour's baking with

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

This inexpensive recipe is taken from the 'Atora' Book of 100 tested recipes. Send a postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

458a

RECIPE.

½ lb. Self-raising Flour
or
½ lb. Plain Flour and teaspoon of Baking Pdr.
¼ lb. of Shredded 'Atora.' Pinch of Salt.

Mix the ingredients with the flour, then rub in the 'Atora.' (In cold weather the Suet should be slightly warmed before using, but *not* melted). Add enough water to make a stiff paste, roll out thin, and spread over with jam or marmalade. Roll over (sealing up ends by turning them in), damp edges and pinch together. Bake for about ¾ hour in a greased tin. Serve hot. Sufficient for 6 persons.

Cephos saved the situation

"For nearly two years now I have had a great deal of pain at certain periods, in fact on two occasions I have been compelled to leave business. This might quite well have resulted in my losing my post had it recurred frequently. The pain I suffered left my nerves in a very bad condition. I saw your advertisement and sent for a free sample, and when the trouble commenced took the tablets. Throughout the whole time I did not *have one moment of pain. Only a person who has suffered the same can realise what that means. My appreciation is boundless."*

Cephos is the actual prescription of a Harley Street Specialist for all nervous disorders, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Influenza, etc. It does not affect the heart and can be taken by even the most delicate.

Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, and all Chemists and Stores at 1/3 and 3/- in powders or tablets. Single powders **2d.** *each.*

Cephos REGD THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

We invite you to test Cephos for yoursel. Write for a

FREE Sample

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Sheldons Ltd

GREY HAIR—NO CASE TOO BAD

NOT A DYE. No case of Grey Hair too advanced for HARBAN. Original colour restored by natural, gradual process. No Harmful Dyes. Arrests falling hair. Results guaranteed or money refunded in full. Write NOW for particulars of this wonderful new specific.

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MATERNITY FROCKS

We have recently re-organised our Maternity Department and in consequence our models are smarter and more attractive than ever. Call at our showrooms or write for Catalogue "M"

Model H.M. 670

Maternity Frock in heavy crêpe. Can be expanded as required. Supplied in an extensive range of colours.

3½ Gns.

In fine wool material in Navy, Wine, Lido, Brown 67/6

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Sent free in plain envelope.

- **M.—MATERNITY WEAR** *(Frocks, Coats, Belts, Corsets, etc.).*
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- **C.—CHILDREN'S FASHIONS from 12 months upwards** *(Coats, Frocks, Hats, Suits, Shoes, Underwear, etc.).*
- **F.—NURSERY FURNITURE** *(All Nursery Furniture and Furnishings, including Cribs, High Chairs, Play Pens, Beds, Bedding, Rugs, etc.).*
- **P.—BABY CARRIAGES** *(Pram Rugs, Pram Bags, etc.).*
- **X.—CHILPRUFE FOR CHILDREN.**

Customers may order by post with confidence.

Agents for Harringtons Squares.

TREASURE COT
COMPANY, LIMITED
(Dept. S.V.46), 103, Oxford St., London, W.1
(Only address)

(Flynn's)

50 Reasons Why I Live in England

drill-monger playfully ripping the front sidewalk to pieces.

41. *I like a country that has restaurants where one may eat for a shilling yet have, too, a table-cloth, a linen napkin, service, and an orchestra playing during dinner.*
42. *The literary tradition of England.*
43. *I like the English newspapers.*

With the single exception of the *New York Times*, they are more complete, more accurate and better written here.

44. *I like tremendously the telephone boxes in the streets.*
45. *I like the surprise of turning some ordinary corner and coming upon a truly beautiful vista of landscape or house.*

The American landscape is pretty monotonous.

46. *The automobile clubs—the A.A. and the R.A.C.*

We have automobile clubs in America that offer many of the services offered here, but none have the road-men, which to me is one of the most intelligent ideas I have ever come upon.

47. *The civility of the English police.*
48. *I like the big bath-tubs.*

And, incidentally, there is plenty of hot water in England these days.

49. *I like the parks and green squares everywhere.*

London, most of all, but most other cities in proportion, can offer a sense of peace in spite of being seething cities, because of the innumerable parks.

AND FIFTY. I like living in England because I know, all the time, I can get out of it quickly! While in New York, if I want to get away, there are seven days of Atlantic Ocean on one side and five days of America on the other side. One of the first things that man put in his house when first he built it was a door—to get out of. Somehow it makes him love his house the more. And somehow I love England the more because I know I can step out of it in just a few hours. I can step out of England to France, to Denmark, to Germany, to Old Vienna, to Naples—and to America, that I cannot and do not want to forget, and to whom, though I am living in England for the many reasons I have mentioned, I shall always return with a great deal of excitement.

Health, Comfort *and* Economy

MANY people are apt to fight shy of a coal-burning grate because they envisage smoking chimneys and a draughty hearth. Not everybody, however, realises that a coal fire is the healthiest and the cheapest means of heating a room. But the secret of successful heating lies in the grate.

No barless fire should be higher than six inches, and the back bricks should deflect the heat into the room. Tried out in some thousands of hospitals and institutions, the "Hue" Fire has been placed before the public as an easy, inexpensive and exceedingly efficient method of converting the old-fashioned, coal-wasting type of grate into a modern barless stove.

The latest model of the "Hue" Fire is a guarantee of instant ignition without effort. Its white convexed radiating surface throws forward all the heat into the room. The "Quopian" control regulates the warmth, and if the room is unoccupied during some hours of the day a low fire can be maintained which will burn for hours without attention, and by a simple movement of the "Quopian" control the heat can be modified.

Coal-saving experiments have revealed that for the least amount of fuel burned the "Hue" Fire gives out the most heat. Housewives anxious to save fuel and trouble would be wise to invest in the latest "Hue" model.

A catalogue and full particulars will be sent on request. Write to the "Woman Editor," BRITANNIA & EVE, 346, *Strand, W.C.2.*

The Splendid Thieves *(Continued from page 33)*

deemed of such importance that the authorities had offered an enormous reward.

The car surged forward. Astounded by the sum offered for his capture, the youth stroked the whip. What was this he carried? What extraordinary warning to the world? The stupid sleeping world that had no knowledge of the devil's brew that was being manufactured in the wastes!

Dragging himself out of the ditch, he wondered if "Cold Eyes" knew at that moment that he, the youth, was playing the leading rôle.

FIVE hours later the youth dragged himself beneath a balcony in a side street. He was all in. With difficulty he found sufficient breath to whistle the "Habanera" from *Carmen*. He whistled it softly.

A window on the second floor was pushed up silently. A head was thrust out. The youth made a queer clucking sound.

The man at the window wasted no time. He climbed out, clutched an iron down-pipe and slid to the ground. He bent over the youth, who had now collapsed completely.

Hurriedly the man who had descended uncorked a flask and pressed the neck of it between the lips of the youth. A police whistle sounded in a cross street. It was answered by another.

It was the sound made by the whistles that brought the youth out of the fainting spell. His fingers clawed madly at the whip knotted around his neck. He thrust it at the other. Half-choked words came from his lips. No, no, nothing could be done for his wound! He was through! Quite! Dead in an hour! Didn't matter! He would be with the chap who rode like a centaur. They would stay with the whip! *Their souls!* Go! . . . *Go!*

Taller, stronger, a few years older than the youth was the man who took up the task of relaying the whip to "Cold Eyes." He had a scar on his right cheek, a scar that he cursed because it made a police description so disgustingly easy to follow. During the period he had occupied the room in the side street, he had mapped out the best possible getaway in case he had an impulse to remove himself hurriedly. The impulse was upon him now.

The street was an *impasse*. He ran swiftly to a wall at the closed end, vaulted it, dropped into a garden that he crossed with a sureness that hinted at previous surveys. He swung himself on to a footbridge that spanned a lane, raced across a dark park and stepped cautiously into a crooked side street.

The street joined a parental thoroughfare, broad and well-lighted. Scar-face knew that if he could cross this street in safety, he would reach a lane that led to the railway station. A good train lumbered through the town a few minutes before midnight. He could jump the train.

But invisible hands held him as he made to cross the street. What did the youth say? That he and another would stay with the whip! *Their souls!* Startled, strangely thrilled, he stayed in the shadow. The street was a trap. Secretly alive!

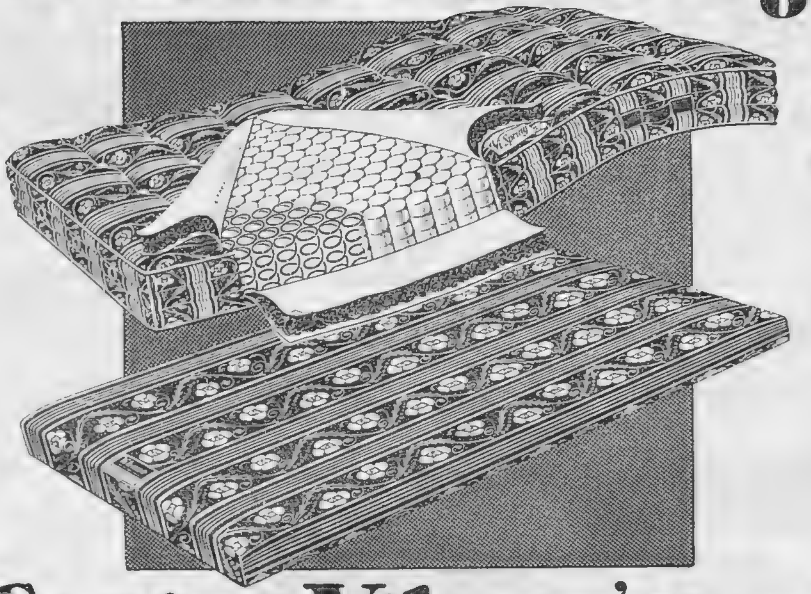
The suspicions were swiftly confirmed. A mounted trooper came at a gallop over the cobblestones, and from a dark doorway immediately opposite the hiding place of Scar-face a foot policeman rushed and shouted information to the rider. They had got the youth, according to the foot policeman. . . . He had put up a fight. . . . The police killed him, but the thing—the thing they searched for was not on the body.

The foot policeman rushed back to his doorway. Scar-face was certain that there were many of his ilk in the shadows of the street. Spiders, mouthing the figures of the reward.

A two-horse waggon came at a trot up the thoroughfare. A loud-voiced countryman who had stayed drinking at a café was making for his home in the outskirts.

Scar-face watched the approach of the waggon. It was on his side of the street. A whispered suggestion *(Continued on page 98)*

A bed that *always* ensures nights of sound, refreshing sleep



The *Vi-Spring* OVERLAY MATTRESS

A night's rest on the soft, resilient 'Vi-Spring,' means hours of sleep-inducing comfort. From bed-time till dawn you give yourself over to sound, refreshing sleep, throwing off the fatigue of yesterday, and fitting yourself for the day to come. Used with the Vibase Mattress Support this famous mattress gives a standard of comfort that has never been equalled.

The VIBASE MATTRESS SUPPORT

is the ideal support for the 'Vi-Spring.' It enables the hundreds of small springs in the overlay mattress to give their fullest resiliency and eliminates the possibility of sagging. The hand-made 'Vi-Spring' and the efficient Vibase Support make a combination which will ensure years of service. Ask your house Furnisher to show you this fine bed equipment.

The 'Vi-Spring-Vibase' Combination

SOLD BY ALL RELIABLE HOUSE FURNISHERS

Write for beautifully illustrated catalogue, sent post-free on request to Sole manufacturers :—

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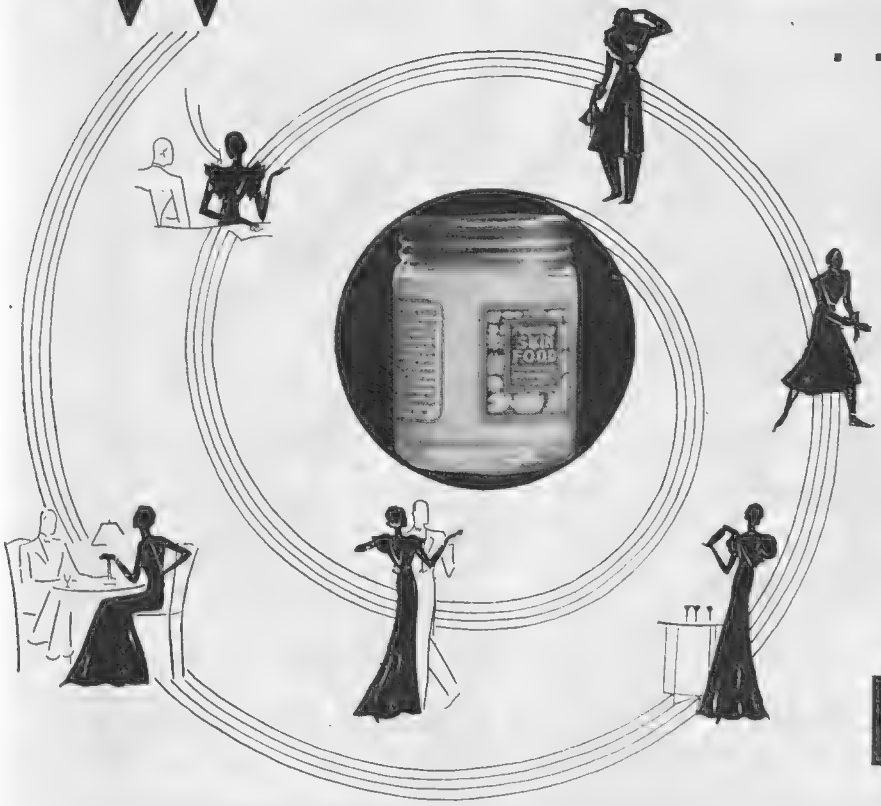
WHEN THE SOCIAL ROUND IS UNRELENTING

. . . Beauty asks this little compensation



A WOMAN is only young once, so why waste the hours ? Well, go to it. But should you get a hint that the pace is beginning to tell, take heed. Should your mirror show you just a slight dimming of your natural loveliness, give Beauty this little compensation : Last thing at night, massage your face with Pomeroy Skin Food. Then off with you into bed, secure in the knowledge that your skin has been thoroughly cleansed and exercised and that, whilst you sleep, the pure delicate oils which have sunk into the pores will be *nourishing* your skin — rejuvenating it. Persevere with the Pomeroy treatment for a week and, day by day, watch your natural loveliness reappear ; watch your face recapture that radiance which tells of the youthfulness in your heart.

POMEROY SKIN FOOD

At your Chemist's in tubes from 1/- & in jars from 2/3

WOMEN WITH SUPERFLUOUS HAIR are invited to arrange an appointment for treatment by Electrolysis—the only safe and *permanent* cure— as practised in the Pomeroy Salons for more than 25 years. The Treatment Rooms are at 29 Old Bond St., W.1; 2 Newington, Bold St., Liverpool; 10 St. Anne's Square, Manchester; 281 Sauchiehall St., Glasgow; and 67 Grafton St., Dublin. **A little book explaining the treatment will be sent to you privately on request. Post free.**

IS YOUR INDIGESTION DUE TO ACID STOMACH ?

Amazing Success of New Treatment

Those pains after eating, the wind, the discomfort, the sleepless nights you have—are they due to acid stomach ? Any doctor will tell you there's nothing better, nothing which can bring you such immediate relief as the formula now being used in the Clinics of London's leading Hospitals and known as the Maclean Formula.

All over the country doctors have been using it themselves with remarkable success, even for gastric and duodenal ulcers. But now you can get it ready packed from any chemist. Now you can end those pains which have brought you misery. But to be sure of the perfect product, make sure you see the exact name, Maclean Brand Stomach Powder.

Don't suffer any longer. Try this without delay.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature " ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

MAKES FASCINATING CURLS
6D PER CARD
the Ladye Jayne CURL-CLIP

It's so easy to make fashionable curls with the "Ladye Jayne" Curl Clip. Simply form a curl round the finger, press the Clip open and allow it to close on the curl. Keep them in while dressing. From HAIRDRESSERS, STORES, & BOOTS, LTD.

TWO CLIPS ON A CARD.

*If unobtainable, send to—
Jarrett, Rainsford & Laughton (E) Birmingham.*

There is Nothing at all Secret about the Superiority of

LILIA

BUT . . we feel that there are other places more suitable than the advertisement pages of Britannia and Eve for explaining the advantages of one type of sanitary protection over another. So we ask to be allowed to explain the hygienic significance of LILIA to you *rather more privately*. It has a very close bearing upon your health and on your looks.

If you will, therefore, be kind enough to send us your name and address, we will send you a booklet, written by a woman doctor, which will give you the vital facts it would hardly be suitable (even if there were room) to publish here. And if you would like the facts to be accompanied by SAMPLES sufficient to enable you to test all the claims we make for LILIA, *properly*—then send us at the same time stamps or P.O. to the value of 1/3. Address: Miss Dorothy Downing, (Dept. S.8) Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5.

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12, with loops (or without them).

Awarded Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene

came to him. Came to him from the whip. A strange chill ran through him. The whip—at least he thought it was the whip—had suggested that he could board the waggon as it lumbered by. When it came between him and the hidden policeman he could scramble up the side of it and hide amidst the bags that formed the load !

He timed it accurately. Bending low, he slipped across the sidewalk, rode the flying spokes of the rear wheel and drove head foremost into the sacks of dried peas.

Scar-face thrust his hand within his jacket and stroked the whip. He speculated as to its value. Enormous. Two men had died for it, and he, Scar-face, was in danger of meeting the same fate. " Cold Eyes " had evidently pulled off a coup.

The waggon swung out of the town into a country road. A trooper rode out from the shadow of a tree and called a halt. The driver talked. He hadn't seen a thing. He had kept his eyes peeled too.

Their thick tongues repeated the figures of the reward. The trooper had hopes. He had a good description of the fellow. Tall, strong, right cheek slashed from cheekbone to chin.

" If I got the reward," said the trooper, " I would go to some place where they never had a war ! "

The waggoner laughed. " There's no such place now," he cried. " There's fighting everywhere. If I got the money I would buy some up-to-date machinery, fix up the farmhouse and get married. I know a girl ! Plump ! Hair like flax ! "

MR. MAURICE H. THORNTON, son of Mr. H. M. Thornton, J.P., leaving the Congregational Church, Purley, with his bride, Miss M. Godfrey.

Other troopers rode out from dark places and halted the driver.

The last trooper to hail the waggon agreed with the marriage idea. This communion of thought made the fellow ride beside the vehicle till it turned from the roadside into a filthy farmyard.

A huge yokel welcomed the waggoner. The vehicle was driven into a barn. The two men talked in low voices as they unhitched the horses. Scar-face could not hear their words. He waited anxiously for them to leave the place.

They walked together to the door, turned and rushed the waggon. With surprising agility they sprang into it. A pitchfork, driven with tremendous strength, missed the ribs of Scar-face by a matter of inches. The tines drove through the sleeve of his coat, pinning him for the moment to a bag of dried peas. It was clear that the waggoner at some period of the journey had divined the presence of the fugitive. The cunning devil had talked to the troopers to lull the suspicions of his passenger.

The big farmhand, swinging a mattock, aimed a blow at the head of Scar-face. The latter shifted his head in time to prevent it from being pulverised. The bag of dried peas received the blow, and the shower of hard pellets half blinded the mattock wielder.

Scar-face slipped his arm from the pinned sleeve and gripped the ankle of the waggoner. He gave it a mighty jerk. The fellow went backward, rolled over the tailboard of the waggon and struck the stone floor of the barn. He lay there groaning.

On his knees now, Scar-face dodged another awkward blow aimed by the giant, pulled his revolver and fired blindly. The bullet clipped the lobe from the left ear of the fellow. He screamed with pain, dropping the heavy mattock. The heavy weapon came down right upon the right ankle of Scar-face. The bone snapped !

The giant touched his ear and stared at his blood-stained hands. The sight of blood hypnotised him, and, before he could recover from the fear, Scar-face took control. The snout of the revolver was thrust into the stomach of the farmhand ; orders were handed to him.

He was to climb down from the waggon and truss up his half-stunned master. The ever-following snout of the revolver quickened his actions as he fumbled with ropes. The farmer, returning to consciousness, cursed fluently as the cord enveloped him. Scar-face ordered a gag. The giant used half a saddle-cloth.

Scar-face inquired the distance to a certain town. The giant thought it fourteen miles from the farm. That by the main road. There was a track through the woods used by game wardens. A mile or so shorter.

The broken ankle brought exquisite agony, but the whip possessed some strange antidote to pain. The whip and the souls of those two who rode with it. The automatic waved the giant to the side of the waggon. He was ordered to turn his back. A cold ring of steel touched his neck as Scar-face, with gritted teeth, climbed on the fellow's back.

Simple were the instructions. Amazingly simple. The giant was to take his mount to the town by the path through the woods. The glimpse of a policeman would make the revolver send a bullet into the fellow's spine.

THE farmhand followed a narrow path that led down a hill at the rear of the farmhouse. Dim in the light of the veiled moon. The track crossed a ploughed field and ran straight into the woods beyond.

The joggling of the broken ankle was not pleasant, but the whip helped to blot out the pain. The whip and those two who had died. He calculated the speed of his " horse." With luck he should reach the town at sunrise. A rather awkward time. In this town there was a certain café, and that café was visited at odd hours by a person who was also in the employ of " Cold Eyes." Whether the person was male or female, young or old, Scar-face did not know.

Would this person be there at an early hour ? That question troubled him.

Tirelessly the giant farmhand plodded through the woods.

Towards dawn it commenced to rain. Scar-face questioned his " mount." The track approached a small waggon trail. The farmhand thought that the town was not more than half a mile distant.

Scar-face steered his bearer into a copse. He slipped from the fellow's back, with difficulty, controlling a scream of agony. He ordered the farmhand to back up against a young sapling. The fellow did so. Scar-face, using his own belt and one worn by the giant, tied him up securely, then, clawing himself into a standing position by means of the other's clothes, he gagged him. Satisfied with his work, he crawled on hands and knees to the road. He had to enter the town by other means than the back of a person who was aware of his identity.

He crouched by the side of the track. A milk cart from the country approached, the cans banging noisily. Scar-face crawled into the roadway and shouted to the driver. He begged a ride to the town. He had injured his leg.

The milkman was churlish, suspicious, afraid. Scar-face offered money ; the fellow relented. He climbed down and assisted the injured man into the cart. Where would he drive him ? Scar-face gave the name of the café. It was

(*Continued on page 100*)

The Perfect Round—

DON'T BE VAGUE
ORDER

JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD
MARKINCH
GOLD LABEL
LIQUEUR SCOTCH WHISKY

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES INTO ANY BOTTLE

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY

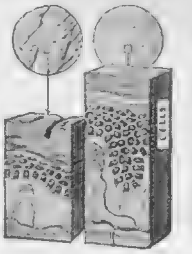
by **REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN**

Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no external application can charm it on to the face. As you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams, lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers and are helpless to induce natural renovation and growth of the skin tissues which are undergoing the process of ageing. If the skin is to retain and regain its youthful beauty the tissues must be revitalised from within.

A discovery which will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world.

A skin specialist of great repute in the scientific world—Dr. J. F. Kapp—made a discovery which created a sensation in medical circles. After sixteen years of research Dr. Kapp evolved a preparation, now known under the name of W-5 Brand Tablets which is the first and so far the only one to regenerate the skin—rebuild it from within. Its secret is that it enlists the aid of Nature herself in this process of regeneration.

Section on left shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.
Section on right shows skin after treatment with W-5 brand tablets: surface smooth and firm, rich active tissue, increased rows of cells some of which are growing, improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.



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which tells you everything about the skin and its REJUVENATION by W-5 BRAND TABLETS.

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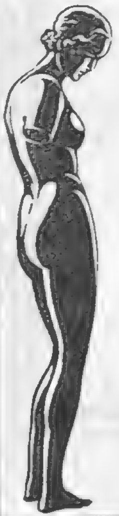

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his only hope. The "Someone" might be there.

They reached the café. The little street was empty save for a humpbacked employee who was beating rugs on the sidewalk. Scar-face called him to his assistance. The humpback helped him down and half carried him into the place. There were no clients.

Scar-face ordered a glass of spirits. He drank it greedily. What the devil was to be done now? If the farmhand was found in the field he would tell everything. It would be a question of hours, of minutes perhaps, when he would be tracked down. And if the "Someone" did not arrive?

Three carters came in for coffee. Scar-face softly whistled the "Habanera." One could never tell. Clever was "Cold Eyes." Devilishly clever. But the carters took no notice of him.

A policeman entered the café. A big, bearded man. He sauntered to the bar, ordered a hot drink, then carried the glass to a small table close to the one at which Scar-face was seated. Three minutes later a man in civilian clothes joined the policeman.

A woman came through the swinging doors. A girl rather. She was tall, blond, and good-looking. She ordered milk and sat to drink it at a table immediately opposite Scar-face.

Again he whistled softly the "Habanera." He had a belief that "Cold Eyes" knew of his plight.

The gaze of Scar-face drifted lazily over the girl as he whistled. His heart sprang from its usual place and nearly choked him. A wild blood scurry possessed him. The girl had taken a handkerchief from her pocket and carelessly wiped her eyes!

The tune died through lack of lip moisture. It was unbelievable! Craftily he glanced at her again. Once more the handkerchief went to her eyes! *She was the "Someone"!* The "Someone" who visited the café at certain hours! Her presence spelled salvation. Not for him! No, no! For the whip!

He must let the girl see that he was crippled. Cunningly he did so. She rose with the evident intention of seeking a journal that was on the rack above his head, but at that moment the swinging doors were thrust violently open. Into the café tramped a lieutenant of police accompanied by the milkman who had given Scar-face the ride!

The frightened milkman pointed a stubby forefinger at his early morning passenger. The officer screamed an order. The big bearded policeman and the man in plain clothes rushed at Scar-face.

A tactician was Scar-face. The marble table went forward! It came down upon the toes of the policeman. A double brandy, hurled accurately, blinded the eyes of the plain-clothes man. A bullet broke the wrist of the officer, who was slow on the draw. Scar-face had dropped to the floor, crouching behind the upturned table. In confusion there was hope.

The bar-keeper hurled a bottle. Another and another. Scar-face ducked. A heavy chair flung by a porter caught him a side-swipe that nearly outed him. His eyes sought the girl. She was *(Continued on page 102)*

Silks and Soldiers

EVERY day more and more smart women are recruiting to the ranks of those that make their own clothes. Simple patterns and lovely inexpensive materials arm them for the defence of their shrinking dress allowances. But for really satisfactory results one must find a sheer silk thread that sews well and whose colours blend perfectly with the material. Lister's "Imperial" sewing or machine silk is essentially suited to the new fine silks, for it blends in with the material and renders all stitches practically invisible. It can be obtained in a wide range of assorted colours and its lustrous sheen and smooth texture make it a pleasure to use. A postcard to the Woman Editor, BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, will bring you free and post paid a booklet called "Sewing Secrets" which is of real interest to all amateur needlewomen.

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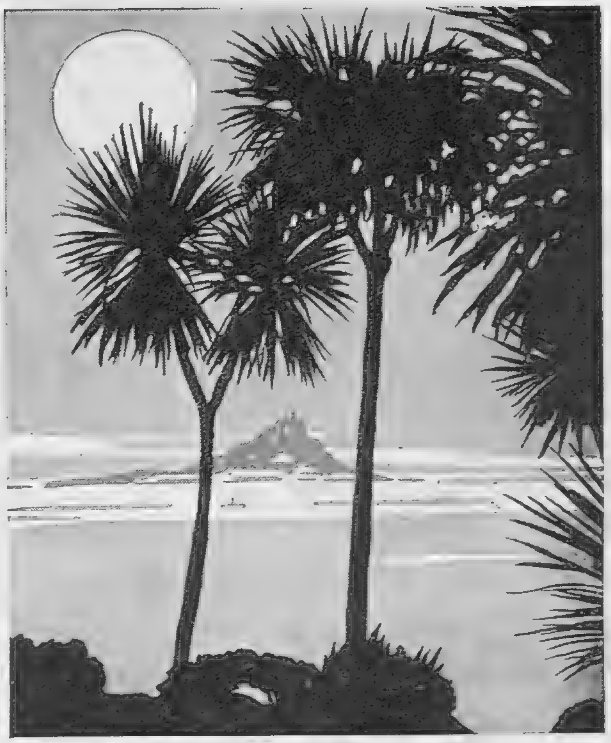

An actual illustration of one of the many lovely places described by Mr. S. P. B. Mais in his book "Winter Resorts" obtainable free at G W R Stations and Agencies or direct from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, W.2

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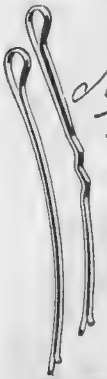

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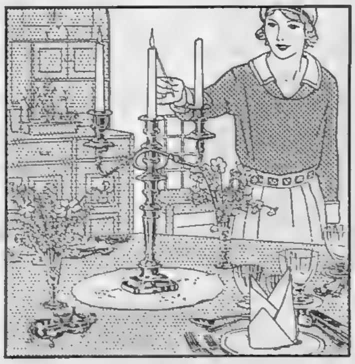

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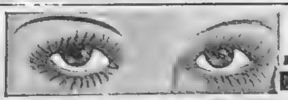

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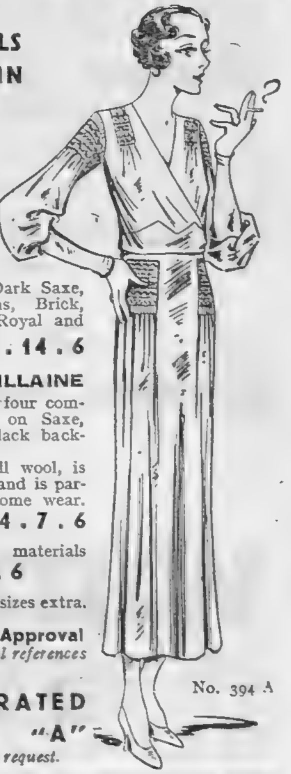

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there. Watching, taut, eager. In a scrimmage there would be a chance. A chance for her to seize the whip. He thought she knew now that it was the whip that had to be saved. Not himself!

A heavy tumbler struck him on the forehead. Blood poured down his face. He managed to wing the brute who flung the missile. Then they rushed. Seven of them. He was buried under their sweaty bodies.

Holding the faint spark of consciousness tight in the grip of his will power, Scar-face struggled. The girl. The girl! Where was she? In the swarm of big hairy paws that grabbed at him he waited for her fingers.

They were there. A hand shot between the legs of a brute kneeling on him. The hand of a conjurer. A deft, searching hand. It was in his jacket. It clasped something. He rolled to give it cover. He felt a sudden emptiness. A strange withdrawal of power, of force, and yet with that withdrawal came a divine thrill that lifted him. Lifted him to the stars. The butt of a revolver crashed on his head as he made a final effort to help her retreat.

THIS girl was a special pet of the man with the eyes of frosted jade. She was young, but she had high courage born of generations of splendid ancestors. The men and women of her race had carefully expelled fear from their blood. Once the family of the girl had possessed immense wealth. Palaces and parks had been theirs, but the war had ruined them. She had applied to "Cold Eyes" for work. Her knowledge of half a dozen languages got her a post.

This girl, free of the crowded café, dashed up a little side street to a shed where she had left a motor cycle. Quickly, yet without showing nerves, she mounted and swung down a sloping road that led out of the town. Her eyes swept the face of the town clock. It was six forty-five. She had less than two hours to cover some ninety-five miles of road if she wished to intercept a person who would pass a certain point at eight-thirty.

She crouched forward and drove like a streak down the white road. She knew the obstacles in her path. The thousand and one obstacles. But she had to make that connection. The whip nestled in her bosom.

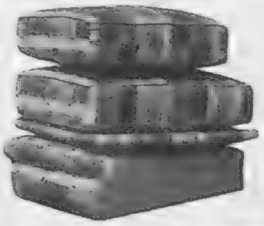
Far ahead on the white road a horseman appeared. The girl saw the glint of arms in the morning sunlight. She didn't slacken speed. Drove straight ahead in the middle of the road. This fellow on the horse wouldn't know anything about her, but if she paused he might detain her. Well, she wasn't going to pause.

The trooper put up his hand as the machine roared down upon him. He pulled his horse sideways when he saw that the gesture was ignored. The girl headed at him, full out. She set her jaw. Would he move? He would have to! Ninety odd miles away there was . . . the machine was on him! The horse gave a mighty leap. The tail of the animal slashed her face as she tore by. Something whistled close to her ear. The mean devil! He had fired at her.

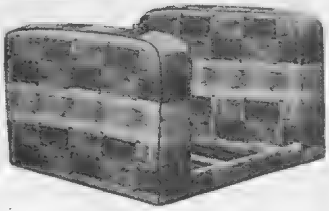
She roared by country waggons. A wild exhilaration was upon her. A madness. She knew that she was doing something extraordinary. The whip whispered to her. It tried to tell her of the struggle to reach the shelter of her white bosom. Dimly she understood. In fancy she saw the lean-faced rider flying from the evil cluster in the wilderness! The splendid youth who crawled miles. Sobbing—not from pain or terror—but with fear lest he would fall down on the assignment that had (*Continued on page* 104)

Taking to Pieces, *or* Comfort Analysed

IT is said that comfort means more to a man than any woman in the world, and that after a hard day's work he wants to come home and relax utterly his weary body.



OWING to the extreme resilience of the rubberised hair, the cushions immediately resume their original shape when one gets out of a Cowley chair



Personally I am convinced that women also wish to be comfortable and find it reasonable that the household gods should be enshrined in the most comfortable chair in the house. Much care therefore should be expended on the choice of an armchair; it should be strong, harbour no dust, moderate in price, but above all really resilient and yielding.

Minty's of Oxford have always been famous for their excellent upholstery, and they have just brought out a suite that embodies all the latest ideas about health, hygiene and comfort in an up-to-date design. Minty's Cowley armchairs and settees take to pieces and thus simplify the housewife's work of cleaning and of making loose covers. This also means that dirt cannot be retained and, to make assurance doubly sure, a new stuffing that guarantees the least dust with the most resilience, rubberised hair, is used in conjunction with pocketed springs. Should either removable seats or back become damaged by fire or accident, they can be replaced, a feature which forms a new convenience in furnishing. These chairs are sent carriage free in England and Wales and a catalogue giving full particulars and prices will be sent on request. A post card to the "Woman Editor," BRITANNIA AND EVE, 346, Strand, W.C.2, will bring it to you post free.

THERE are no corners to harbour dust in the Cowley chair. Since each part is removable, the trouble of dusting, cleaning and re-covering the chair is minimised

THE Cowley chair shown above is a very fine piece of work and ushers in a new era of real comfort at a low cost

A HEAD-REST is a new and valuable feature in this Cowley suite. It is made in three sizes and five different materials

★

BOTH FORTY—

Yet HE LOOKS TEN YEARS YOUNGER

You know that couple, don't you? His figure's as trim as a boy's. She—well, she's not so thin. His face is almost lineless. She makes a not very successful attempt to conceal the crow's feet about her eyes. He plays a hard game of tennis. She used to be a good player too. But she gets so puffed running about the court now, that she prefers the not-so-strenuous sets.

In fact it's a clear case of a Mr. Can married to a Mrs. Can't. How often it does happen.

You see, Mr. Can, like most of the finest specimens of manhood, takes an enormous pride in his fitness. And he guards it as his father did before him in the simplest, safest and best way he knows—by taking Eno's "Fruit Salt" every morning.

Oh, Mrs. Can't, what a pity you don't realise that this is a far more effective way to keep youth than all the massage and outward beauty culture you go in for!

Eno—by keeping you entirely clean *inside*—keeps you young. Its gentle natural action washes away all clogging waste each morning. Those poisons which age your skin and encourage fat never have a chance to enter the system. Your skin, fed by pure, vigorous blood, clears and grows firmer. Lines are smoothed out. The very first day you take Eno you feel new life coursing through your veins. You want to be doing things, instead of sitting about! Existence seems to gather new interest.

It's never too late to begin, Mrs. Can't. Eno can always do a great deal for you. It contains no sugar, no harsh aperients to interfere with the delicate mechanism of nature. Take it every morning. Become Mrs. Can and be a match for your husband. Eno's "Fruit Salt" is sold by all chemists at 1/6 for the handy size and 2/6 for the double quantity household bottle.

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been given to him by "Cold Eyes"! And the man with the scar on his cheek waiting for her at the café. Fighting his last fight bravely.

Over the top of a hill came the prancing company. Cavalrymen—seven of them.

The fool officer at the head of the company lifted a sword. Lifted it as a signal to her to halt. She wanted to laugh, but she was afraid that the wind would get down her throat and choke her. A sword? The idiot! Didn't he hear the clamour that came from her? It woke the hills.

She would spill them in the ditch. Four on one side and three on the other. An old rhyme came to her mind. *Going to St. Ives I met seven wives.* These were the seven. Old wives with old-fashioned swords telling her to stop! Each wife had a hoss that she straddled across! *Whoof!* She was crashing down upon them! Which way would the officer go? Left or right? *Eeny, meeny, miney, mo!*

The officer went to the right. At least his horse did. The animal tried to jump the ditch, floundered into it and spilled his rider. The girl had a flying vision of highly polished patent leather boots pointed skyward.

SHE wanted petrol. Her iron machine was thirsty. She chose an out of the way station and slowed down.

A tall, good-looking youngster came out and smiled at her. What could he do? He asked if she had a permit. No? Well, he just couldn't give her any gas. Why? Well, he had got orders from the cavalry commander. Had she seen the cavalry commander on the road? Every person wanting petrol had to have a police order.

The girl smiled sweetly. The cavalry commander hadn't told her that. Had she spoken to him? Had she not? Why, one of his men wanted to give her a sword. Begged her to take it along. The commander had admired her riding. . . .

The youth was impressed. She sidled alongside him. She touched his big hand. He flushed. She whispered of her errand. She was going to buy clothes for her wedding! *Yes, her wedding!*

His blush deepened. She had been so excited when talking to the cavalry commander that she hadn't asked the idiot for a permit. . . . Just a little petrol. No one need ever know. Her breath was on his cheek.

She kissed the youth before she mounted.

Gobbling up the leagues now. Milestones rushing into each others arms seemingly. Her heart beating fast, pounding against the whip. The whip that was guarded by the souls of men who had died to bring it to her.

Nearing the end of her journey and within the time limit too. Another five miles and she would come to a quiet lane leading westward. She would follow this lane for some three-quarters of a mile to a point where a big pine tree stood alone on a sandy slope. If the pine tree held a stone in the fork made by the first limb, the person she sought was still in the vicinity and it was only a question of minutes or hours when he would make a visit to the tree. If there was no stone in the fork he had departed.

She visualised the fork of the pine tree as she slowed down to glance at a milestone. She visualised the face of the man who would be waiting there, then, with a little cry of horror she crouched low and dashed forward. Out of the shadow thrown by a clump of brush flashed a motor-cycle policeman! A fellow with a voice like a trumpet who called upon her to stop.

The girl didn't stop. She drove ahead at full speed. The thunder of her pursuer rolled over her.

The lane rushed towards her. She took it in a manner that startled her. Banked crazily.

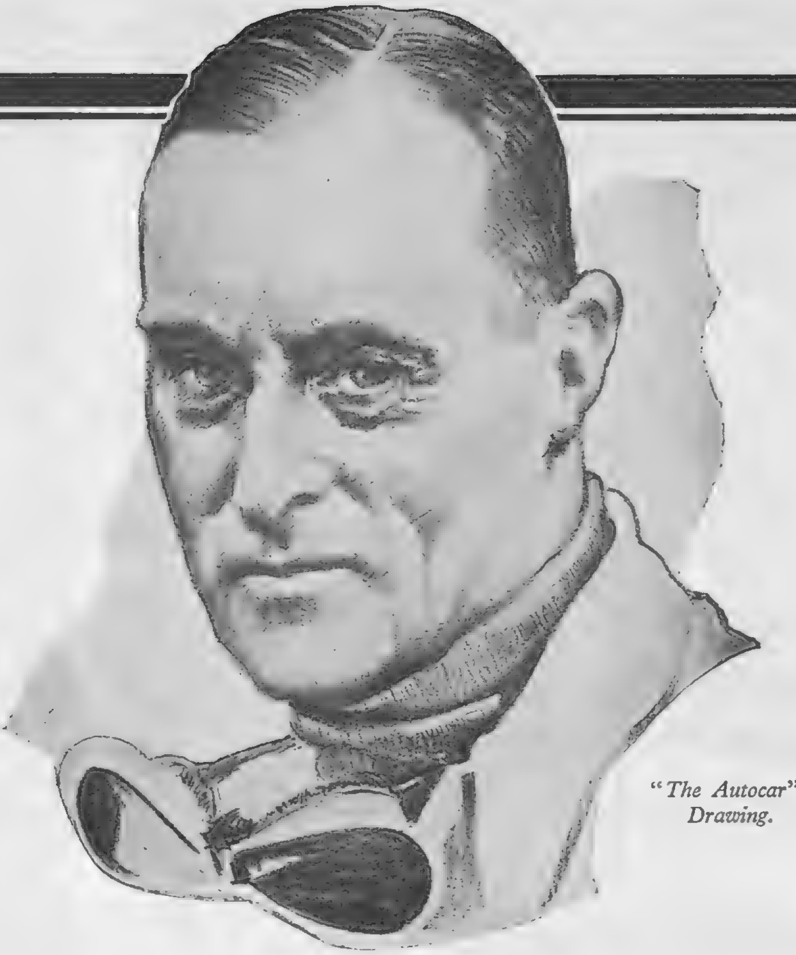
He was gaining on her.

A pinch of sand was flung up far ahead of her machine. He was firing at her! She bent low. The top of the lonely pine showed ahead.

(*Continued on page* 106)

BY APPOINTMENT TO
HIS MAJESTY THE KING

BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES



"The Autocar"
Drawing.

"If there were a better oil than Wakefield Castrol I should use it..."

Malcolm Campbell

30th October, 1933.

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Michael Fielding
Preface by H. G. WELLS

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Another shot from her pursuer. Her nerves were going. She avoided a crash by a miracle.

A third bullet struck the handlebar. He was trying to kill her. She pictured him kneeling over her. Thrusting his grimy hand into her bosom. Impossible! There—there with the whip were the souls of the three!

The pine flamed before her. It might—it might be possible that he—that he would be there waiting!

Something stung her just above the elbow. Stung her viciously. She wobbled. A sudden sickness overcame her. The machine swerved.

As she lost control she saw someone rise from the brush at the base of the pine. Someone a thousand feet high, so she thought. An arm, tremendous in its length, was flung out. There was a flash of fire, a yell from behind her, then her own machine drove into a sandbank and everything was dark.

When the girl came to her senses she looked up into eyes that were frosted jade. He had bandaged her arm where the bullet had stung her. He was murmuring comforting words.

She laughed hysterically, thrust her left hand into her bosom and pushed the whip at him. She continued to laugh. Crazily.

Like a man suddenly controlled by a great and sublime terror lest something he wishes will not be realised although within sight the man grasped the whip. Slowly, ever so slowly, as if afraid that a quick movement would destroy the thing, he seized the handle and twisted it slightly.

Another turn, then another. Slowly. The handle came apart, disclosing an aperture. The man thrust a groping forefinger within. He brought out a tightly rolled sheet of yellow paper. Thin paper, very thin. It clung to his fingers as he unrolled it. It seemed alive, fearful that it might be snatched from his hand by a prowling wind.

It was covered with symbols. Strange symbols.

THE room had character. It was a room in which matters of tremendous import to the world had been discussed. At the great mahogany table sat seven men. They whispered amongst themselves and watched a baize door at the end of the room.

The baize door swung inward and two men entered. The first was a short man with a leonine head; the other was tall and he had the coldest eyes in all the world. Eyes like frosted jade. The seven at the big table rose and bowed.

When they were again seated the man with the leonine head spoke. In a half whisper he explained. Something, something of the greatest importance had come into his possession. He had called them together immediately because—because steps had to be taken without delay.

He paused, leaned across the table and spoke in a whisper. "*Steps to save our country from utter annihilation,*" he said slowly. "*Our country and the world!*"

There was a pause. A choking silence. From the attache case in front of him he drew a sheet of yellow paper and eight white sheets. "This is the original," he said, tapping the yellow paper. "It is in cipher. There is a translation for each."

Into the room crept a tremendous quiet. Seven pairs of eyes ate up the words on the white sheets before them. The minutes took on the slow pomposity of hours.

The eyes of the seven showed a terrible desire to absorb. A frightful desire. Something came up from the sheets and dried their lips. Dried their lips and licked their throats with little flames. One gurgled like a man suddenly confronted with death.

The short man with the leonine head silently put forth a hand and gripped the hand of the man with the cold eyes. He held it for a long while. He could not speak the words of praise that came to his lips.

Suddenly the frosted eyes were moistened. Their owner was looking at a corner of the big room. He thought three men stood there. A lean-faced devil who laughed at death, a youth of high courage, and a tall man whose cheek was sliced from eye to chin. They were surely there. He tried to smile at them. Softly, ever so softly, he spoke their names.

END

The Devil *and* the Doctor

(*Continued from page 25*)

here at dawn, and the doctor with him! *Voetsack*, I say!"

Meintjes faded into the dark without further speech, and in a couple of minutes the speedboat's engines leapt roaring to life. Van Tromp sat down in a chair and listened to them dying away into a husky stutter and so to silence. Then he took out his pistol, cocked it, and set himself to wait.

MORNING came up, pink and grey out of the quiet sea, and Meintjes, at the speedboat's wheel, peered anxiously at the shore beneath the silent house.

Along the leather cushions at one side of the cockpit, Peterson slept heavily, covered with an overcoat. Opposite him sat Doctor Hall—and Doctor Hall appeared to be in a highly unsaintly temper this lovely dawning. He was an enormous lowering fellow, with a forest of black hair covering his face up to menacing little eyes and descending cascade-wise in a mightly beard almost to his waist. Volcanic seemed rather the epithet to express him—and a suggestive discoloration under Meintjes left eye hinted that the volcano had been in eruption once at least in the past night. However, here he was, present as ordered by the implacable Van Tromp.

As the speedboat glided to shore Cornelius was coming coolly down the beach towards them.

He was trim and neat as usual in his uniform, and acknowledged his subordinates' salutes with a quick jerk of the hand, but his eyes were on the doctor.

"Good morning, mynheer!" he said, bowing stiffly.

Hall had risen as the boat's prow touched land.

"What the devil's all this?" he demanded furiously. "You trying to be funny again, Van Tromp?"

The inspector smiled. "Not this time," he said. "Once is enough. I asked you to come here——"

"Asked, eh?" Hall glared. "Not much 'ask' about this understrapper of yours. Order, more like!"

"Very well, mynheer." Cornelius neatly took the wind out of his antagonist's sails. "Order, then."

"I don't take orders," the big man stated pugnaciously. "Not without quite a fuss, that is. Look at that fellow's eye there." He indicated Meintjes. "That's what people who order me about are apt to get—and it's just as well for him I'd not a gun handy, or you'd have been short a sergeant!"

"Hum!" Cornelius considered the dilapidated Meintjes. "I see. Interfering with the police in the execution of their duties, eh? It seems to me, mynheer, that I have certain powers in such cases."

"Use 'em, then!" said Doctor Hall defiantly. "And be damned to you!"

"*Na!*" he said cheerfully. "We do not quarrel, Mynheer Doctor. Come ashore—I have a matter here . . ."

"What d'ye want?" Hall regarded him suspiciously.

The inspector paused an instant before replying. "There is a dead man in the house yonder," he began.

"Who is it?"

"Slade," said Van Tromp.

"He's dead, eh?"

"Undoubtedly," said Van Tromp. "The question is—how? An interesting affair."

"What d'ye mean, interesting?"

"That is for you to very kindly tell us," said Van Tromp. "Upon your certificate that the death was—all it should be, we bury him. Not before."

"All right," he said. "I'll have a look at him for you. But you take a funny way of calling a man in."

"I am obliged to you," said Van Tromp and led the way towards the house.

"He is in there," he said. "Perhaps you would care to make your investigations alone."

The doctor went inside, while Cornelius remained on the verandah, smoking and gazing ruminatively at the sea.

Doctor Hall's examination did not keep Van Tromp in suspense very long. In five minutes he was out again, rubbing his great hands.

"Well ?" he asked. "What's all the fuss about ? Apoplexy, that's all. Too much liquor—Slade always did soak on the quiet. Can't do that in this climate, you know."

Van Tromp half-turned in his chair. "Then we can bury him, eh ?" he asked.

"Why not ?"

"You certify apoplexy ?"

"Certainly. It's drink, of course—but we'll keep that quiet."

"*Na!*" Van Tromp nodded. "It is kind of you, doctor. Well, we bury him, then."

He blew on a little silver whistle, and Meintjes left Peterson's side—the invalid was sitting up now—and came for orders.

"Get spades," Van Tromp told him. "You will find a burying-ground somewhere, I think."

The sergeant saluted and withdrew. Cornelius addressed Hall once again.

"Now," he said, "there is Peterson. What is your view there, doctor ?"

Hall was leaning back on the verandah rail, his enormous shaggy face in partial shadow. He replied immediately.

"Peterson ?" he said. "Well, if you want my candid opinion, Peterson ought to get out of this. It's no place for him with his nerves as they are. He's been seeing things, apparently—and that's a bad business out here, as you know. Probably Slade going out that way upset him. Still, I think he ought to quit."

"A rest, eh ?" Van Tromp queried. "Three months in Surabaya with me ? That should set his nerves right."

"I don't agree," said Hall. "Once they get into this hallucination stage there's only one thing for it. Clear out—and keep out! You've seen 'em before, plenty of times, eh, Inspector ?"

"*Ja!*" said Cornelius thoughtfully. "I have seen them before. Many times."

He got up, an expression of surprise on his rubicund features. "Almighty!" he said. "Here is your invalid now!"

Peterson had climbed stiffly out of the launch and was coming up the sand towards them. Hall turned over his shoulder to watch him.

"Look there," he said to Van Tromp. "That chap's just about finished. He'll go, next."

All the same Peterson's general condition seemed to have taken a considerable turn for the better. He had spring in his walk now, and there were the beginnings of a twinkle again in his eye.

"Well, well, well!" he said, ascending the steps and taking the nearest chair. "I'm a nice sort of host, Van Tromp! Don't know what the deuce was the matter with me yesterday. Slade and those other chaps passing along, I suppose."

"You feel better, eh ?" Cornelius asked.

"Oh, I'm all right now." Peterson grinned almost cheerfully. "Don't want to see any more things, all the same. Bit startling, that sort of thing is."

"No doubt," said Van Tromp. "If it is not discommoding you—what was it you saw ?"

"No, no!" The doctor cut in. "Let him alone, inspector. Better not rake anything up just now. He's not as sound as he thinks he is, yet."

But Peterson laughed. "Oh, there's nothing the matter with me," he asserted. "Here, let's dig up some breakfast and celebrate."

Van Tromp clapped

(*Continued on page 110*)

Gladys Mason

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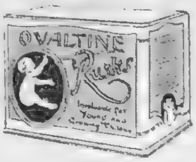

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him on the shoulder. "Good!" he said heartily. "You have—how do you say?—got it out of your system, eh? But for breakfast, my friend—no, not yet. First there is a duty."

He pointed to where the constables were busily digging in the soft mould, by the side of a row of four suggestive-looking little mounds of earth.

Doctor Hall was clutching at his great black beard. "If I were you, Peterson," he said seriously, "I'd take a holiday away from all this. A permanent holiday, I mean. Out of the Indies. They're no place for you with those nerves of yours."

"Nerves be blowed!" Peterson snapped. "Touch of liver, that's all. There's nothing wrong with my nerves."

"I wouldn't be too sure about that," said Hall.

"Here, what are you driving at, doc.? Trying to frighten me out of this, eh? Well, you won't succeed—I'll tell you that much. I'm not leaving—and that's flat."

"*Na, na, na!*" Van Tromp soothed him down. "You shall not leave, James."

"He ought to go," Hall grumbled, but Cornelius silenced him.

"Enough, doctor!" he said. "Let us—do what must be done now. Afterwards we talk."

THEY buried Tom Slade beside the Malays, and in silence. Peterson insisted on attending as chief mourner. Once again he was the cheery planter, and it was the doctor who was all of a sudden morose. At breakfast in the verandah—prepared by the indispensable Meintjes—he remained silent and preoccupied. It was not until the end of the meal that he spoke.

"Look here, Peterson," he said. "I'm not a bit happy about leaving you here alone. You're not fit—for a day or so anyway. Somebody ought to stay with you."

Van Tromp had been smoking quietly, but now he unexpectedly agreed with the doctor.

"He is right, James," he observed. "You should not be alone."

"It's all right," Hall said. "I'll stay with him a day or two."

"You?" Peterson shook his head.

"Why not?" Hall asked. "You're my patient—and I'm not letting you out of my sight, that's all."

"Oh, I don't think . . ." Peterson was beginning, but once more Van Tromp cut him short.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "That will be best, James. Doctor Hall—it is kind of him—stays with you, and in two days, or three, I return, and we shall see."

"Oh, well—if you say so, of course," Peterson acquiesced. "Deuced good of you, Hall, all the same."

"Not a bit of it!" Hall grinned. "I'll charge you for it just the same, don't worry!"

So it was arranged, and all that bright day the three men sat in the verandah, talking, smoking and swapping stories. Peterson listened, sipped at drinks and laughed; to all appearances he was a whole man once again.

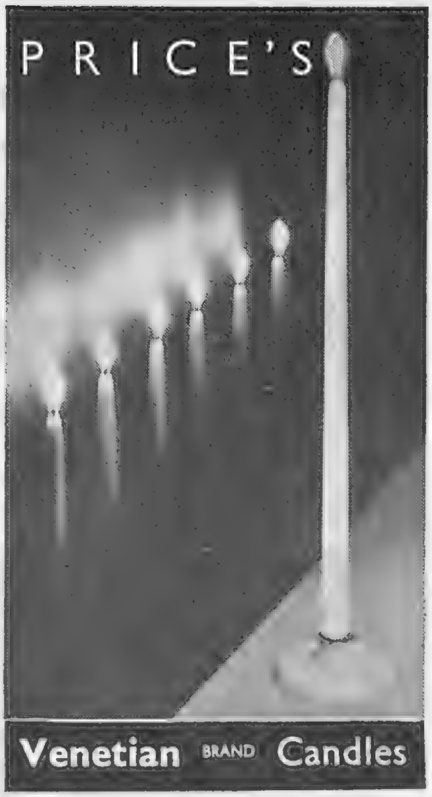
At nightfall he and Hall saw Van Tromp off from the water's edge. The inspector turned over his shoulder and waved a cheery hand to them as he vanished into the darkness.

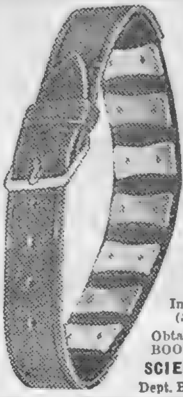
That stolid person Sergeant Meintjes had one gift that made him worth anything you might like to name to his inspector. He never by any chance displayed surprise or queried an order by word or look.

So that when, three miles down coast, Van Tromp slipped his clutch, letting the speedboat slide to a stop with engines still running, and summoned him to receive certain low-spoken instructions, Meintjes carried them out without hesitation. A collapsible dinghy was dropped overside, the sergeant rowed Van Tromp cautiously ashore, and after a few more whispered words at the water's edge, returned to the launch and roared away again into the north.

Van Tromp

(*Continued on page 112*)





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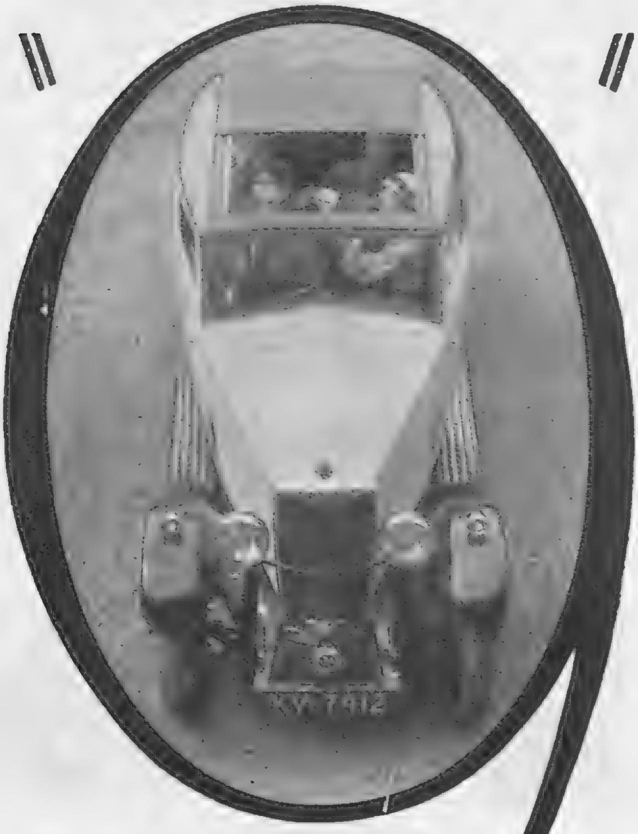

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listened to the throb of her departing engines a moment. Then he turned and began to hurry along the beach, and in forty minutes he was back at the base of the promontory, with a single light—in the verandah, he calculated—clear in view ahead of him.

He sat down on a projecting mangrove root for ten minutes, catching his breath. Then he got up and began to stalk the house, a flitting shadow. Another fifteen minutes and he could see into the verandah.

Hall and Peterson were sitting over the table talking. It was not the desultory, spaced-out conversation of two men at leisure after meat, Van Tromp observed, this was serious stuff. As he watched, Hall leant forward earnestly, and the lamplight fell on his swarthiness, accentuating it and making him more than ever formidable. Cornelius heard him say: "You'd better, Peterson!"

The planter was also leaning forward, and his answer was short.

"Damned if I will!" he said.

The big man fell back in his chair at once, his great fingers busy with his beard. Van Tromp crept closer, until he was right under the verandah rail, not fifteen feet from the pair.

"You know," Hall said softly, "I think you're wrong."

"Doesn't matter a curse what you think, Hall," Peterson said angrily. "I'm not going to get out of this place, for you or anyone else."

Van Tromp was awaiting an explosion, for there was a furious note in the planter's voice. It did not come, however. Hall changed the subject.

"Very well," he said quietly. "We'll let it go at that. Don't want to excite yourself, you know. Later on, maybe, when you're fitter, we can try it again."

Peterson growled something, and the doctor got to his feet. He was staring all of a sudden out into the dark.

"What's that?" he asked in an undertone.

The planter was out of his chair in a second and Van Tromp's fist closed over his automatic. Hall went to the verandah edge and peered into the blackness. He was not looking in Van Tromp's direction, however, but out at the trees.

"Thought I saw something there," he muttered. "None of your people about, Peterson, eh?"

"N-no!" Peterson had begun to tremble again, and Van Tromp in the deep shadow swore to himself. Hall lumbered down the steps.

"All right!" he called. "I'll just take a look about, close in here. Stay where you are—there's nothing to be nervous over."

He moved off, out of the narrow circle of lamplight. Van Tromp crouched in his corner, and Peterson still sat at the table above. He was drumming on it with his fingers now, and his face was stricken once more.

Suddenly Hall appeared again in the yellow radiance. He was walking casually and whistling gently to himself.

"Nothing here," he called to Peterson. "False alarm!" Van Tromp heard the planter's breath released with a hiss.

Hall ran up the steps. "Hey!" he said to Peterson. "What's this? You look pretty dicky. There you are, you see. Told you so."

"It's—it's nothing," Peterson stammered. "Got me going a moment, that's all. I thought—I thought——" He choked, as if the words were sticking in his throat.

Hall was at his side in an instant. "There, there!" he said soothingly. "That'll do. I'll fix you in half a jiffy. Come over here and lie down."

There was a long wicker couch by the wall, and the doctor steered Peterson to it and forced him gently down, a cushion under his head. Then he put a hand in an inner pocket and drew out a black leather case. From it he took a tiny cylindrical phial.

"One of the things we've got to thank the scientists for," he said gravely. "This'll put you on your feet again in a couple of hours. And then we'll talk about your getting out of this spot, eh?"

He was at the table, mixing something in glass, and holding it up to the light to see if the minute tablet was properly dissolved. Then he rapidly assembled a hypodermic and advanced on Peterson.

"Hold out your arm, old man," he said.

Peterson stripped his sleeve to the elbow, and Hall thrust forward the sharp needle. Cornelius Van Tromp rested the barrel of his pistol on the verandah floor, squinted along it, and shot the thing splintering out of his hand.

"That will do, Doctor Hall!" he called out of the dark. "Above your head, please!"

"Yes," said Van Tromp. "Artistic, no doubt. Too artistic!"

He was sitting straddlewise across a chair, leaning over the back of it, the pistol still in his hand. Facing him, in another chair, lashed tightly to it, was Doctor Hall, and his face was a study in pure animal fury. Peterson was standing watching the pair of them, with his jaw dropped.

"Murder," said Van Tromp. "One—two—three—four—murders. For that you hang, Hall, of course. I see to it myself. I do not permit happenings of this sort in my district."

Hall growled something fiercely inarticulate Then he said: "How d'you know, damn you?"

Van Tromp's officially locked features relaxed for an instant. He handed his pistol to Peterson.

"Watch him!" he said, and went down the steps. They heard him scuffling under the verandah, and

(*Continued on page 114*)

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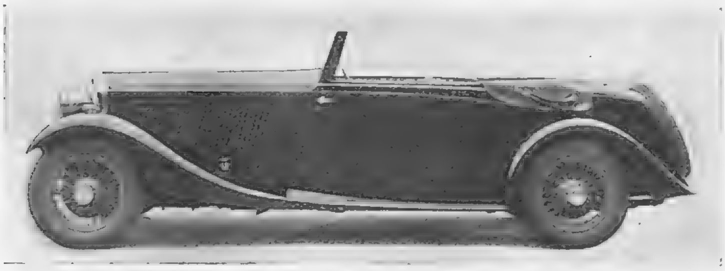

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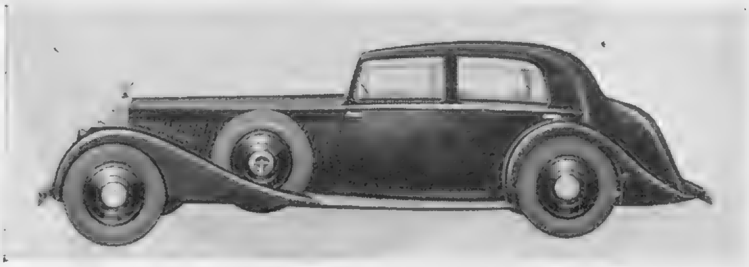

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then he returned, staggering under a burden which he flung down among the dishes on the table.

Hall exploded in a savage curse, and the planter stepped backwards with a cry of horror. Van Tromp pointed at the thing—a wizened little man, black as the pit, naked save for a cloth twisted about his middle. He was dead, the back of his head blown out; but it was not at that that Peterson was staring.

Strapped across the dwarf's face was a mask of black cloth, smeared and painted with some white substance into as terrifying a set of features as demon-ridden Malaya ever invented. They grinned up, prosaically daubed under the lamplight, and Van Tromp ripped the mask off and threw it on the floor.

"*Ja!*" he said. "Too clever, Hall. Peterson, you have not seen this—gentleman before, eh? I thought not. This is, you comprehend, an Orang-Laut, and it would interest me to know how long Hall here has given to his training. A bogey-man, is it not? That is phosphorous paint, of course. And there is the pretty face you saw, eh? If it affected you so, little wonder it scared the Malays—and Slade also, with his liking for horrors."

"But—but I don't see yet," stammered Peterson. "How did it kill them?"

"Ask him," said Van Tromp grimly, pointing at the doctor. "Or, see here—I show you." He fumbled an instant in the creature's brush-like mop of hair, and flung another hypodermic tinkling on the table. "There! It is clear now, eh?"

"Wh-what was it?"

"Ah?" The inspector's brow darkened. "That is one of the things—the doctor said it—we have to thank the scientists for, James. Thanatine, a new affair in poisons—eh, doctor? Absorbed into the tissues and without trace six hours after administration."

Hall merely growled again. Peterson said, "But how did you know? Meintjes thought . . . ."

"*Ja!*" said Van Tromp. "Meintjes thought—I know what Meintjes thought. I deal with Meintjes. He is growing old and silly." He scratched his chin ruminatively. "James," he said, "this man desired this place of yours, no?"

"He did," said Peterson. "But he wasn't going to get it. I don't mind telling you I've been making discoveries here recently. There's alluvial gold in the streams here—and a quartz outcrop inland that looks queer to me. I'll be applying for a licence right away."

"And I," said Cornelius, "will see that you get it, James. Almighty, you are lucky to be here to use it!"

"But I still don't understand," said Peterson. "How the devil did you suspect anything."

Van Tromp winked tantalisingly. "I am a very clever person," he announced. "Five deaths in a row—and devils—and a doctor who quarrels with his neighbours over land. *Ja*—that is what they call induction, eh? Oh, very clever!"

He grinned all over his crimson face, fumbled in his pocket, and laid something under the lamp on the cloth.

"But, if you insist, James," he said, "I will tell you. I found that in Slade's bed."

It was a little tube, the companion to the one in Hall's black pocket-case. Van Tromp cocked his head on one side at him.

"The next time, my so-scientific friend," he oberved, "you train Orang-Lauts to murder for you, I advise you to be a little more careful. This fell from his hair, without doubt. And for that you hang."

Iron featured, he strode to the verandah rail and stood listening. Very faint and far away in the darkness there was the stutter of driven engines. Van Tromp nodded and beckoned Peterson. Together the two went down to meet the launch, leaving Doctor Hall glaring hopelessly at the lamp.

END

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The Notorious Madame Ribereau

(*Continued from page* 15)

"No, no," he protested quickly. "I will make up to her for all she has suffered in the past. I have wronged many women—here at least I will make amends. Besides, each day in Verona it becomes more difficult—it is so small a town; already people are beginning to talk. When you have gone I shall bring her to the Castello Neroni—as my wife."

"What—before you've even married her?"

"Yes—why not?—I wish to be with her every hour of the day—every hour of the night."

After dinner that night he begged my forgiveness again and again for the inconvenience which he had caused me, but made no secret of his impatience to get away—back to the arms of the Circe in Verona; and so we parted.

I spent the rest of the evening replanning my broken holiday. Ten days, I thought, of doing the tourist round in Northern Italy would be as much as I could stand at a stretch—fond as I am of things old and beautiful. Afterwards I would cross the Gulf of Genoa by local boat from Leghorn to Nice, and run down to the little Surmer Hotel at Cavalaire. A fortnight of real rest, lazing in the sunshine on the shelving rocks, would do me a power of good.

The next morning I arrived in Verona, and I purposely avoided the best hotel as I felt certain that Nero and the French houri would be staying there, so I thought it rather queer when, after lunch, the head waiter brought me a letter. It was from the Contessa Neroni, asking me to call on her that afternoon at her pallazo in the town.

Nero's mother, of course. I had often heard of the old lady, but never met her.

At four o'clock I duly presented myself, not without trepidation, at the great brownstone house. I had a pretty shrewd idea that the old lady wanted to talk to me about Nero's affair with the French woman, and I wondered how much she knew.

An elderly servitor, own brother to parchment-face, led me to a low room that took me back to the days of Leo X and Pietro Aretino.

At the end of that long room were three people: a scraggy, ageless female who was stitching at a frame, a grey-haired priest who told his beads, and in the centre in a stately stiff-backed chair—an old, old woman.

She had an eagle face, witch-like and saturnine. Her piercing eyes stripped me to the soul as I advanced up that seemingly endless length of room.

One of the claws was held out imperiously for me to kiss, and instinctively I bowed over it as though I had stepped into another century. Then she waved me to a stool.

When she spoke it was in a curiously musical voice.

"You are the friend of my son," she said. "Many times have I heard how you entertain him in England. On your return you convey, please, my grateful thanks to your noble mother."

"Thank you," I said awkwardly. "Yes. Of course it's always been a great pleasure to have Nero with us—we are all very fond of him, you know."

She gave me a sharp glance. "I had thought that—you are older also—good for influence with him. Have you met this—er—*Madame* Ribereau?"

"No," I admitted, "but Nero has told me about her."

"That he goes to make her Contessa Neroni?"

"Yes."

The old eyes blazed at me out of the wrinkled face. "The notorious *Madame* Ribereau!—a poule de luxe—une cocotte—how can it be that such a woman should make wife to the Neroni?—Have you not spoken sense to this mad son of mine?"

"I have," I told her.

Madame Ribereau, I learned, had been installed that very afternoon at the Castello as Contessa Neroni, and the old woman trembled with anger at this insult to her house.

Young men needed their adventures, she said; that was but natural—but how should this woman raise up children to an ancient race? Twelve years older than Nero—married already, and utterly outside the pale of the black aristocracy.

I tried, out of loyalty to Nero, to put his case, and had it been the daughter of a local squire, or even an Italian peasant girl, I might have put it better—but a French cocotte, who was twelve years older than him—what could I say to support such folly?

At last she said that, as I had already done all that I could, she must make the journey to Rome. She, the Contessa Neroni, would humble herself even to speaking with that upstart journalist Mussolini—who, people said, controlled all things in these strange days.

I expressed my sympathy, kissed the wrinkled claw once more, and left her.

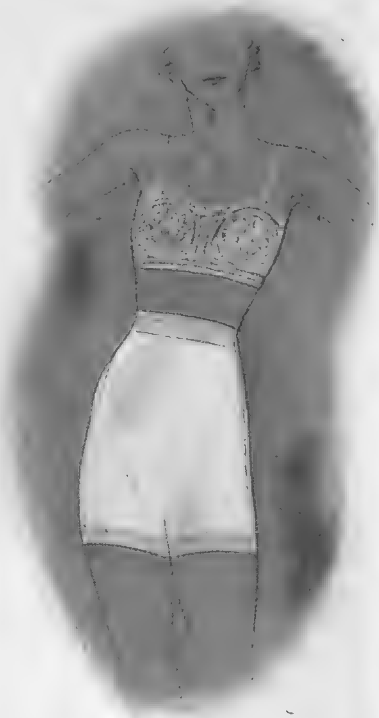
THE next day I spent in Padua, then I went on to Venice, where I stayed three nights; after that I came south to Florence, and it was there on the fourth and last day of my stay that I ran into Hummy Pringle.

I had never cared for Hummy much, although I had known him since he was a fat, unhealthy boy. His father had left him enough money to indulge his tastes in what he chose to call painting, and failing to receive any recognition in England he had settled some years before in Florence.

I was sitting outside a café, and he bustled up to me at once:

"Hello . . . hello! just fancy seeing you here—how teu positively thrilling!"

I offered him a (*Continued on page* 118)



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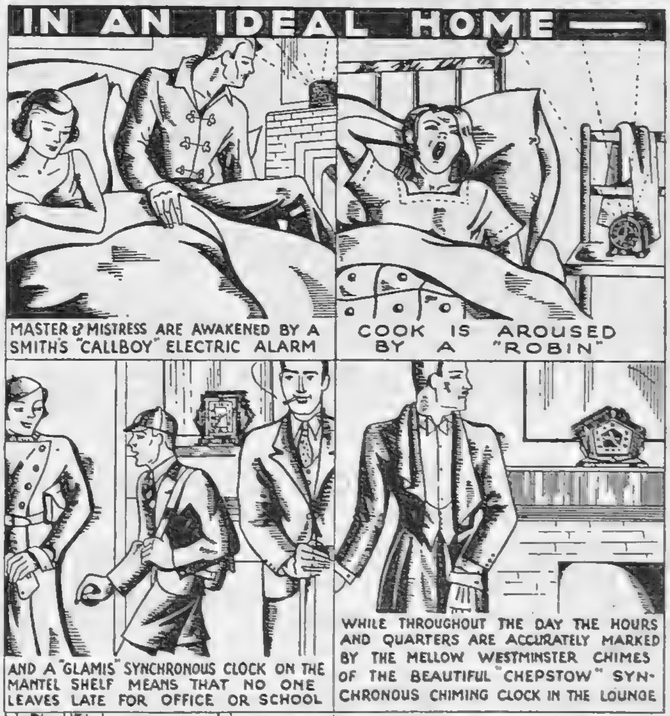
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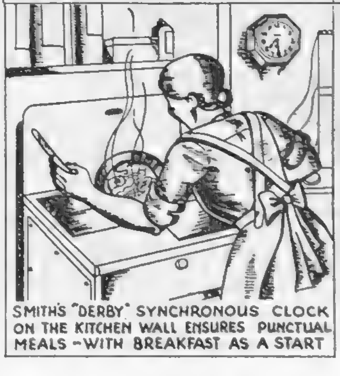
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vermouth, but he wouldn't drink—"My figure, yeu know"—but he sat down quickly, avid for gossip of our mutual acquaintances at home.

Having satisfied his craving to the best of my ability, I gave him particulars of my days in Florence, and chanced to mention my brief visit to Neroni.

"My dear!" he gasped, "did yeu hear?—such excitement teu days ago—the blackshirts beat him up!"

"What, Count Neroni?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it was teu, teu thrilling. Of course he's a real bad lad—everyone knows that—and, would yeu believe it, he tried to marry a French tart!"

I nodded, and Hummy went on with his eyes popping out of a flushed excited face. "Pretty ghastly, wasn't it—for the family I mean? Yeu can imagine how they felt when he took her to Castello Neroni as his wife—all the aged retainers went into fits; but of course they couldn't do a single thing, and at first they didn't even know he wasn't married to her at all."

"But the family?" I asked impatiently. "What did they do?"

"Well, his old dragon of a mother intervened, my dear—went all the way to Rome and saw the Duce—can you imagine it? Of course Mussolini is terribly hot-stuff on the aristocracy setting a good example—clean living and all that—so he backed the old woman up and ordered a squad of Fascists off to Castello Neroni."

"What happened then?" I said quickly.

"Oh, they asked for the wicked Madame Ribereau, and when Neroni said there was no such person there, only his new Contessa, they just laughed at him—positively roared, my dear—then there was a teu, teu ghastly scene. They tied him up to a statue of Venus in his own hall and went up to the lady's bedroom—told her she'd got ten minutes to pack—and they meant to run her out of Italy—Duce's orders."

"Then she had a screaming fit—started to yell the house down and threw her make-up bottles at their heads. Anyhow, they got her out to the car at last, golden hair and all—and they put her on the boat that night at Leghorn, so she'll never come back to Italy any more."

"Maybe," I said, "but what's to prevent Nero following her?"

"Oh, but that's only half the joke," Hummy tittered in a way that made me want to hit him; "the old Contessa signed an affidavit that Nero was insane, so the Fascists have locked him up in a fortress until he gets over it."

"But they can't do that," I protested.

"Can't they?" Hummy sniffed contemptuously. "Yeu don't know your Italy."

THREE hours later saw me on the boat at Leghorn, and the following evening I woke with the ship already at rest beside the quay in the little harbour of Nice. The P.L.M. took me to St. Raphael and in the afternoon I chugged along in the snorting open local that links up the sea coast villages as far as Toulon.

Cavalaire is just about half way, and what with the heat and the smuts that is the worst part of the journey. I was thankful when it was over, and delighted to see Gandini waiting there to welcome me.

Monsieur le Proprietaire Gandini is a character. He fetches the food from the market in his ramshackle car, collects the post, and meets his visitors; superintends the cooking in the kitchen and the service of the meals on the charming little terrace, with its eight or ten tables, that looks right out over the bay.

No sooner had I got to the Surmer Hotel than I decided for a bathe in the private bay that lay there blue and tempting below.

As I clambered down the rocks were hot to my feet from a long day's sunshine, and the slanting rays were still warm on my skin.

By comparison the water was icy, but as I struck out it rippled warm and caressing over my shoulders. Two hundred yards out I turned to swim in again, and then I saw the girl.

She was just round the point from the hotel, stretched out on a slope of rock that formed a tiny cove sheltered from wind and sight on every side except the sea. Quite naked, basking in the late afternoon sunshine. Slim and straight-limbed, her body a glorious golden brown—her hair a tumbled mass of yellow gold, sharp and distinct against the bronze of her flesh and the sandy colour of the rocks behind. A moment later she turned over on her side and caught sight of me—grabbed a pale blue wrap that lay beside her, drew it swiftly round her middle and then sat up, her hands clasped round her knees watching me swim in.

I clambered out smiling and a little breathless, shaking the water from my hair. "Sorry," I said, "I'm afraid I've broken into your preserve, but unfortunately your haunt is open country to anyone swimming in the bay."

"It is all right," she smiled at me, "usually at this hour there is no one bathing so I have the chance to bake myself all over alike—but you were a long way away."

"May I sit down?" I asked.

"Why not?" she gave a little shrug, and then pulled her wrap up under her chin, "You have just arrived at the hotel, eh?"

"Yes," I told her, and then she said that she had only been there two days, but as we talked I discovered that she had stayed at Gandini's on a previous occasion and knew quite a bit about the surrounding country.

I found her broken English fascinating, and if there is one thing which is really beautiful in this world it is a blue-eyed Nordic woman whose naturally pink skin has been turned a rich golden bronze by southern sunshine.

"Well," I said at last, "I'm for a drink before dinner—what about making a move?"

She smiled again, "Yes, it is time—but you must go *first* round the corner; if I stand up everything will fall off—and now I think you are a little near for that!"

Of course I laughed and left her, but she didn't follow me at once, so I had my drink alone—did my unpacking and then came down to dinner.

The girl—or rather woman, I should say, for I put her down as round about thirty—gave me a little smile of recognition as I passed her table, and I noticed that she was already half way through her dinner. I saw, too, with sudden pleasure that she had a table to herself.

She naturally finished a good bit before I did and then went straight to her room.

By half-past ten I was in bed, sleepily glad that I had elected to visit that lovely spot again, and my gladness considerably enhanced by the knowledge that I was certain to see my bronze Venus on the following day.

I did, of course, after breakfast next morning—swimming like a graceful golden fish far out in the bay. I joined her and she did not seem at all displeased at my company; so we swum round the point together.

After our bathe I asked her if she would join me in a crayfish for lunch. It takes two to eat a crayfish—unless you are a pig.

I learned that her name was Madame Painleve, and that she was recovering from a shock—something that only the peace and quietness of such a place could heal.

Next morning we went down in our bathing wraps to the plage on the other side of the headland—hired a canoe—and bathed from it in turns. Then we drank iced cassis in the enclosure of the Grande Hotel.

The following day we went on an expedition to the old town of St. Tropez in its almost land-locked bay. A picnic lunch under the walls of the ancient fortress on the hill above the town—a stroll through the narrow, crooked streets—hot chocolate at the famous patisserie down by the harbour—and so back to Cavalaire in time for our evening bathe.

I'm thirty-five, and I suppose I've lived my life as well as most people, but I wasn't feeling a day over eighteen—I suppose love does get one like that sometimes. I was simply bubbling over (*Continued on page* 120)

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with vitality and enthusiasm like any boy. We swam the cape together—three miles, taken by easy stages, round to the plage, and on the fifth night we were climbing the headland opposite the hotel hand in hand, to see the moon silvering the waters and shining mysteriously on the low islands that lie farther down the coast towards Hyères.

It is amazing in a single week how intimate you may become with a perfect stranger, and yet know nothing of their history. I gathered that there was a husband who had not behaved too well—she was trying to forget, and therefore had taken her maiden name again.

On the seventh night she received a letter which upset her—it was, I think, from her lawyer, some hitch which would delay her divorce going through—so she excused herself and went early to her room. I was not tired, so stayed for a while on the terrace drinking Cordial Medoc with Gandini.

It would never have entered my head to discuss her with him, but quite inadvertently I made a reference to her:

"Ah! Madame Ribereau—at least she call herself Painleve now—" he shook his dark, clever head—"two young men went quite mad about her last year—and you also have, what you say, fall for her—is it not?"

For the moment I was quite speechless—I will confess that it was an appalling shock; for had she not received that letter and gone early to bed, I had meant that night to ask her to marry me as soon as her divorce went through. Somehow I kept the conversation going till we finished our drinks, and then I crept up to my room.

The Notorious Madame Ribereau—Nero's woman—it seemed impossible, and yet it *must* be true. The husband she had mentioned—and her divorce, the date of her arrival—the whole thing tallied.

Nero must be the unfortunate experience she was trying to forget. I don't think I slept at all that night.

What should I do?—tear myself away?—return to England immediately?—that seemed the safest thing. Yet never, since just after I left my public school, had I been so desperately attracted to any woman. At eight o'clock I flung the shutters wide, and there below on the rocks was that golden sylph-like figure—standing clear-cut against the sea, alone, intent upon an early morning bathe.

That day we had arranged to motor the few miles into St. Maxime to witness the little local Concours d'Elegance. Perhaps it was weakness on my part, but I decided to stay another day, that I might store my mind with memories of this extraordinary woman, so fair-seeming and sunny natured, yet, if the old Contessa and Hummy were to be believed, responsible for wrecking a dozen lives by her extravagance and deceit.

I would leave to-morrow on the morning train for Toulon—Marseilles—and safety in the quiet reaches of the Norfolk Broads.

We lunched together and after, in a hired car, drove through the pine forests to St. Maxime. The Concours d'Elegance had attracted quite a crowd. Some fifty cars, beribboned—polished—with their drivers clad in their smartest beach creations, drove slowly up and down.

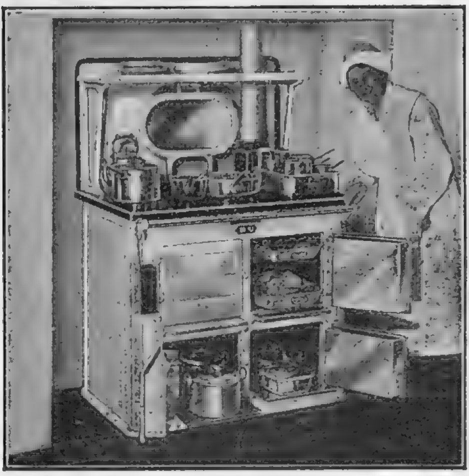
The obvious winner was a great silver sporting Rolls, driven by a small, fair woman.

"Look—look—she has won, that one," cried my companion as the judges hung a placard on the bonnet of the silver car, "I knew she would—it is always so."

"You know her then?" I murmured, my thoughts on other things.

"Of course," a rather bitter little smile parted the lips of the loveliness at my side, "she is my sister-in-law—*the notorious Madame Ribereau*; you must have heard of her; but to see her again has spoilt it here for me—let us go back to the Surmer: I wish only to be alone with you . . . Oh! please—what is it?—you are hurting!"

Well, I'm afraid I was—for my grip on that golden arm must have been a hard one as I hurried her away.



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ECONOMY.—On heat-accumulating principles the "ESSE" Cooker burning continuously requires only 10 to 15 lbs. of anthracite fuel per 24 hours —3¼d. to 4¾d.

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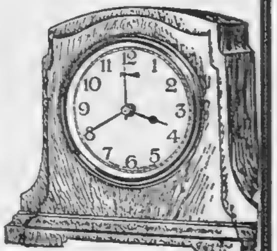

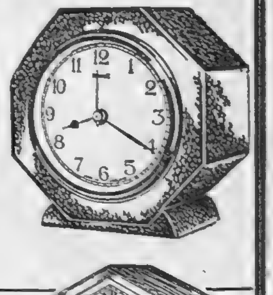

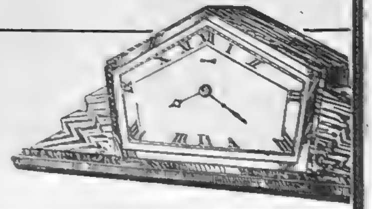

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AND COMPETITION CIRCLE

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MONEY PRIZES

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COMPETITION RESULTS

Award of Prizes, August 15th.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Betty Metchim, G.C.S. 5507. Hon. Mention: Violet Horn, G.C.S. 5891; A. Tresidder-Wills, G.C.S. 5841; Z. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5958.

Literature Competition.—Synopsis of Play "Who Goes There?" Prize 10s. Awarded to Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

Needlework Competition.—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783. Hon. Mention: Joan Wyatt, G.C.S. 5730; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Brenda Milligan, M.C.S. 3345. Hon. Mention: Barbara Stallibrass, M.C.S. 3216; Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Ivy Gooding, M.C.S. 3414.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to B. Maile, M.C.S. 3359. Hon. Mention: M. J. Howarth, M.C.S. 3437; Alice Janes, M.C.S. 2859; Jennifer Skinner, M.C.S. 3271; Dora Malfatti, M.C.S. 3217.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—Design for a Cretonne. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462. Hon. Mention: Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441.

Literature Competition.—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Pamela Carr, A.C.S. 1438. Hon. Mention: M. V. Guinness, A.C.S. 1530; C. John Gray, A.C.S. 1592.

Award of Prizes, September 1st.

Graduates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Landscape Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to G. Christabel Richens, G.C.S. 4465. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355; Nora Reed, G.C.S. 5930.

Literature Competition.—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940. Hon. Mention: Jane Castle, G.C.S. 5902; K. Holland, G.C.S. 5868.

Needlework Competition.—Anything White. Prize 10s. Divided between Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316, and Hilda Barrow, G.C.S. 4557. Hon. Mention: Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

Members' Circle

Art Competition.—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Awarded to Maud Schwabe, M.C.S. 3140. Hon. Mention: Ursula Moss, M.C.S. 3080; Betty Wood, M.C.S. 3396.

Literature Competition.—Review a Recent Book. Prize 10s. Awarded to Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290. Hon. Mention: Lionel A. Taylor, M.C.S. 3423; Olive Dwyer, M.C.S. 3150.

Associates' Circle

Art Competition.—A Flower Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Anne Capel, A.C.S. 1590. Hon. Mention: Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281; Olga Awford, A.C.S. 1588.

Literature Competition.—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Awarded to Angela Cleeves, A.C.S. 1594.

Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355, who lives in New Zealand, with "Buddy," a member of the Pets Club

Snapshot Competition

First prize 10s. Awarded to Joan Colyer, M.C.S. 2889. Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Mollie O'Reilly, M.C.S. 3430. Hon. Mention: M. Wallace-Brown, M.C.S. 3431; Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295; Stella Bull, M.C.S. 3302.

FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(November—December)

Graduates' Circle (over 20)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 15th. A Design for a Calendar. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. An Illustration to a well-known Poem. No. III. Closing date, December 15th. A Still Life Study.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 15th. Synopsis of a Play in Two Acts. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Lyric. No. III. Closing date, December 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Needlework Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 15th. Anything in Wool. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Novelty suitable for a Christmas Gift. No. III. Closing date, December 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

Members' Circle (over 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, November 15th. A Fifteen Minute Sketch. Subject left to competitor. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. An Illustration to a Fairy Tale. No. III. Closing date, December 15th. A Design for a Christmas Card.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 10s. No. 1. Closing date, November 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Short Poem. No. III. Closing date, December 15th. A Christmas Letter to a Friend Abroad.

Associates' Circle (under 15)

Art Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, November 15th. Anything taken from BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Design for a Christmas Card. No. III. Closing date, December 15th, Do-As-You-Like.

Literature Competitions.—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, November 15th. A Short Poem. No. II. Closing date, December 1st. A Verse suitable for a Christmas Card. No. III. Closing date, December 15th. A Letter to a Friend asking him or her to spend the holidays with you.

OPEN TO ALL.

Special Christmas Toy Competition.

A First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half-a-Guinea will be given for the best Toy or Dressed Doll made by the Competitor. Closing date, December 1st. Entries for this Competition will be given to the children in our hospital cots.

Competition Rules.

1. *The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.*
2. *The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.*
3. *No professional may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.*
4. *Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.*
5. *Prizes must be applied for.*
6. *Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 346, Strand, W.C.2.*

The Children's Salon
COUPON

The Children's Salon
COUPON

Our *Literary* Competition *Circle*

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon.

All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.
2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIXTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best original remark of a child.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post November 15th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—November 15

HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SEVENTH SERIES

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best love song suitable for a light opera.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best three examples of noble anger quoted from Shakespeare.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of BRITANNIA AND EVE *not later than first post November 29th.*

Literary Competition Circle
COUPON—November 29

Results of 160th Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to Gertrude Pitt.

Hon. Mention: "J. A. B.," G. M. Hudson, May W. Harrison, Enid M. Norman, May Belben, M. Palmer, Alice Georgano, "W. E. N.," "Radio," "Ro," "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best nonsense verse on a seaside topic.

Awarded to "G. G."

Hon. Mention: "W. E. N.," Gertrude Pitt, Victoria Tyrrell, K. Nicholls, "J. A. B.," May Belben, B. Richardson, A. Georgano.

Results of 161st Series.

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best sonnet on a topical subject.

Awarded to M. Aldred.

Hon. Mention: May Belben, G. M. Hudson, Julia Binfield, H. M. Hancock, A. Georgano, F. A. Edinborough, E. G. Robins, "G. G."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best completion of a limerick beginning as follows: "There was a young mug up at York"——

Awarded to B. Richardson.

Hon. Mention: "W. E. N.," E. Young, M. W. Harrison, "G. G.," "Ro," N. Henderson, A. Georgano, E. G. Robins.

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19 Neil Arthur (12 mths) 6 Northway, Stoughton, Guildford

13 Michael J. Hall, (11 mths.) 2 Hall's Terrace, Warminster, Wilts.

15 John B. Righton (3 years) 57 Westward Rise, Barry

2 Elizabeth Nance, (2 yrs. 9 months) Gatland's Farm, Lingfield

5 Joan Greenhalgh. (2 yrs.) St. Albans Road, Blackpool

1 Lionel Walsh (2 yrs.) 45 Tewitwell Road Harrogate.

20 Kathleen Rowan, (4 years, 2 mths.) Spike Island, Co. Cork

16 Gordon Stewart, (10 months) 97 Eton Ave., Middlesex

11 Wendy Jeffs, (18 mths.) Moreton, Roman Rd., Salisbury, Wilts.

3 John Lander, (13½ mths.) 4 Royal York Cres., Clifton, Bristol.

9 Jeremy Handley, (2½) 5 The Mount, Gravelly Hill, B'rhm.

10 Keith Michael Grimmer (6 mths.) 8 Bedford Cres., Horfield, Bristol

14 Rita Avril Ward, (11 months.) The Lodge, Ecton, Northampton

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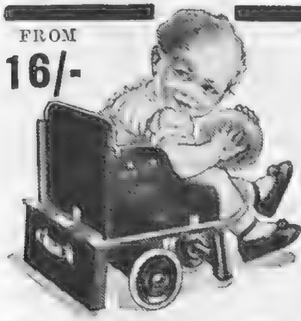

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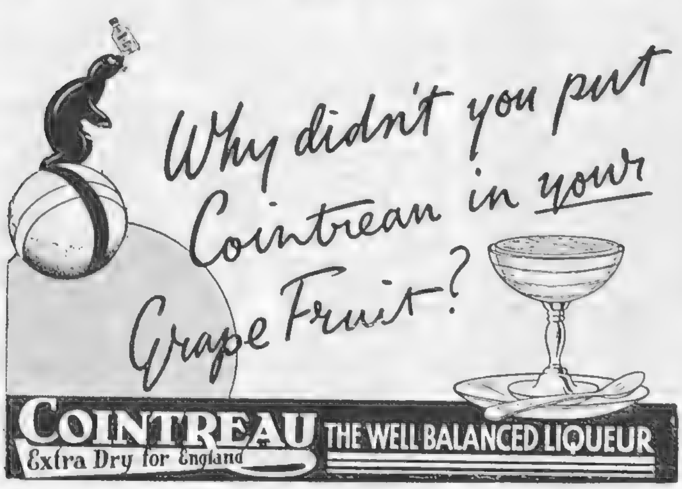
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COINTREAU THE WELL BALANCED LIQUEUR
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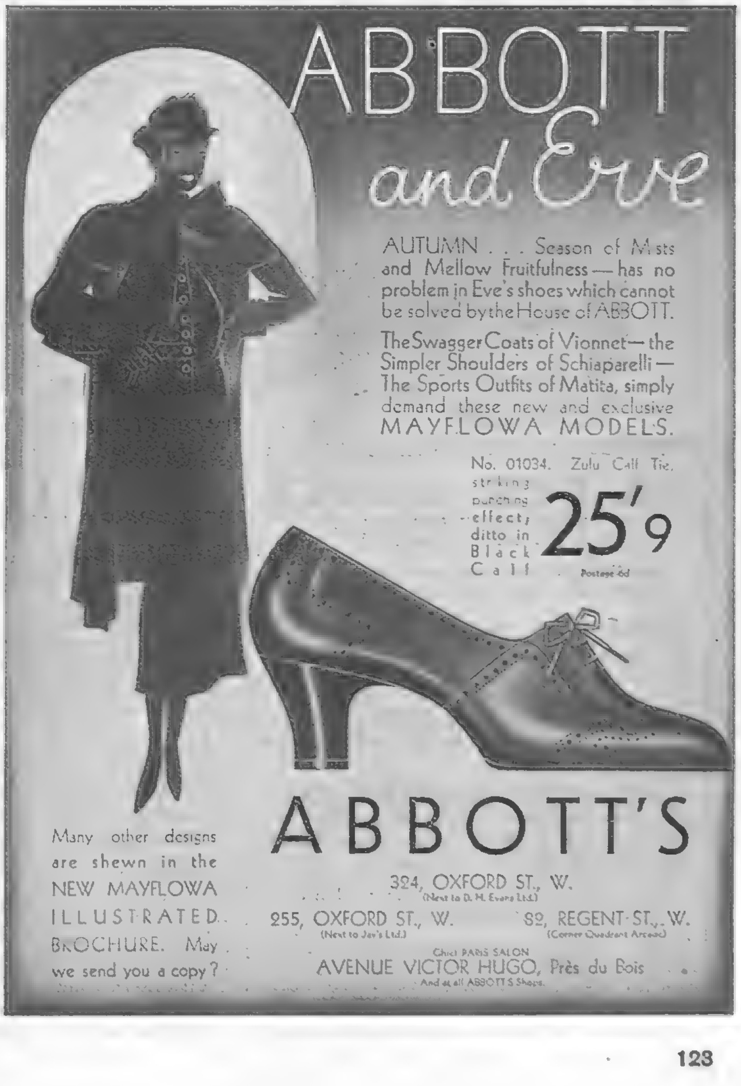

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The use of these preparations is described in a brochure sent post free by the London Agent:

R. SERVENTI,
23-25, MADDOX STREET, W.

Watch Your Human Machine!

(*Continued from page 11*)

might with equal force point to Dame Henrietta Barnett, an octogenarian, but still rising at 5.30 a.m., and putting in a hard day's work, or the nonagenarian, Sir James Crichton-Browne, who, still active and busy, declines to talk of old age because, he says, he has not yet had any experience of it). Harry Preston used to row, swim, box. When he gave that up, he might have expanded to the size of Tommy Burns, who fought at under 13 stone, and now tips the beam at 18. But he fights fat. He sweats. It suits him. If he cannot get out for a ride, or a walk-and-run (he puts on woollies to induce the pores to act quickly), he gets into a portable Turkish bath for half an hour.

He understands the importance of relaxing, and always strips and gets into bed for an hour before dressing for dinner. He eats little breakfast; will miss a meal rather than hurry it; and has a motto: If you can't wait to chew, don't eat. He taught me the trick of substituting a cigar for lunch if one wants to miss that meal. The tobacco dopes the food desire. In short, although he indulges a tremendous zest for life, he still handles his human machine with the same care and intelligence which other men bestow upon their business, their horses, their dogs, their cars, their gardens, but so seldom, so very seldom, upon themselves.

However, the cult of caring for the machine seems to be growing fast. All the men around the Ritz table aforementioned belonged to the increasing company of "machine minders."

Arnold Bennett took the greatest care of his health; he had never been strong. If he had been able to dictate, he might have lived longer; for he could have worked walking about instead of sitting at his desk for hours. He understood the value of rest; and began, before his fortieth year, the habit of lying down in the afternoon with a hot bottle at his feet.

We here touch the fringe of a riddle which will never be answered in Arnold Bennett's case, but which touches millions of men alive now. Arnold Bennett was over 50 before be became aware of the importance of moving the abdominal muscles. When he did make the discovery, he gratefully testified that the exercises had cured a dyspepsia which had afflicted him for 30 years.

Some health experts will tell you that fat kills. A superstition. It depends upon individual systems. I remember seeing Lord Derby and Marshal Lyautey together when the latter was visiting town a short time ago. Lord Derby is 67, the French Marshal three years older. Both looked alert and lively, and both talked vigorously. Lord Derby confessed once that, standing, he had not been able to see his toes for thirty years. But he's strong, healthy, full of zest and vitality. If Marshal Lyautey, however, had allowed himself to develop the Derby physique, he would not have survived even long enough to organize the French Colonial Exhibition, let alone build French Morocco from the desert up.

For years I have made a hobby of asking over-sixty men questions about their treatment of themselves. And the sum of the knowledge thus gained is that most men who retain their youth beyond the common age (an entirely different thing from merely living a very long time) are distinguished by a profound self-knowledge which is usually assiduously cultivated.

They do things to themselves which keep their machines tuned up and working rhythmically. They drive themselves through life as a good driver drives a car on a long tour, using the gears skilfully to avoid strain on awkward hills, giving her an occasional burst of speed on the road, but never running her all out for more than brief spells, minding the springs over bad roads, watchful of the oil level and the quality of the fuel, keeping the engine clean and in trim.

But these are exceptional. Most people still drive any old how, chuck in any sort of fuel, as often as not overload the machine, racket along, force their hills, never raise the bonnet from one year's end to the other, let things go on until something which has been under strain for a long time suddenly begins to make an ominous noise, or breaks.

In Paris last year I spent some interesting hours with a renowned German specialist who runs a health clinic, and has made a fortune out of decarbonising and tuning up the machines of innumerable over-thirty men and women who have not had the wit to investigate earlier their own mechanisms for themselves. I do not mean sick people; I mean the over-weights.

"If you came to me, my young friend, and you were my friend and not my patient, you understand, I would advise you, if you were between forty and sixty, to rise earlier, take a hot drink on rising, move about more, cut the daily intake of food by one-third, and then by a half, and drink plenty of cold water between meals but not with meals.

"People do not understand that they can take a spa cure at home. It is not really anything in the waters which does good. It is the cut down on solid food, and the wash-out administered by the water—many glasses of water sipped at intervals through the day.

"A little exercise regularly, plenty of bending and stretching of the middle, less to eat than you want, rest, a gentle sweat once a day—that is the secret of the healthy life my friend."

"And of a long life?" I asked.

He shrugged. "That depends on the makers of the machine," he said. "And there we cannot choose. But I speak of average people, and you would be surprised how full the world is of average people!"

END

Wrecks *that* Made History

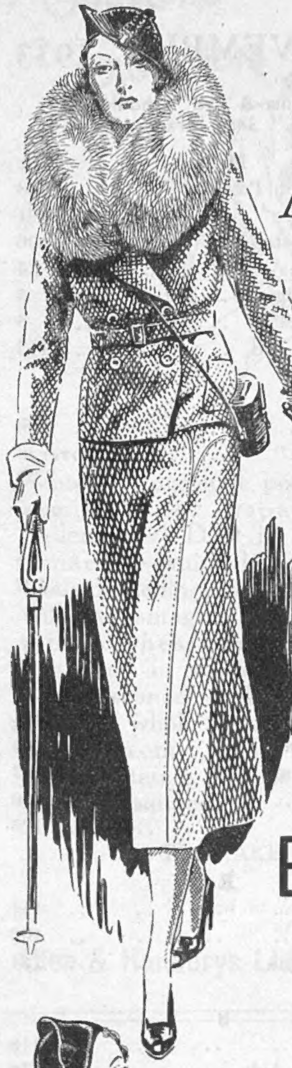
(*Continued from page 17*)

Here we should probably not be far from some of the countless wrecks from the Spanish Armada that litter the bed of the ocean all round our small island. Altogether, these must number more than a hundred.

The fate of the Spanish Armada recalls the many other Spanish wrecks that have made history. Our aeroplane will have to travel a few thousand miles to see their remains, but travel is pretty quick when it is through the air—*and* imaginary. There was the convoy sunk by the Dutch off Cuba more than 300 years ago, in 1628. The treasure lost there was four million ducats. Even worse was the loss of the Spanish Plate Fleet in Vigo Bay in 1702, with thirty million pounds worth of specie on board. This was probably the greatest treasure fleet that had ever been gathered together in the history of the world. Forty ships were laden with this almost unthinkable treasure, and they were attacked in Vigo Bay by the combined British and Dutch fleets. Nearly every one was sunk. Little of that vast treasure has been recovered. If only the seas would dry up for one hour, it would be a pleasure to look at so much wealth.

The war, of course, gave a colossal and terrible collection of new exhibits to this grim museum on the floor of the sea at which we are in imagination gazing. There are all those hundreds of thousands of tons of merchant vessels, and all around and among them our sunken submarines. There is the *Laurentic*, sunk off the Irish coast with much bullion on board, a great part of which has been recovered. There are great liners, merchant ships of all shapes and sizes. There is, above all, the *Lusitania*—a permanent monument to the biggest mistake ever made in history.

The *Lusitania* lies deep. Another great British liner lies deeper. That is the *Titanic*, sunk by an iceberg in the Atlantic in 1912, with the loss of 1,500 lives. This was a wreck that made history indeed.



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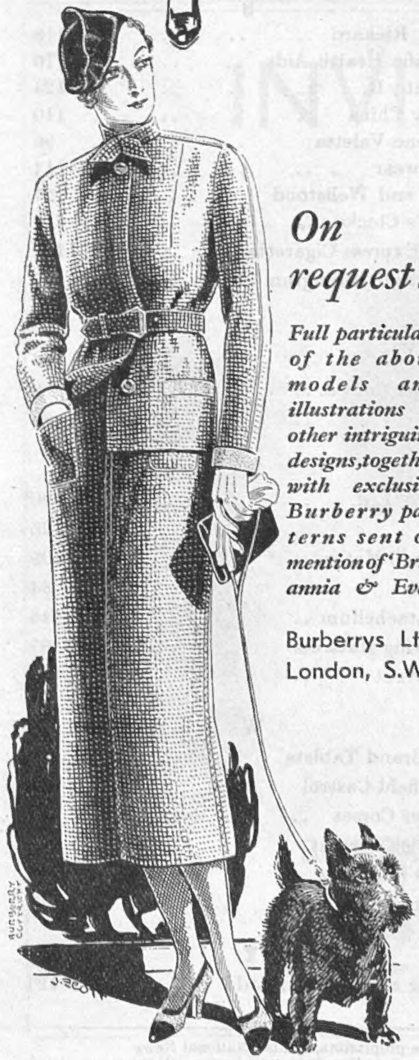

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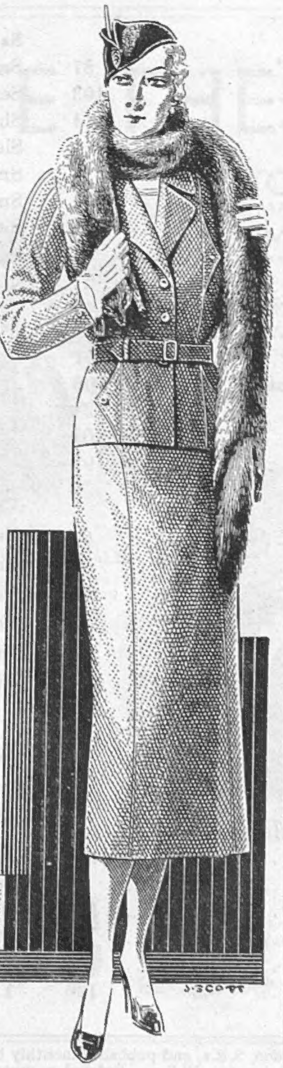

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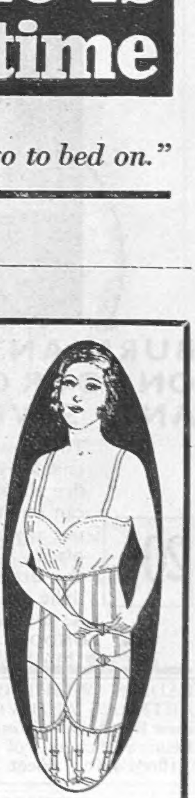

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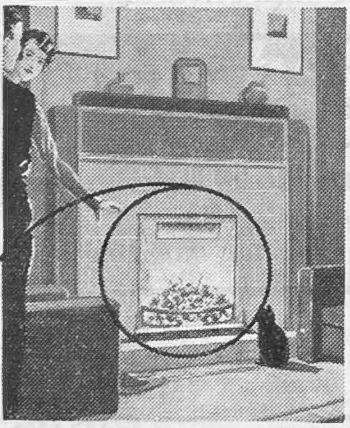

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NOVEMBER, 1933

All correspondence relating to the Advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

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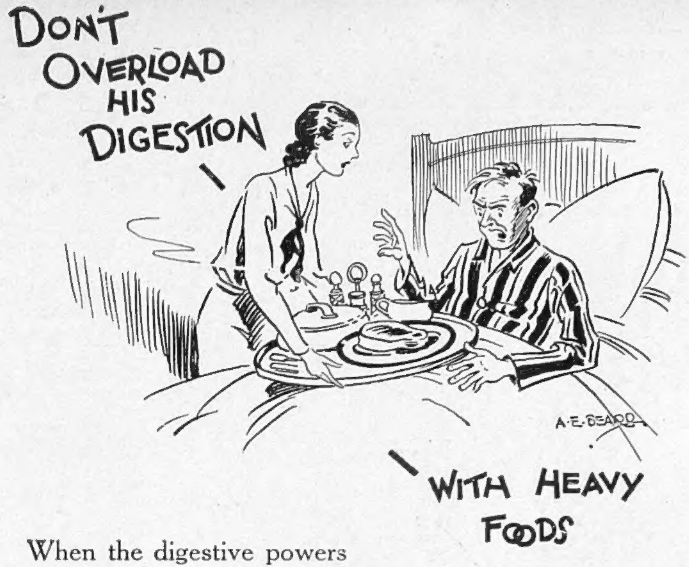

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